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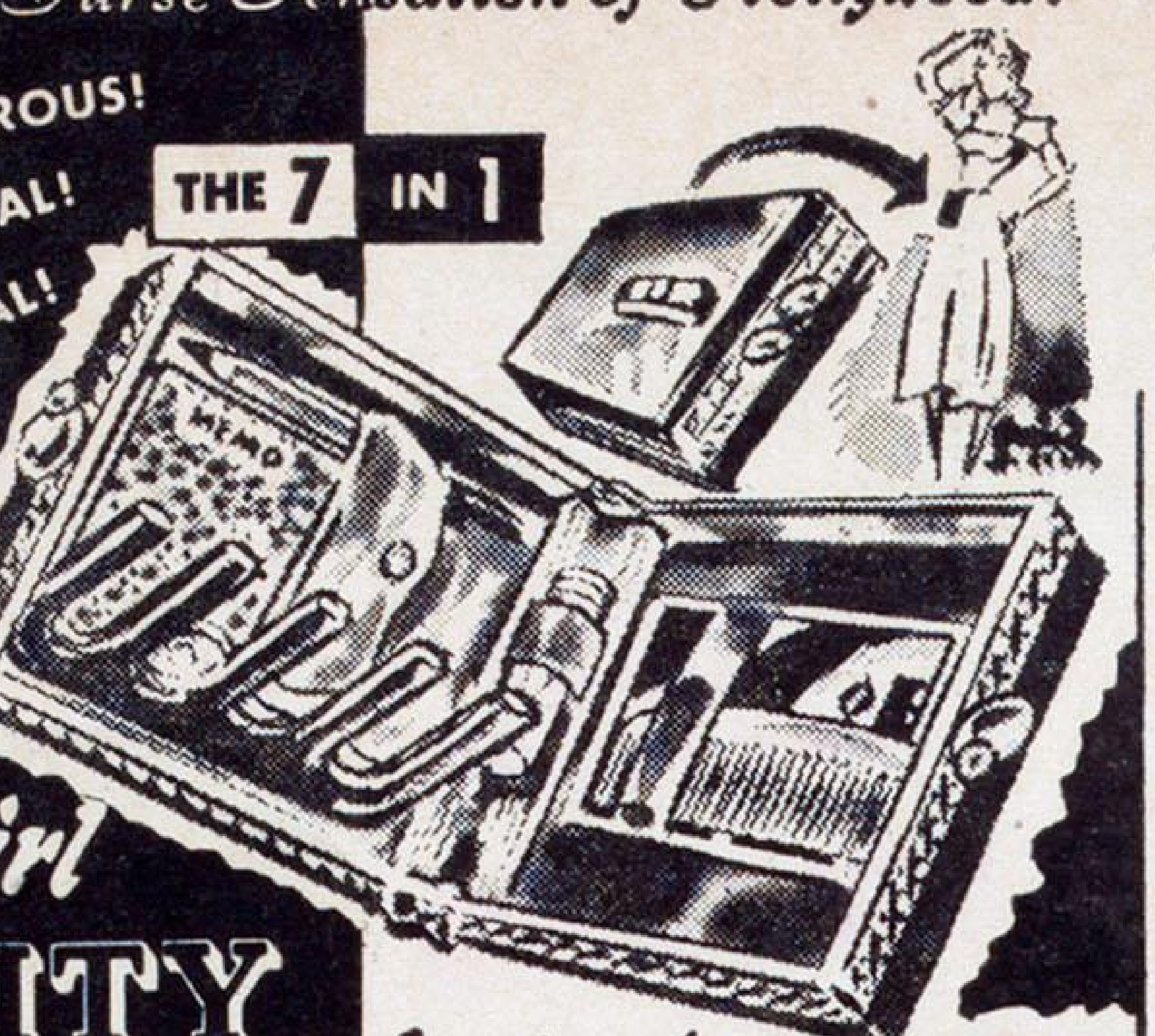

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3. MEMO PAD
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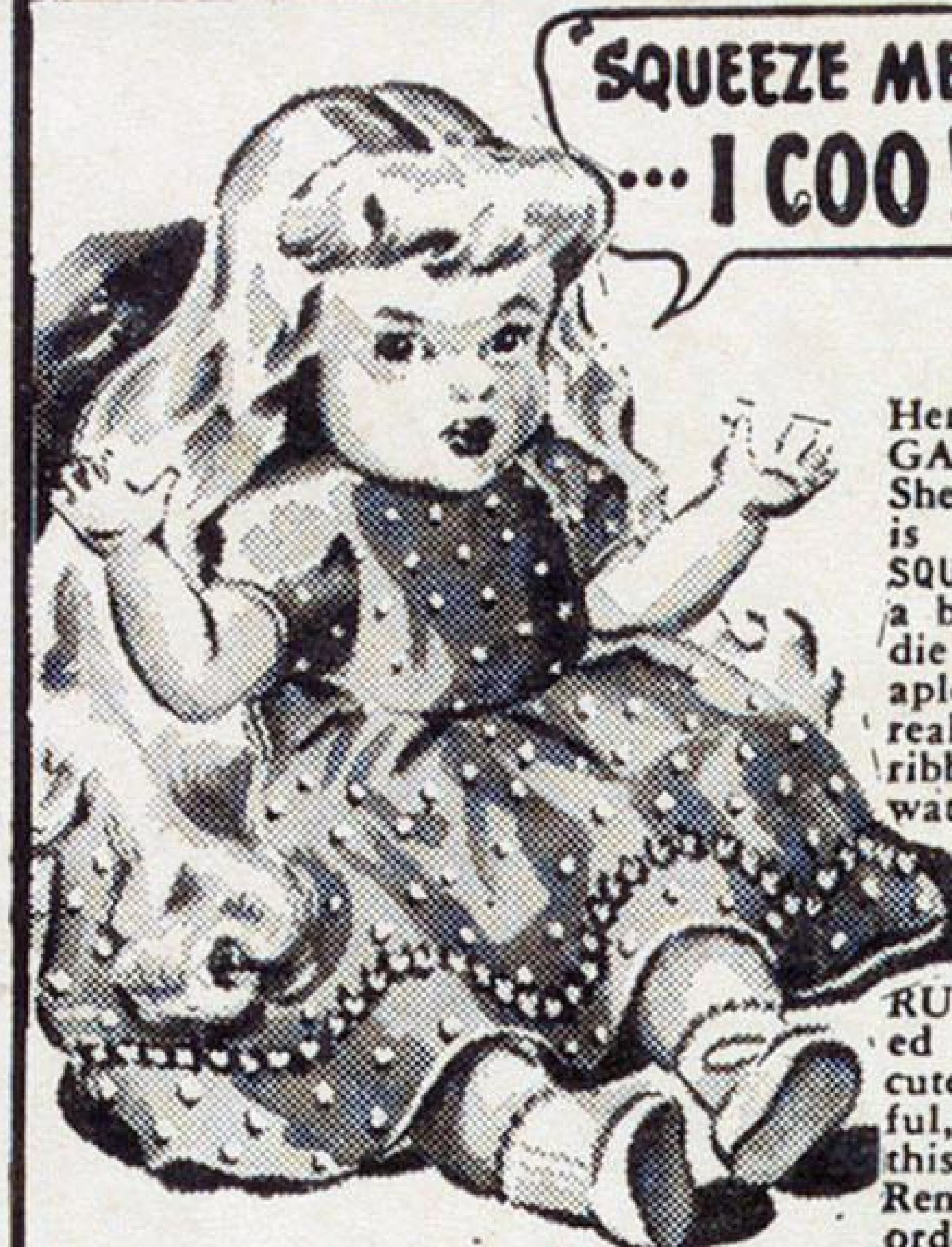
Beautiful BLONDIE WONDER DOLL WITH "RUBBER SKIN"


"SQUEEZE ME ...I COO!"

- 13 Inches High
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- She Can Be Washed
- She Has Moving Eyes

Here she is now, that CUDDLY, HUGGABLE, love-me baby BEAUTIFUL BLONDIE. She is 13" high and her soft, smooth body is of REAL RUBBER WONDERSKIN. SQUEEZE HER AND SHE COOS" . . . just like a baby. Every little mother will want Blondie for her carriage. She's got Blondie curls aplenty, and they're thick and long just like real hair. Blondie's hair can be put up in ribbons at night and tuck her in bed and watch her long lashes sleepily close those big blue eyes. She rests soundly till her next day of fun. Every child will have the time of her life giving her body a bath and powdering her soft, baby RUBBER WONDERSKIN. She comes dressed in bright BIRTHDAY PARTY dress, cute panties, shoes and stockings. Wonderful, beautiful, amazing dolly is yours for this unbelievably low price. SEND NO MONEY. Remit with order and we pay postage or order C.O.D. plus postage.

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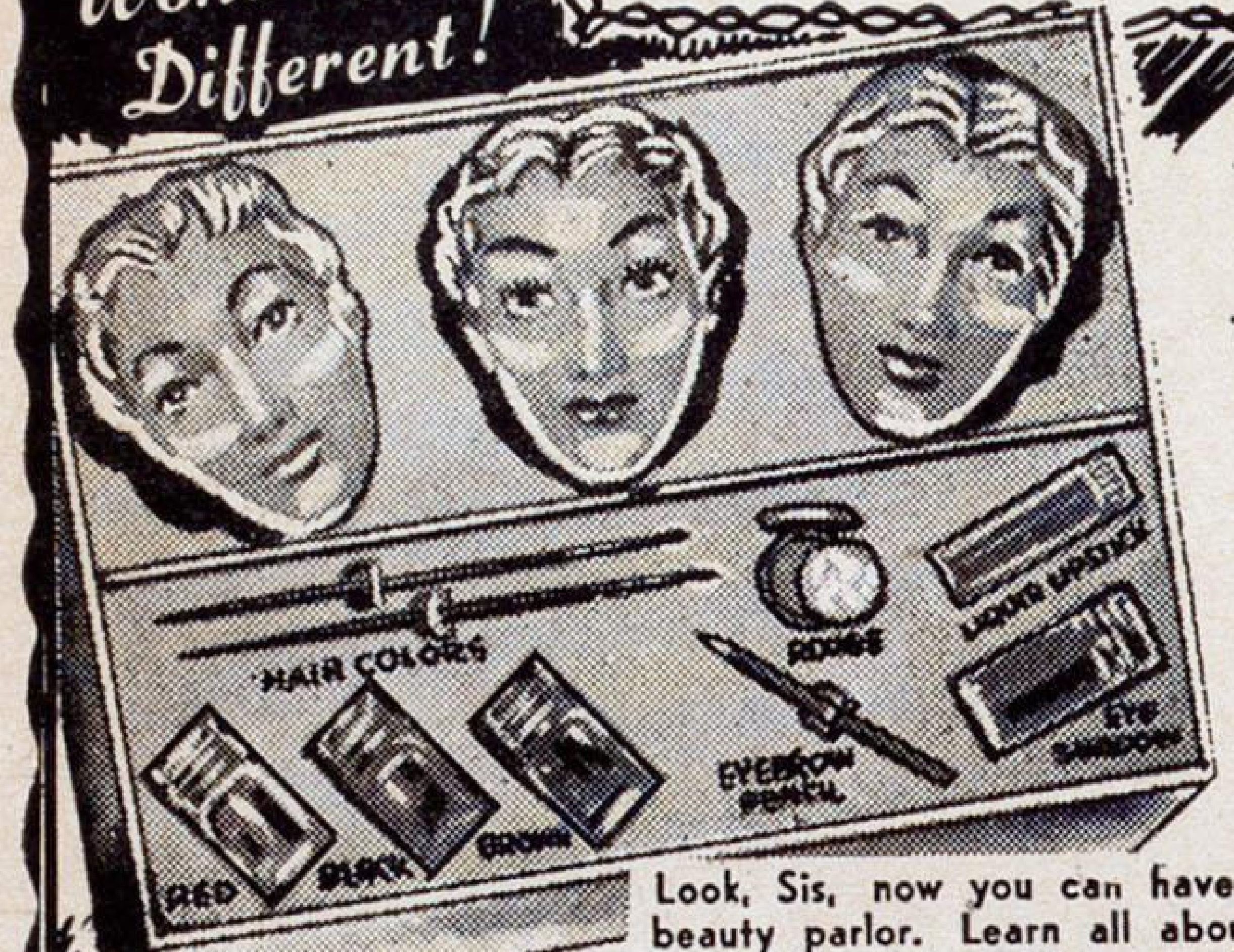

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- ★ Can Be Used Over & Over Again

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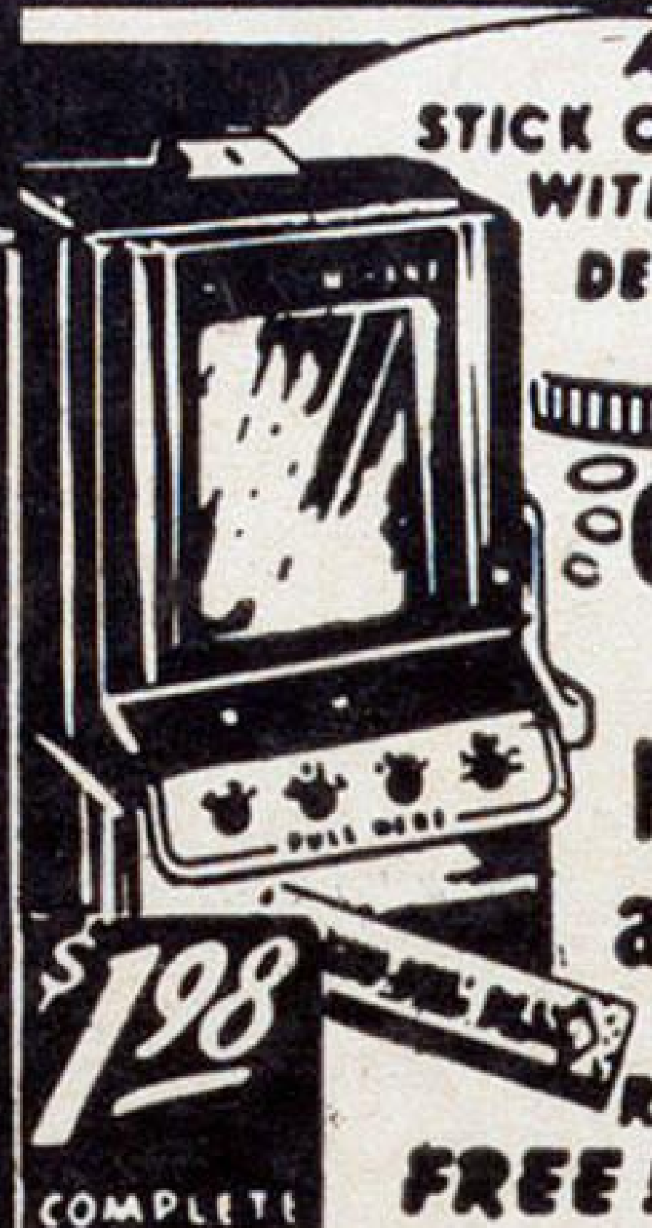
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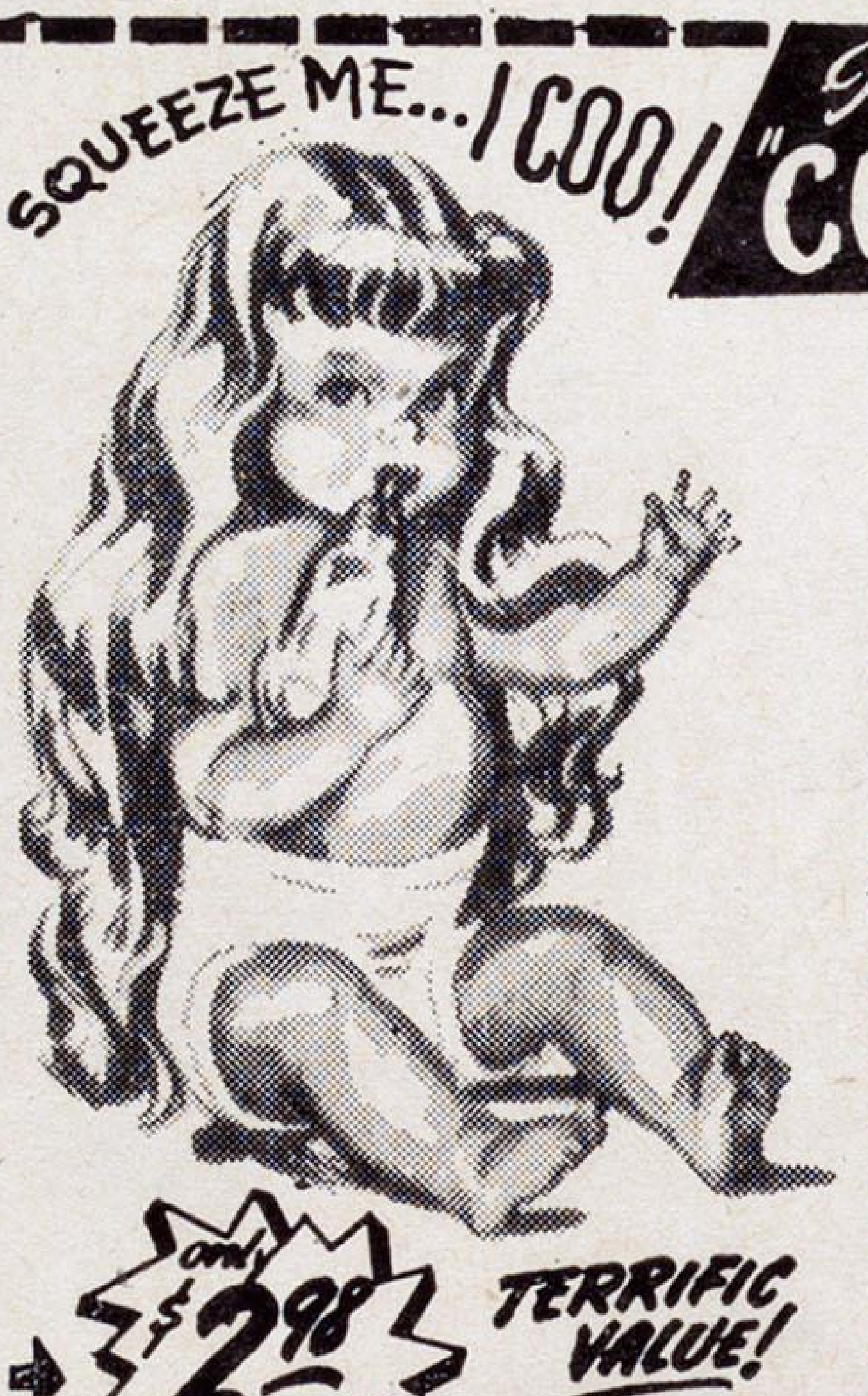
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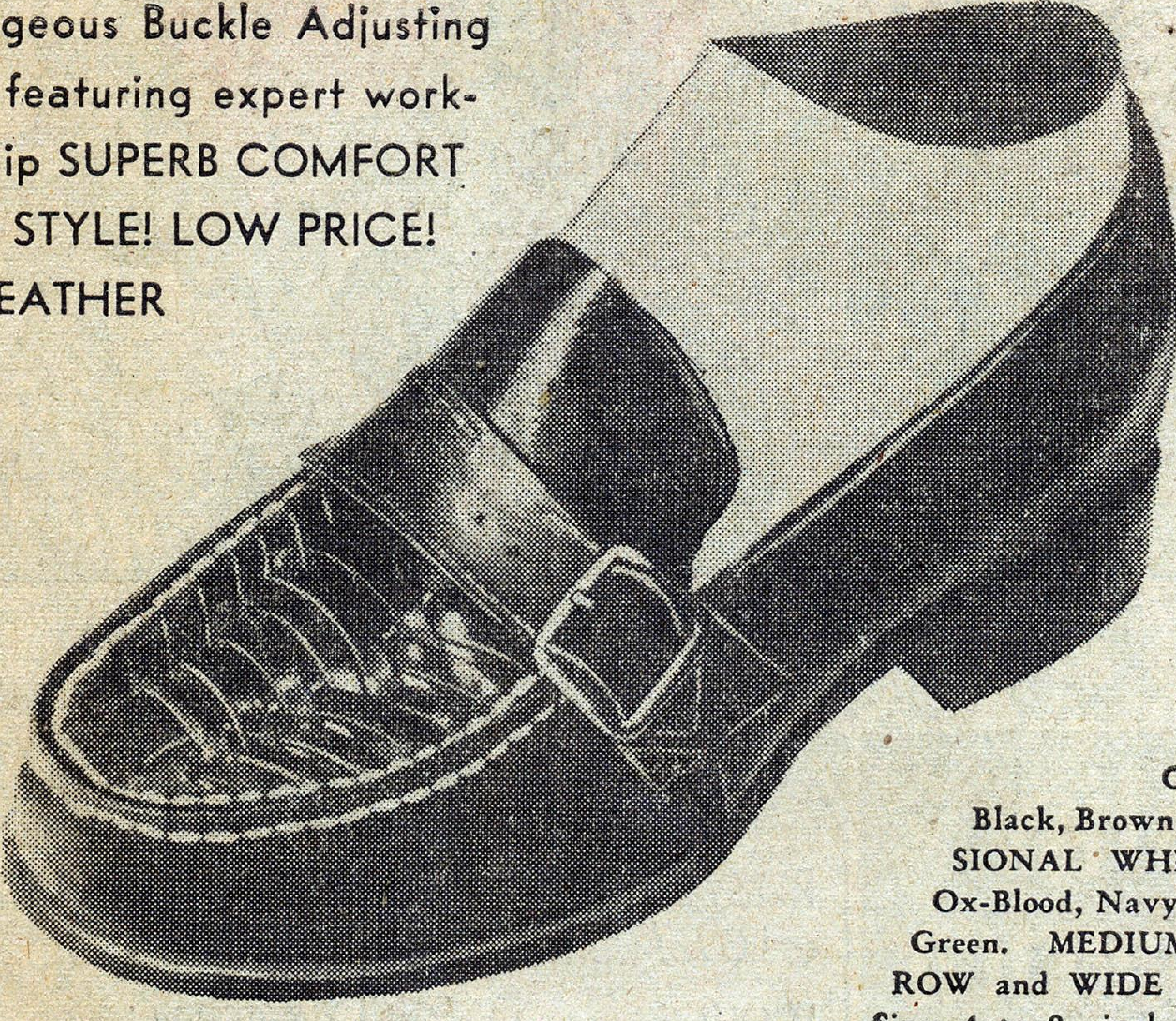

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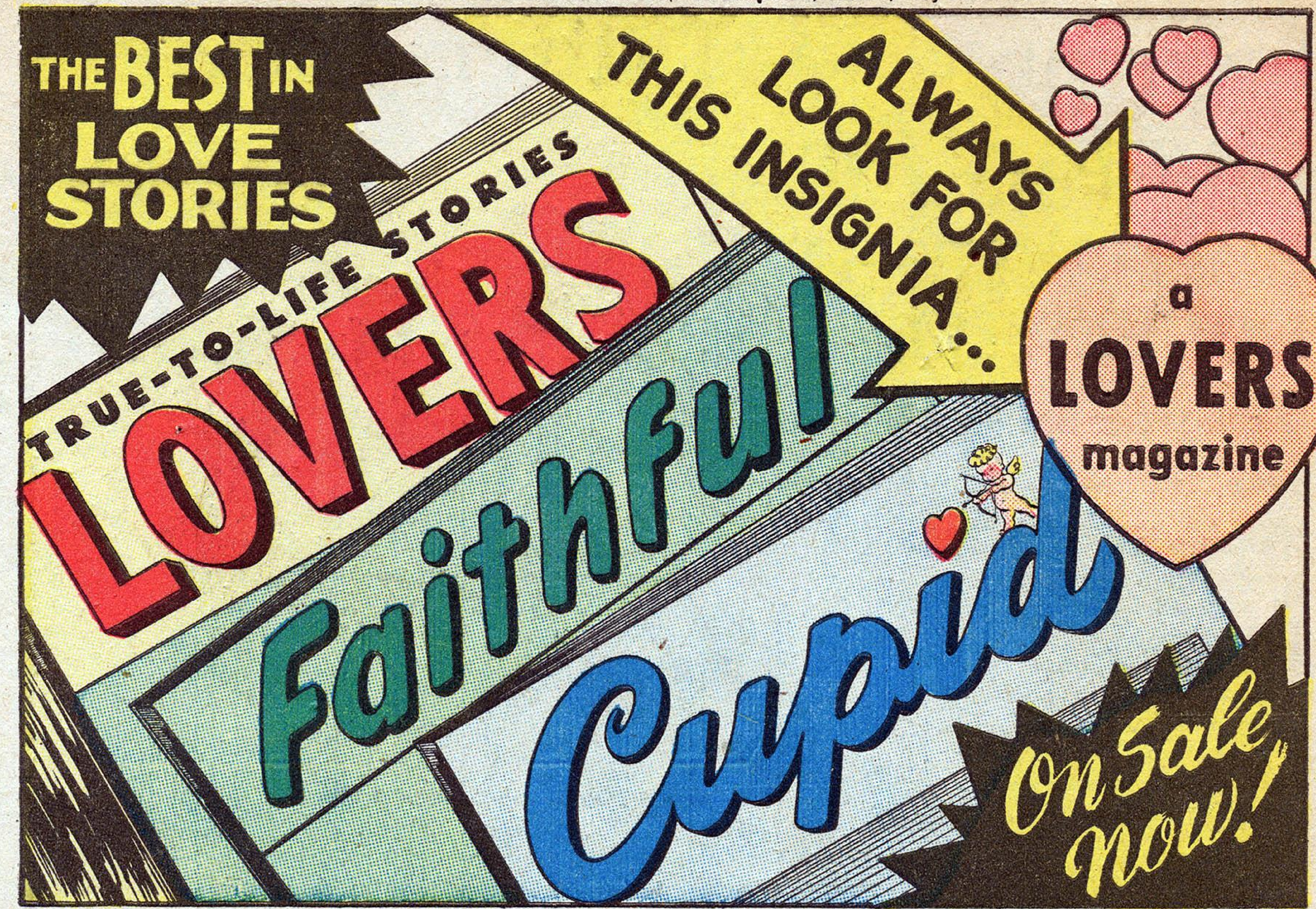
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NUMBER 29
DECEMBER, 1949

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FOOD FOR FUN

BONNY BUCKWHEATS . . .

You simply can't beat buckwheat cakes — the real, old-fashioned kind! Smothered in Vermont maple syrup, crispy brown with lacy edges, they're a real breakfast treat.

Mix about two cups of boiling water into 1½ cups of pure buckwheat flour. Let this cool until it is lukewarm. Dissolve ½ of a cake of compressed yeast in a couple of tablespoons of warm water and mix it into the buckwheat. Add three teaspoons of brown sugar and a teaspoon of salt. Cover it and let stand in a warm—but not hot—place overnight.

In the morning, add ¼ of a cup boiling water, which has been cooled to lukewarm, with one teaspoon brown sugar and ¼ of a teaspoon white sugar dissolved in it. Beat well until it's thoroughly mixed and light, and bake quickly on a hot greased griddle. Serve with little grilled sausages.

PICKLE DILLY . . .

If you like dill pickles—and who doesn't—here's a mouth-watering way to make them!

Bring a cup of salt, a cup of vinegar and 13 cups of water to a boil. Cool. Fill sterilized jars with 3-inch long cucumbers, split in four pieces, lengthwise. To each jar add ½ of a teaspoon of powdered alum, a large bunch of fresh dill, and a small piece of garlic. If you can get some fresh grape leaves, you might add one or two. Pour the liquid to overflowing over the pickles and seal the jars.

TRUE OR FALSE?

It's "indiscreet" to dance on "those days" of the month

FALSE. A bit of the light fantastic won't hurt you. But no mad square-dancing, please—it's bad to overdo.

That's just *one* piece of good advice in the Modess book, "Growing Up and Liking It." Written especially for you, it discusses the facts which may puzzle you about "those days."

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TRUE OR FALSE?

All napkin boxes are "indiscreet."

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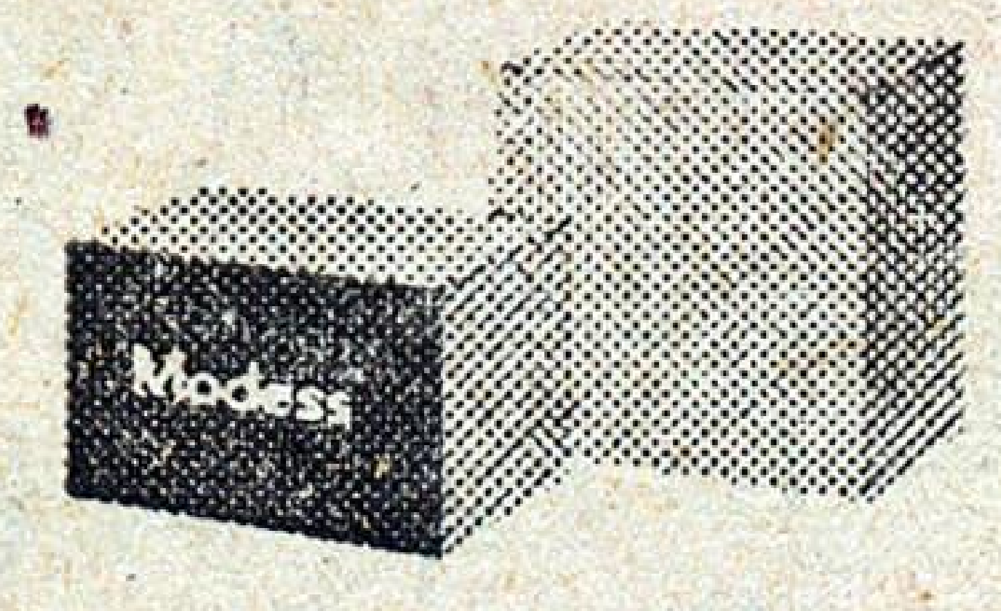

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PATSY WALKER

... AND NOW, CLASS, WE SHALL DISCUSS THE PROBLEMS INVOLVED IN FINDING SQUARE ROOTS!
PATSY'S OTHER LOVE!
6671
CAN ANYONE TELL ME HOW WE CAN FIND THE SQUARE ROOT?
... AND DO YOU, PATSY WALKER, TAKE THIS MAN TO BE YOUR LAWFUL WEDDED HUSBAND? ..ETC., ETC., ETC....
COME, COME! DOESN'T ANYONE KNOW THE ANSWER?
COME, COME -- THE ANSWER!

I DO!
FINE, PATSY! PLEASE TELL US HOW YOU'D GO ABOUT FINDING THE SQUARE ROOT!
POP!
HUH?! OH, ER, UH... FIND THE SQUARE ROOT, DID YOU SAY???
THAT'S RIGHT! YOU VOLUNTEERED! NOW LET'S HAVE THE ANSWER!
OH, ER... I GUESS I'D LOOK UNDER A SQUARE TREE FOR IT!
HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HA!
VERY FUNNY, MISS WALKER, BUT I'M AFRAID THAT'S NOT QUITE RIGHT! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU AFTER CLASS!
OH, WONDERFUL, MR. BRADLEY! ER... I MEAN... YESSIR!
PSST! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, PATSY? YOU'LL REALLY GET IT NOW!
WHO CARES! JUST TO BE WITH HIM ALONE, AFTER SCHOOL, WOULD BE WORTH FLUNKING THE COURSE!
CLASS DISMISSED!
WELL, HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO GET PROMOTED THAT WAY?
I DON'T! I WANT TO STAY IN HIS CLASS FOREVER!

I GIVE UP!
HI, PATSY!
HONEY, I'VE GOT TERRIFIC NEWS -- I'VE BEEN ELECTED CAPTAIN OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM!
HOW NICE! ...EXCUSE ME!
WHAT TH...???
EASY, OLD PAL! IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN!
SHE'S GOT A CRUSH ON MR. BRADLEY THIS TIME!
WHAT?! HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO BE HER FATHER!
PATSY, I'M AFRAID YOUR CONDUCT IN CLASS HASN'T BEEN TOO GOOD! YOU JUST DON'T CONCENTRATE ENOUGH!
OH, BUT I DO, MR. BRADLEY!
ADLEY
MY MIND IS ALWAYS CONCENTRATED *ON YOU!*
(ULP!) ER, HARUMPH! THAT'LL BE ALL, YOUNG LADY... YOU MAY GO!

OH, MR. BRADLEY! DO I HAVE TO? AREN'T YOU GOING TO KEEP ME AFTER SCHOOL? I REALLY *NEED* THE PUNISHMENT!
NO! NO! I EXCUSE YOU! YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL! G'-BYE!
WHEW! SOMETIMES I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE THIS FATAL CHARM THAT SEEMS TO ATTRACT THE TEEN SET! OH, WELL, AT LEAST IT'S HARMLESS HERO WORSHIP!
GOOD MORNING, BUZZ!
WHAT'S SO GOOD ABOUT IT?
HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BITING MY HEAD OFF! YOU MAD AT SOMEONE? C'MON, GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST!
WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW -- I AM MAD AT *YOU*!
I'LL BE FRANK! AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF FOR LEADING PATSY ON? AFTER ALL, SHE IS A LITTLE YOUNG FOR YOU, MR. BRADLEY!
WHAT?!! YOU TOO?!
BRO...THER! I'M GETTING IT FROM ALL SIDES NOW!
HOW DOES A MATH TEACHER FEEL WHEN HE'S CAUGHT IN A TRIANGLE?
4

LISTEN, BUZZ! I'M ON YOUR SIDE! I...I...
EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I'M EXPECTED HOME!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS SOMEHOW! I'LL HAVE TO SHOW PATSY I'M NOT INTERESTED!
NEXT DAY...
I NEED SOMEONE TO HELP ME MARK PAPERS AFTER CLASS... WOULD YOU, NANCY?
YES, MR. BRADLEY, I'D BE GLAD TO!
PSST! HOU COULD YOU, NANCY! HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME, YOUR BEST FRIEND!
I DIDN'T! HE *PICKED* ME!
BUT IF IT MEANS SO MUCH, I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU!
SWELL!
LATER...
I'M READY TO HELP YOU, MR. BRADLEY!
AH! THIS WILL SHOW PATSY AND BUZZ THAT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN PATSY!
MR. BRADLEY
5

SIT RIGHT DOWN, NANCY, AND... AND... YIPE!
NANCY COULDN'T MAKE IT AT THE LAST MOMENT, AND I JUST HAPPENED TO BE NEARBY AND... WELL, HERE I AM!
WELL!
SO YOU'RE ON *MY* SIDE, EH? HMMMPH!
PAY NO ATTENTION TO HIM, MR. BRADLEY! COME, LET'S GET TO WORK!
GRRR!
BUT HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY! A PERFECT BEAU FOR YOU!
THAT CHILD! OH, PLEASE, MR. BRADLEY! AFTER ALL, *I'M* A *WOMAN*!
ALL THAT BOYS LIKE BUZZ THINK ABOUT ARE CHILDISH THINGS LIKE FOOTBALL AND SUCH!
FOOTBALL, HMMM! THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA! I'LL PUT ANOTHER PLAN INTO OPERATION IMMEDIATELY!
BY THE WAY, WHAT DO *YOU* THINK ABOUT, GERALD... ER, I MEAN... MR. BRADLEY?
ABOUT YOU, PATSY! YES, YOU'RE A VERY LOVELY GIRL! BUT BEFORE I CAN THINK OF YOU SERIOUSLY, I MUST ELIMINATE ALL COMPETITION -- NAMELY, BUZZ! PLEASE LEAVE ME NOW SO THAT I CAN MAKE PLANS!

]

LATER...
GOSH, MR. BRADLEY, NOW THAT YOU'VE EXPLAINED EVERYTHING, I THINK YOU'RE TOPS!
FINE! NOW YOU PLAY BALL WITH ME IN CLASS AND YOU'LL HAVE PATSY BACK IN NO TIME! DON'T FORGET TO PUT ON A GOOD ACT!
OH, NANCY, I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE HIM AGAIN! HE'S GOING TO HAVE IT OUT WITH BUZZ! I HOPE HE GOES EASY ON THE POOR BOY!
I THINK IT'S UNFAIR FOR HIM TO HURT BUZZ!
OH, I'M SURE BRADLEY'LL BE VERY CHIVALROUS AND GALLANT ABOUT IT! HE'LL BREAK THE NEWS TO BUZZ IN A MANLY MANNER!
SHHH! HERE HE COMES NOW!
BUZZ BAXTER! I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT I'M FLUNKING YOU IN THIS COURSE! YOUR MARKS WERE ALL RIGHT, BUT I DIDN'T LIKE YOUR CONDUCT! HEH! HEH! HEH!
OH, NO! NOW I CAN'T PLAY FOOTBALL! I'M THROUGH... WASHED UP... FINISHED!
GALLANT AND CHIVALROUS, EH? HMPH!
OF ALL THE LOW, MEAN... OH, I *HATE* HIM!
7
AND SO...
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THE END

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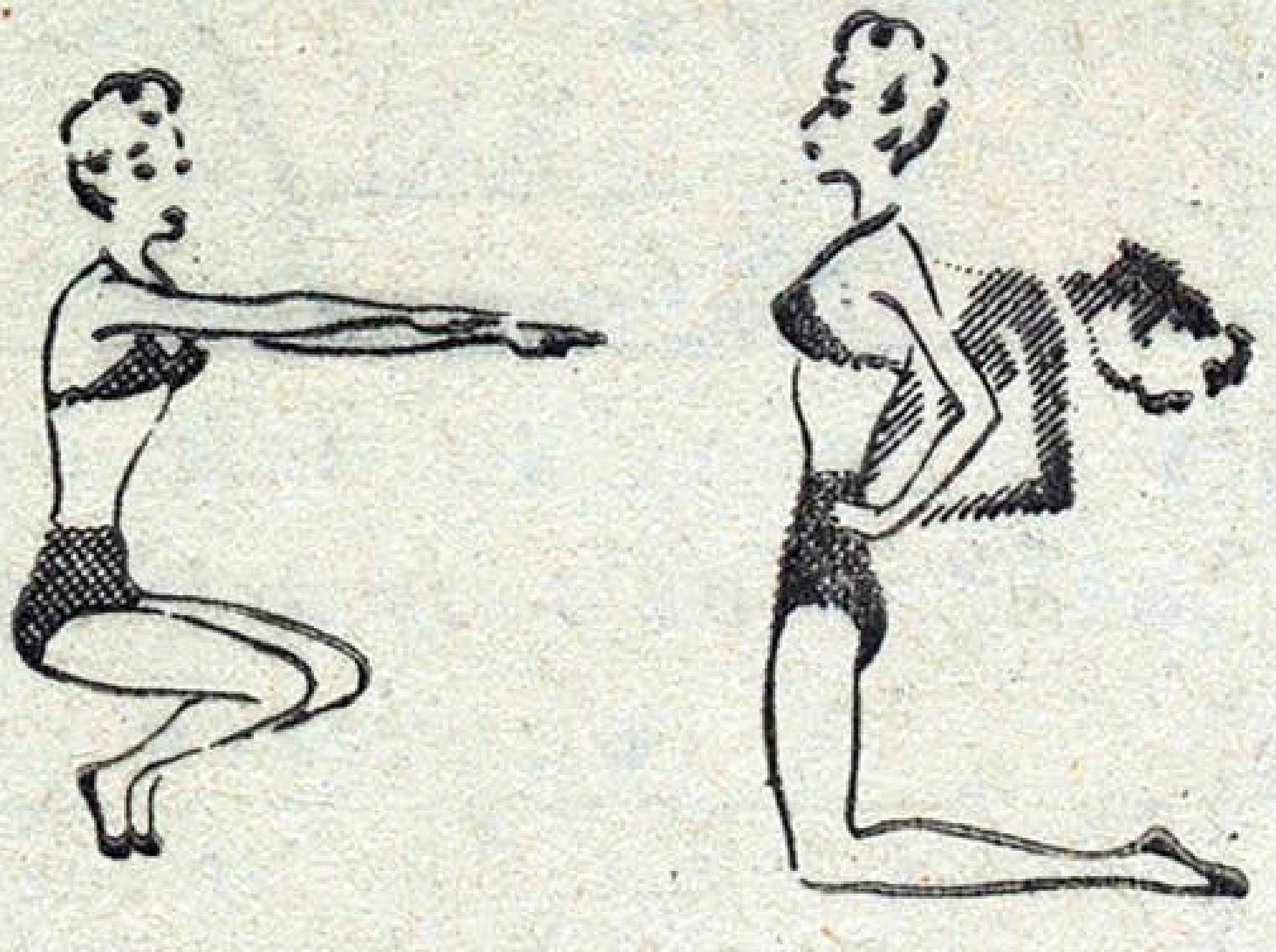

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Editor of a leading fashion magazine

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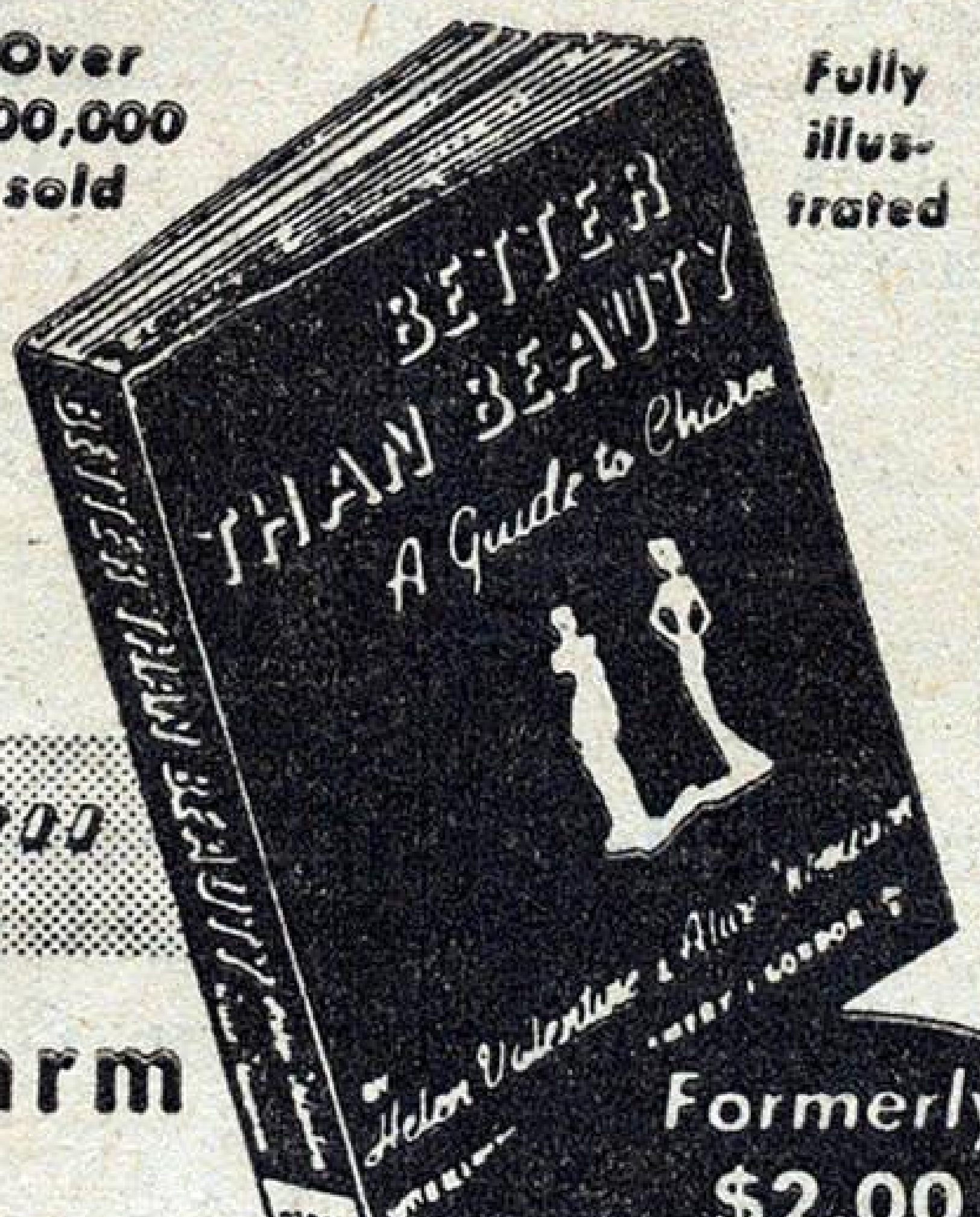

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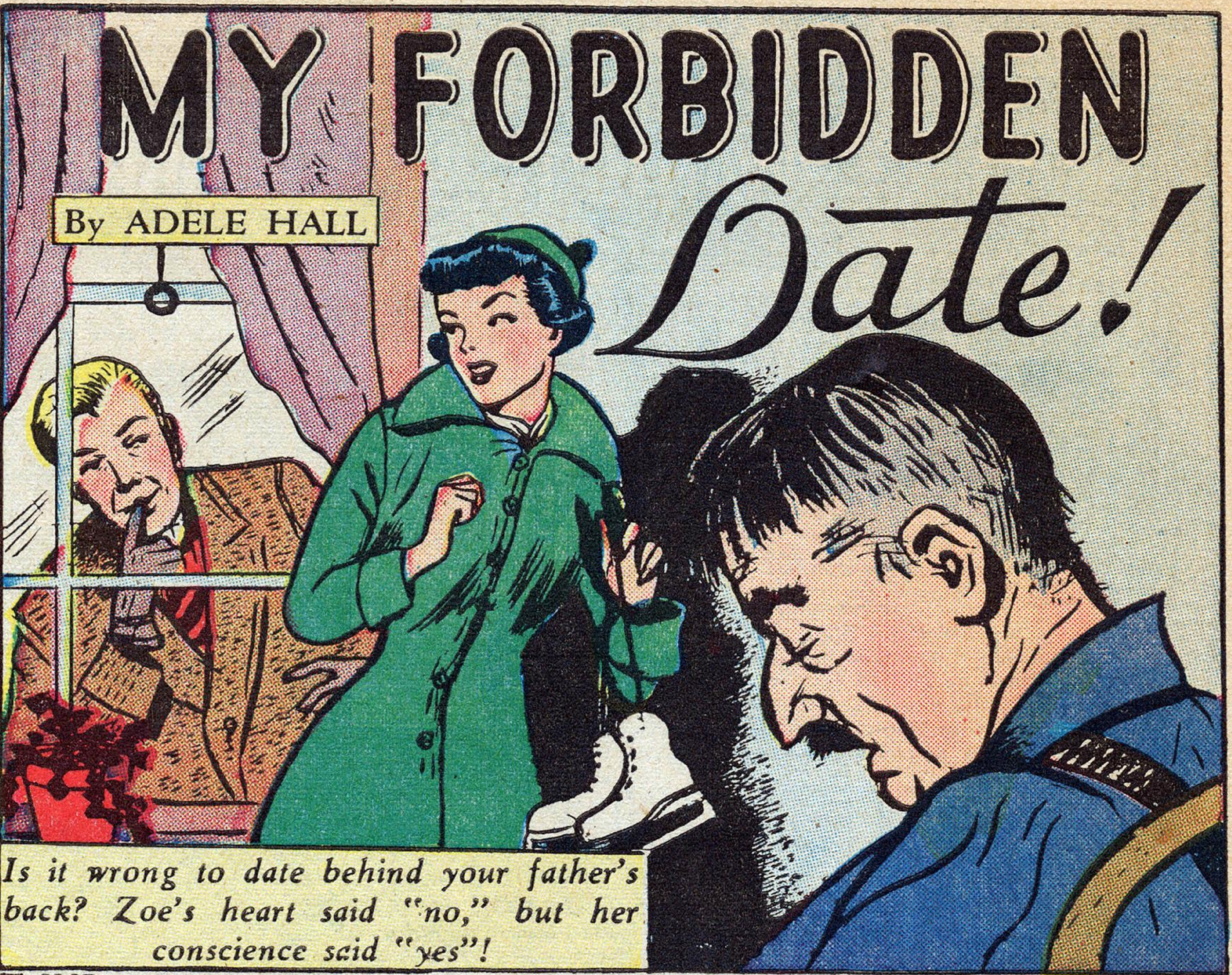


Is it wrong to date behind your father's back? Zoe's heart said "no," but her conscience said "yes"!

I SLID onto the locker room bench next to my best friend, Lois. "You'll never guess what," I whispered, then paused for a dramatic second. "Tommy Warden asked me to go to the game with him Friday night."

"Tommy Warden!"

Heads turned at Lois' shriek, and there was a cessation of sneaker tying and struggling into gym suits.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Lois. You don't have to put on an advertising campaign," I said.

"But Tommy Warden!" Lois managed to keep her excited voice low. "He's so terrific. It's so wonderful. What'll you wear?"

I pulled my bright wool dress over my head, ran my fingers through my curls and voiced my troubled thoughts to Lois. "You know very well that I can't go with him. You know I'm not allowed to date."

"You didn't tell him that!" Lois registered suitable horror at the thought of anyone's telling a senior boy—a terrific, good-looking, popular senior boy—that she wasn't allowed to date him.

"I didn't give him a definite answer," I said. "I couldn't think of a good excuse at the moment. But I will."

"You can't refuse him," Lois wailed. "Why, any girl in school would give her right arm for a date with Tommy Warden."

"So would I." I pulled my legs up and rested my chin on my bare knees. "So would I," I repeated desperately. "Maybe not my right arm, but at least my new plaid skirt or even my big bottle of Shalimar."

The warning bell rang, and we scrambled into our gym suits. "We have to think of something," Lois said. "During the one-two-three-bends, I'll think of something."

Being forbidden to have dates had never bothered me before. Until this year, I had lived on a farm which seemed to be a million miles from civilization; so merely being in a city, attending Franklin High and becoming part of the little world of hundreds of boys and girls had been enough for me. I wouldn't even have had that much if it hadn't been for Miss Transom, who came to the farm once a week to give me a piano lesson. Last year Miss Transom had said to my father, "Mr. Alpheus, your daughter has brains and talent. Brains and talent." She talked loudly and repeated things as people so often do when they speak to the foreign born, as if volume made for better understanding. "Zoe needs a better music teacher than I. A city music teacher." And the outcome had been that my father, who is a successful farmer, had found a house in the city for my grandmother and me to live in. Then, he had taken me to be enrolled in the high school.

We had inspected the building carefully, impressed by the huge auditorium, the up-to-date gymnasium and the shining cafeteria. Only one thing had made my father scowl, and when he was ready to return to his farm he had called

Gran and me to him and said, "The school and piano lessons are good. Also the fine clothes you buy in the big stores so my daughter looks like other girls. But—" he had given one of his "black looks" and exclaimed emphatically—"*no boys!*"

I remembered the couple walking arm-in-arm on the autumn grass, the boy who had snatched a girl's beret so that she had run shrieking after him, the girl propped against the brick wall of the school building with a good-looking boy leaning close and talking in low tones.

"Zoe comes to learn," Papa said, "not to chase with boys."

Gran—a tiny, birdlike woman whom everyone thinks must have looked like me when she was young—said, "Hmph! You think you still in Greece? In America girls and boys are friends. You want maid?"

"What?"

"She means," I said, always knowing exactly what Gran means, "that I'll be an old maid if I don't meet boys."

"Is plenty time."

"What's the use living in city if we act like living on farm?" Gran had persisted.

"Is time, I say. Time for boys will come."

"When?"

"When Zoe grows up."

"How we know when girl grows up?"

"It's all right, Gran," I had said, not considering the subject worth one of Gran's long, drawn-out arguments. "I'll be so busy I won't have time to think about boys. I won't want to go out with boys."

And I hadn't, because nobody as wonderful as Tommy had ever approached me and said, "How about going to the game with me Friday night?" When other boys had asked for dates, it had been easy to say, "I'm sorry, but that's when I take my music lesson." Or something like that. But saying no to Tommy wasn't so easy. I hoped that Lois could come up with a minor miracle and "think of something."

"It's too too simple," Lois announced after class, "and I don't know why we were so frantic. You can spend the week end with me and have Tommy call for you at my house Friday night. Saturday, too, if he asks you."

"I couldn't leave Gran. Papa would be wild."

"Then come for dinner, and tell your grandmother we're going to the game afterwards. That'll explain why you get home late, if she hears you at all. I'll bet she goes to bed with the birds."

"Sometimes she does, but—" I wondered if I could make Lois understand how I felt. "I'd hate to deceive her."

"*She* doesn't object to boys, does she?"

I laughed. "Heavens, no! Gran's three hundred per cent American. She'd like boys draped all over the living room, singing to a full orchestra, the way they do in teen movies."

"Well?" Lois sounded triumphant.

"But Gran doesn't defy Papa either. He told us both: *no boys.*"

"It's up to you," Lois said with a shrug. "But I know what I'd do."

My struggle with my conscience was very brief. "I guess I'd do the same thing," I said.

When I told Gran, she frowned. "Why you eat with Lois?" she asked. "Don't I cook good American dishes?" She pronounced it "disses" because she couldn't say an English "sh."

"Of course you do. But Lois invited me, and I'd like to go. She comes here to eat."

"Only because I make Greek cake for her."

"Because you make everything like an angel."

Gran smiled. "You go. You're good girl. You go and have good time."

"Good" proved to be a ridiculously weak adjective. Attending a game with Tommy Warden at Franklin High was equivalent to attending a premier with Gregory Peck in Hollywood. Schoolmates who had confined their friendship to an occasional "Hi" became very chummy. The girl who was sure to be Senior Prom Queen said, "That's a sweet dress, Zoe. I wish I could wear those colors." and the junior class president said, "You played some piano in assembly the other day. Would the Sophs be furious if we tried to borrow you for the upper-class concert?" Afterwards, when we stopped in a hamburger place, everybody who was anybody crowded around our booth; and with Tommy's being very possessive and other boys' being very attentive, I forgot about Papa and Gran and the idea that I might be doing something dishonest and deceitful.

Saying good-night to Tommy outside the house, I knew I could never put into words the wonder of the evening. "I had a marvelous time," I said. It was a gross understatement.

"Proper exit line according to Emily Post," Tommy teased. "But, at least you sound as if you mean it, Zoe."

"Oh, I do! You see—" Before I realized it, I had said it. "You see, I've never been out with a boy before."

His face went blank, and I wished I had bitten my tongue before I spoke. But he only grinned and said gently, "I'm glad you had fun. It might have been the most horrible night of your life."

"Not with you, Tommy." And again I wished I had swallowed the words before I had spoken. Nobody should be that naive.

But Tommy obligingly smiled once more. "I had fun, too," he said. "Maybe we should keep up the good work. Would you like to go to a movie tomorrow night?"

My heart sank. "I'd absolutely love it but . . ." I debated whether I should tell him the truth.

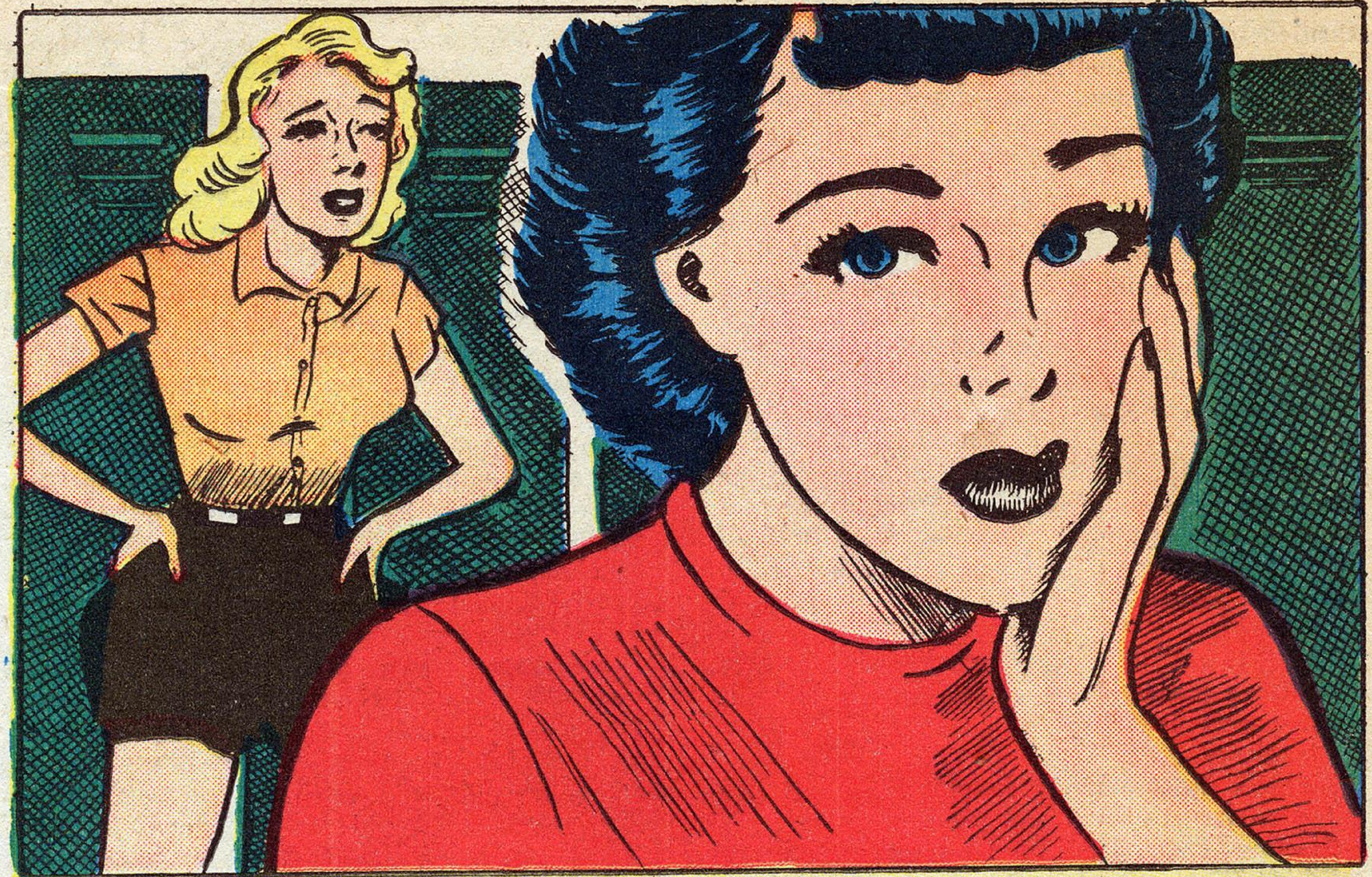
"Only allowed one date a week?" he asked sympathetically. "My sister went through that."

"I'm not allowed any." I blurted it out and with it the rest of the story.

"Your father's very unfair," he said when I had finished.

"I know. But I think he feels a double duty towards me because I have no mother. And he doesn't trust Gran. Her enthusiasm runs away with her."

"Nevertheless, it's not fair. There's nothing wrong with going out with a nice boy." We both



"You can't refuse a date with Tommy Warden," Lois wailed. And oh—I didn't want to!

laughed as he added, "Meaning me, naturally."

"You are nice," Zoe said. "You've been wonderful. And, please Tommy, don't tell the kids at school about me. I'd rather have them think I don't date because I don't want to."

"I'd rather have you want dates and keep them. Especially with me. I'm so sure that we're right and your father's wrong, that I'd be willing to meet you some place tomorrow night and keep it strictly private."

I thought of Papa in an angry mood, then looked at Tommy, who was waiting expectantly. My indecision wavered. After all, Papa was miles away. "I'd love to go to the movies," I said finally.

"Good girl. About eight at Elm and Main."

Gran, who was becoming a movie fan herself, offered no objections; and I skirted telling an absolute lie by saying "we" when I spoke of going to the show and letting Gran think it included Lois.

The next morning, at breakfast, Gran gave me a terrible shock when she asked, "Was good picture, yes?"

"Very good. It was about Alaska during . . ."

"I saw it also," Gran interrupted.

She saw us! I thought, and ice water seemed to flow into my blood stream. But when I looked up, startled, Gran was buttering a piece of toast with great concentration. "We stopped for sodas afterwards. That's why I was so late," I explained. Sodas and chitchat and taking the long way home with Tommy, I thought, happy and miserable at the same time.

"I thought to get soda, too. But I looked in shop" ("sop," Gran pronounced it) "and were too many boys and girls. Silly for old lady to go in. All boys and girls."

She must have seen us, I thought, regarding her suspiciously.

This time Gran was busy with her little pot of coffee. She looked completely guileless, and I breathed more freely.

The next week end it seemed easier than before to steal out to meet Tommy; and the one after that, easier still. Eventually, come Friday night, my conscience deserted me completely. Then Gran gave me a chance to see Tommy during the week, too. She discovered that there were evening classes in English for the foreign born. "I go to learn to read good," she said. "Also, to speak better. I don't say right the words with 's' and 'h' together. Why you don't tell me, Zoe?"

"I guess I never thought of it, Gran. I don't have any trouble understanding you."

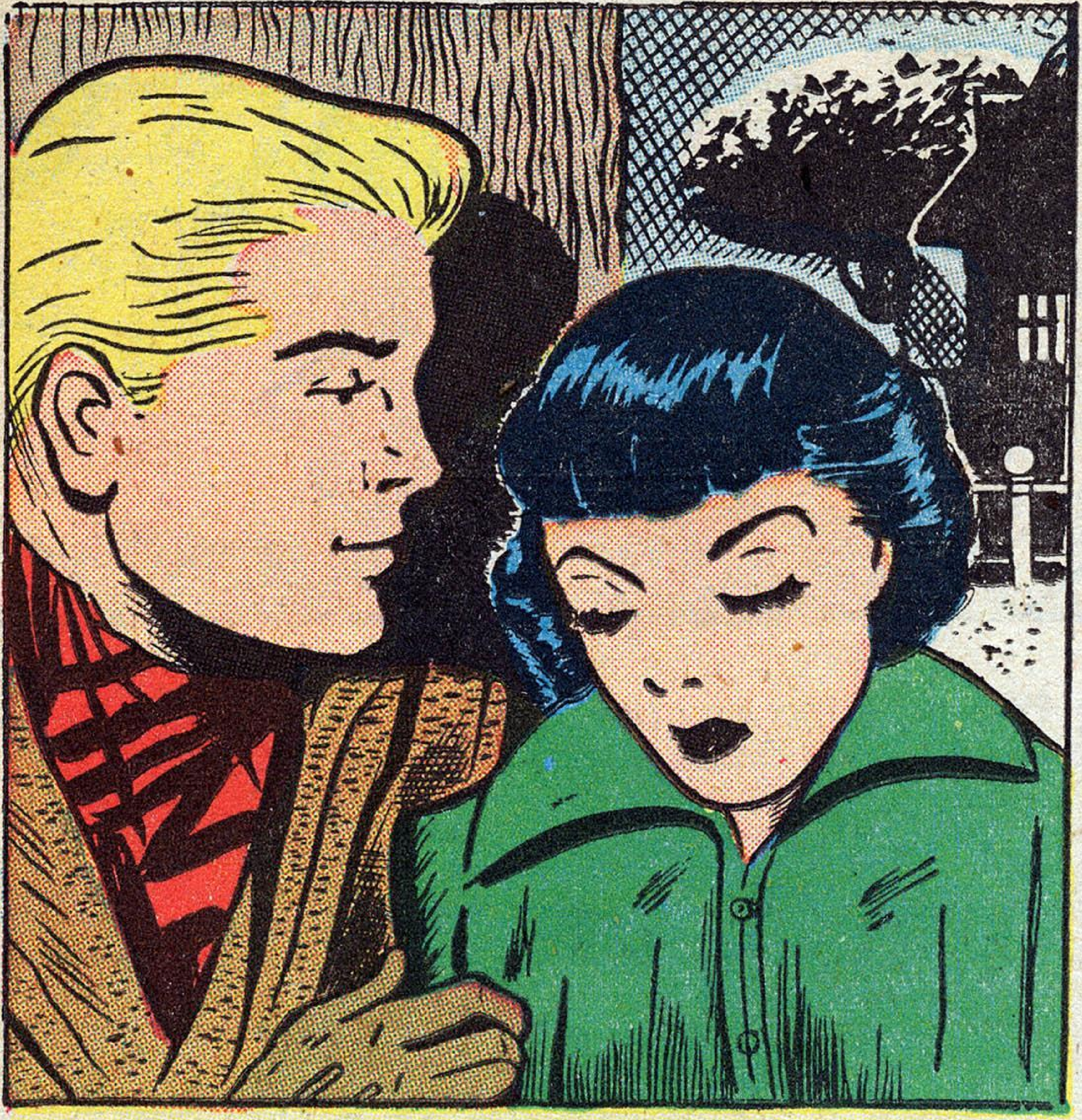
"But is no good like that. I want learn to talk like American. Tuesday night I go for reading, Thursday for talking."

After that, on those evenings, Tommy and I often walked in the moonlight, or studied together in the library. And once we skated all alone at the far end of Fetter's Pond. It was fortunate that, even after a few months, Gran's reading was confined to a primer so that she couldn't read the gossip column of the Franklin High magazine where they had Z. A. and T. W. linked together in the "Holding Hands Department". I knew I was blushing when I saw it for the first time. But I was really thrilled to think that I was one of the chosen ones, one of the important ones;

thrilled to know that everybody in school would be reading about me, from the most insignificant freshman to the most powerful senior. And all because of Tommy. Tommy was wonderful. Tommy was divine. And Tommy, oddly enough, was the one who showed me what an ephemeral dream world I had made for myself.

He came rushing up to me after lunch one day. "I've just come from a special Student Council meeting. We're going to appoint a new sophomore representative. Guess who I suggested?"

I knew I was grinning foolishly as he pulled me toward an empty table where we could talk.



"I had a marvelous time, Tommy. You see, I've never been out with a boy before." I wished I had bitten my tongue before I spoke.

It was almost unbelievable that a comparatively new girl like me should be considered for the honor of helping to run the school. "Do you mean it?" I asked, leaning forward eagerly. "How did it happen?"

"Dick Webster's resigning."

"Resigning? Why?"

Tommy looked around before saying, "This is hush-hush, but he's resigning by request."

"You're kidding! Dick's a wonderful representative. Everybody's crazy about him. He was elected almost unanimously."

"He's been running around with the River Road gang and some of them have been in trouble and . . . Well, they just don't have a very good reputation."

"That doesn't mean that Dick has done anything wrong."

"He's in the gang, and he doesn't want to drop them," Tommy said with an impatient gesture. "On Student Council, you have to be like Caesar's wife."

"What?"

"Like Caesar's wife. You know, above reproach."

"Suspicion," I corrected, but I wasn't really thinking about Caesar's wife. I was thinking of Zoe Alpheus and her qualifications for becoming a Student Council member.

"You have to be mighty careful of the company you keep," Tommy was saying, "and what you do. Why, a couple of years ago Jinx Henry was asked to drop out because she was caught smoking in the tea shop around the corner."

"And what did they say about me?" I managed to whisper through lips that felt like cardboard.

"Oh, you're their baby," he said, grinning. "The members all approve of you, and the faculty advisors love you madly. You should hear all your good qualities." He sing-songed the list gleefully, "Zoe has school spirit. Zoe is neat in appearance. Zoe is always willing to cooperate. Zoe keeps her marks high . . ."

"And," I interrupted, "Zoe sneaks out to date Tommy Warden. Did anybody mention that?"

His grin disappeared. "Oh, for Pete's sake, Zoe, what's that got to do with it?"

"Caesar's wife. Remember?"

"But we agreed that it wasn't wrong to go out together. You don't do it to be mean or smart or sophisticated. You haven't any choice."

"And so it's all right because we're doing it!"

"But Zoe . . ."

"There's no use talking. I can't feel superior to Dick Webster and Jinx Henry. In fact, right now I feel like something that lives under a rock."

"I don't know why. After all . . ."

"After all, I'm not honorable enough to hold a position of responsibility. And you can't talk around that, Tommy."

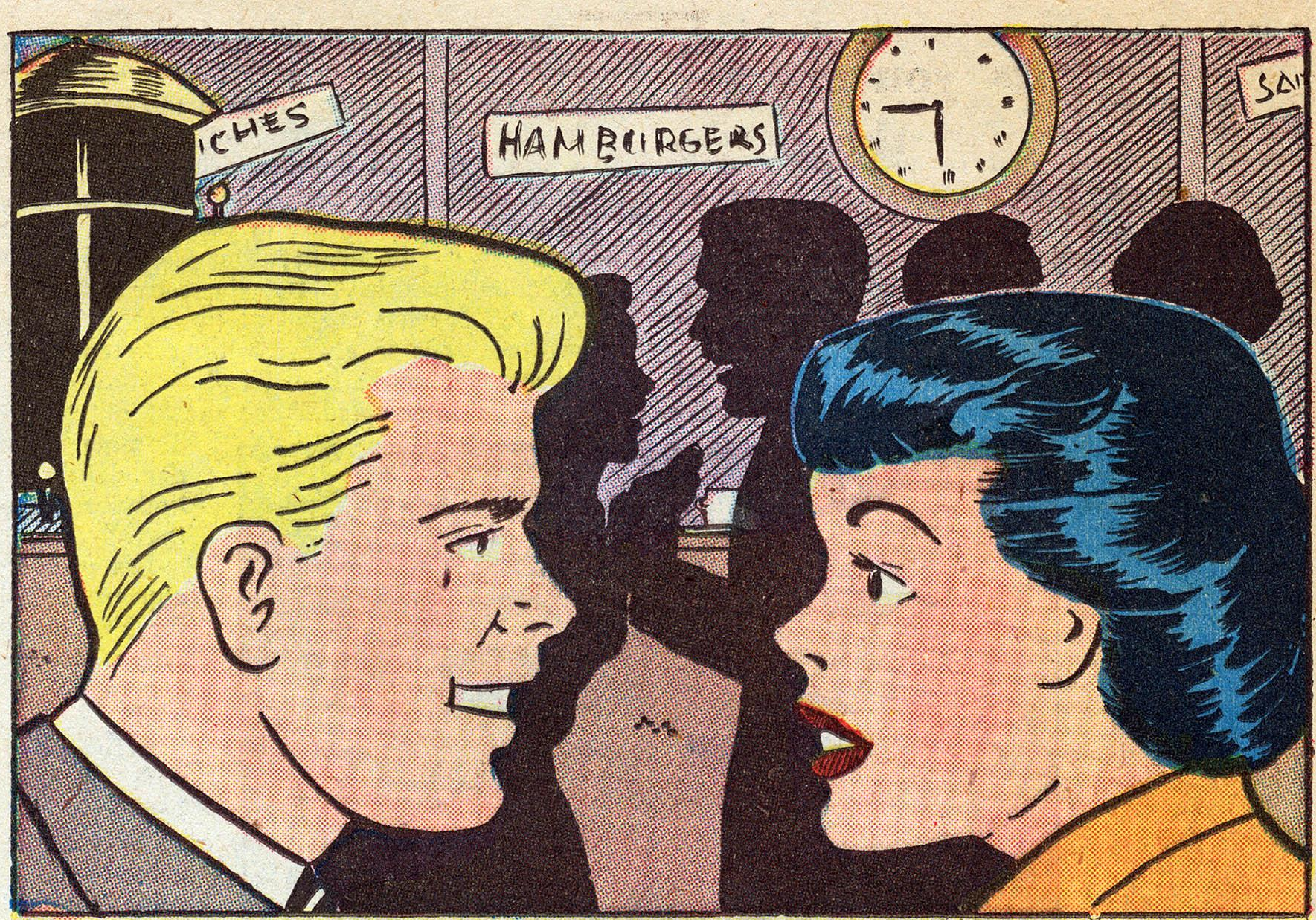
Other students began hurrying off to classes and Tommy begged, "Look, we haven't time to hash this over now, but don't go sounding off to anybody until we talk some more. Meet me at the drug store after school."

I didn't meet him. I rushed right home after my last class, not trusting myself to talk to anybody. It would have been too easy to set aside what I intended to do.

Gran was surprised to see me. She put down the book she was studying and said, "You home early, Zoe. What's the matter? You sick?"

"No, Gran. I have to see Papa."

"See Papa! You mean we go to farm?"



When I was with Tommy, it was easy to forget that this kind of fun was forbidden me.

"Yes. There's something . . ." It was very difficult to say it, now that the moment had come. "There's something I have to get off my mind. Gran, I've done a bad thing and Papa's going to be furious. I—I've been going out with a boy, meeting him secretly and going out with him."

"Hmph!" Gran was wearing a lofty smile. "You think I don't know? I'm old, but not stupid. Is good you go with that nice boy."

"You don't know how good, Gran, but I shouldn't have done it. Now that I've had a jolt, I feel like a terrible cheat. Anything Papa does to me, I'll deserve."

"You really tell him?" Gran's eyes were narrowed and unbelieving.

"I have to. I wouldn't feel right any more unless I did."

"We go back to farm, I think he makes us stay there," she warned.

I nodded, and swallowed the sudden lump in my throat.

"No more nice school."

I thought of Gran's "reading on Tuesday, talk on Thursday." "I'm sorry, Gran. I've spoiled everything for both of us."

"No matter about me. Old lady. But what about you?"

"Everything will work out all right, I guess. I've had a grand time and I know a little bit about what goes on in the world. My chance will come again sometime. I suppose," I said, feeling very old and wise, "that I'll just have to have patience."

"Patience? Young girl talks about patience?"

"Even a young girl has to be grown-up about some things."

"Grown-up? The papa says you can meet boys when you grow up. You grow up already," she decided quickly.

"I don't think Papa will agree."

"I guess not. But . . ." Gran's brow furrowed in thought. "You tell him about this boy and promise to be good girl, I think I talk and talk and make him let you come back to school."

"It won't do any good, Gran."

"No, young lady? Remember, I am the *mama* of your papa. I have something to say! Think," she said musingly, "little Zoe talks about patience."

"Gran! You said it!"

"Said what?"

"An 's-h' sound. You said 'patience' right. You used to say 'paysense'."

Gran repeated the word. "Thursday night talking and I can say 'patience'. Is good school. I keep on going!" She drew herself up regally. "You pack to go to farm and we talk plenty to the papa."

I didn't protest because she looked so determined. I just crossed my fingers and started up the stairs.

Gran followed me, muttering, "patience, patience, patience," with every "sh" sound perfect. Then throwing back her frail shoulders, her head held proud and high, she cried, "We *show* him!"

THE END

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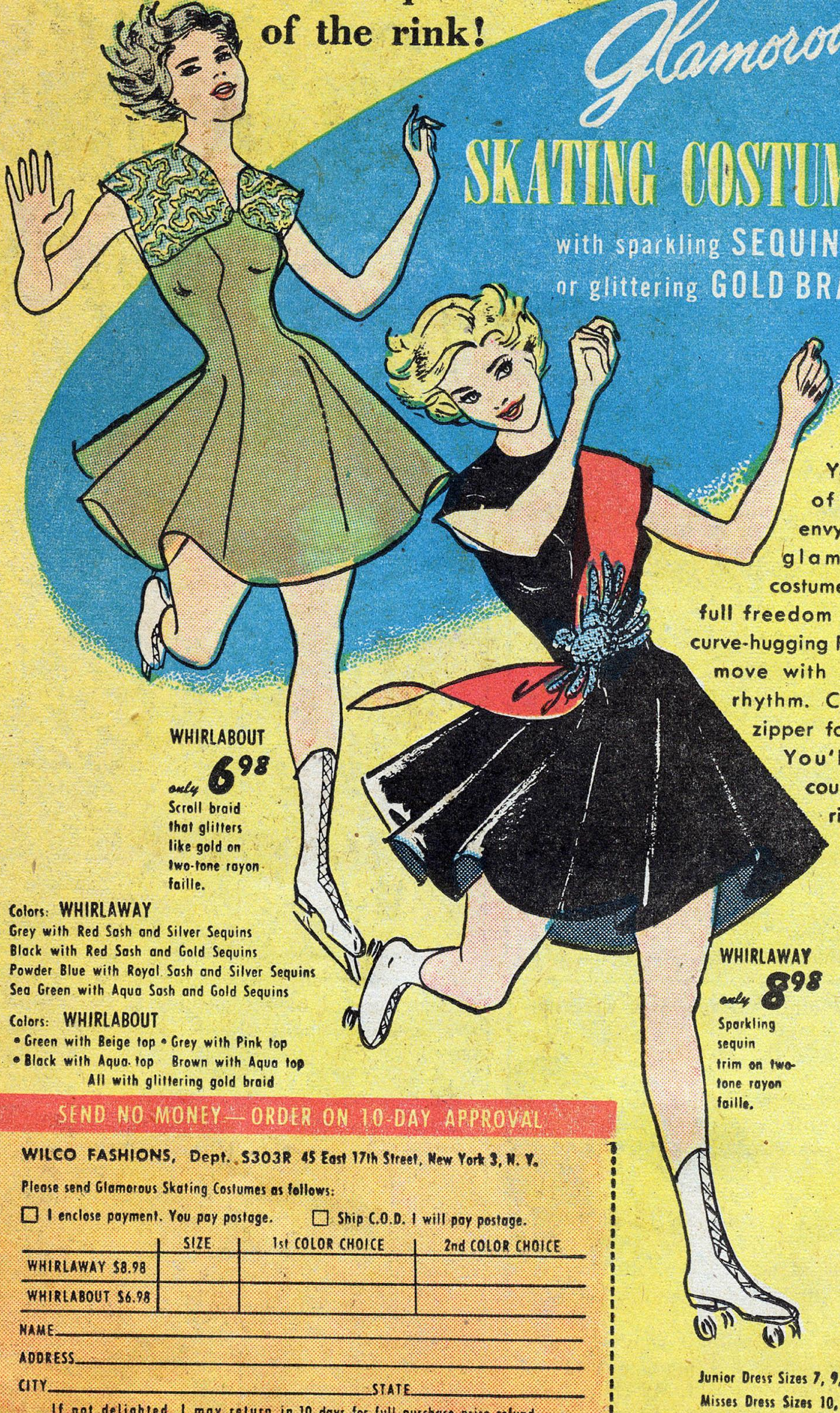

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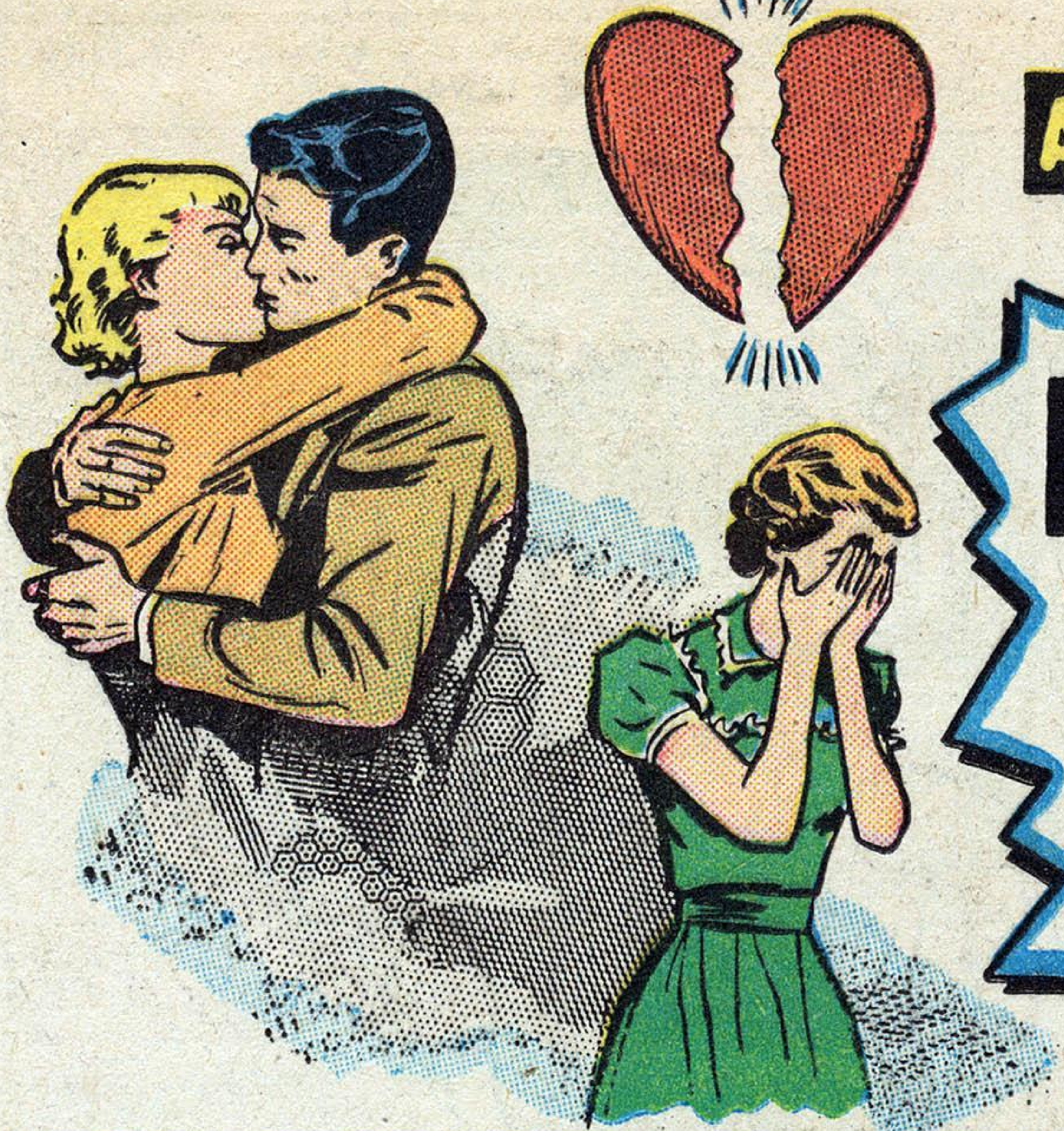

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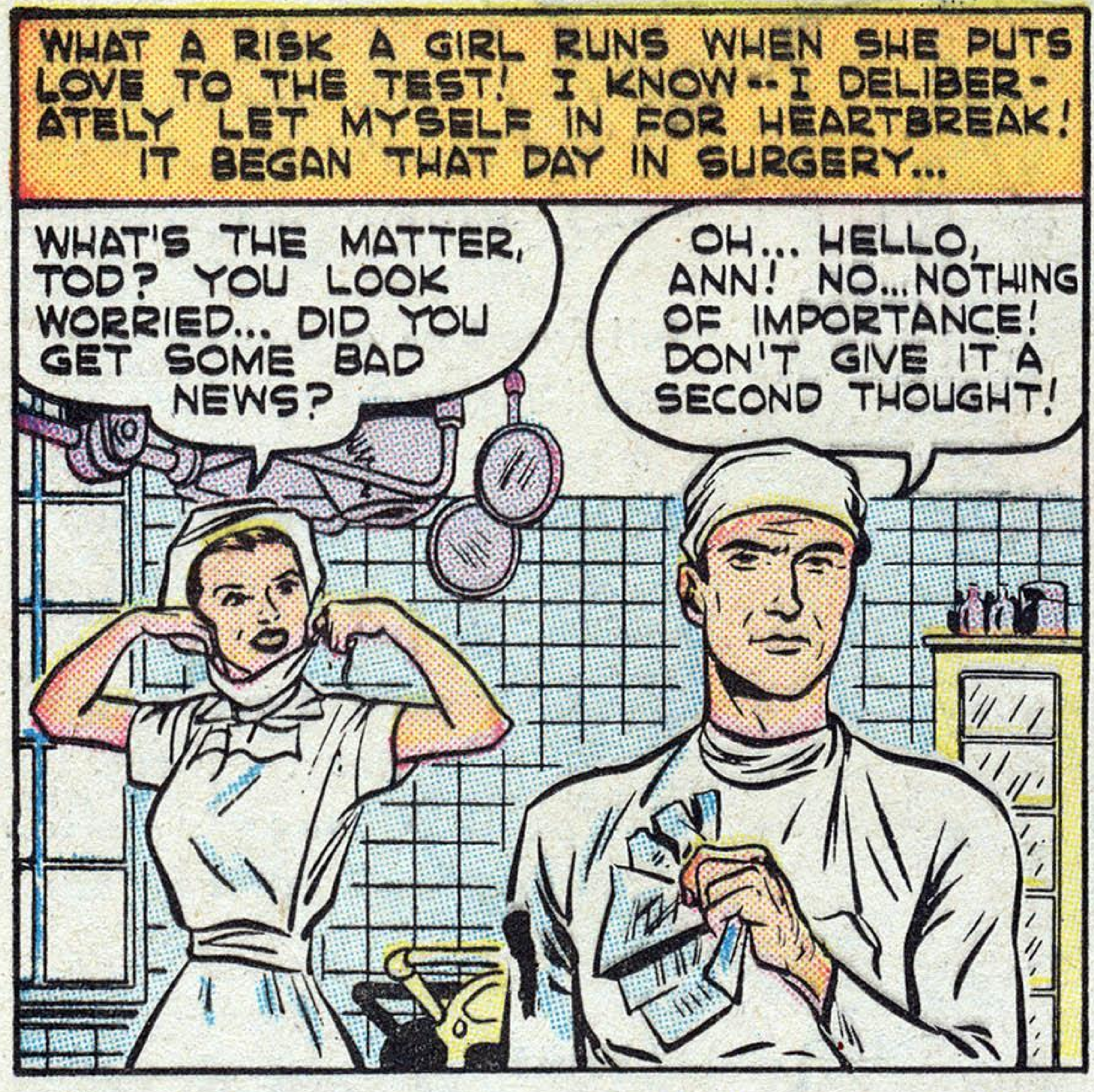
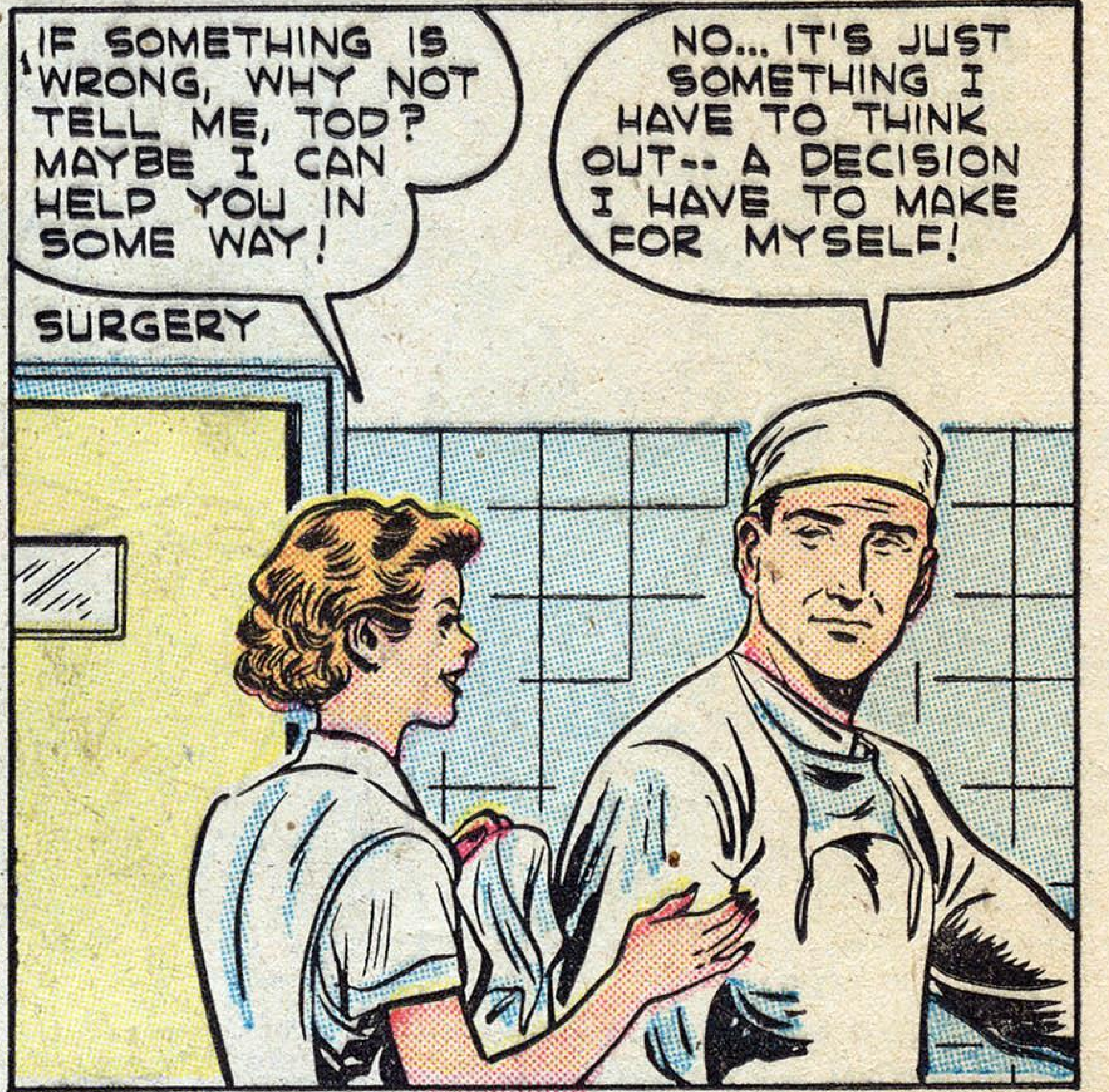
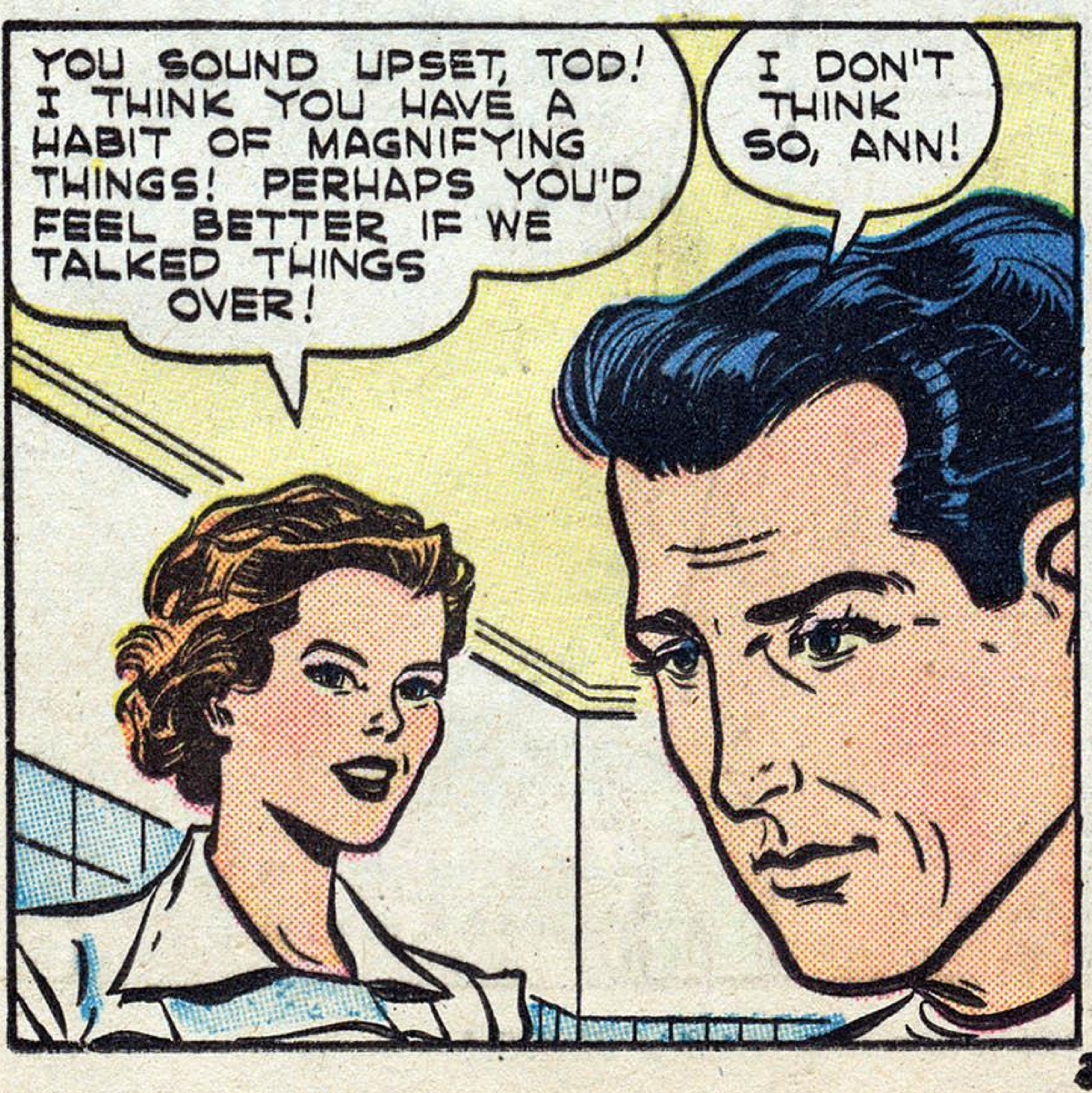
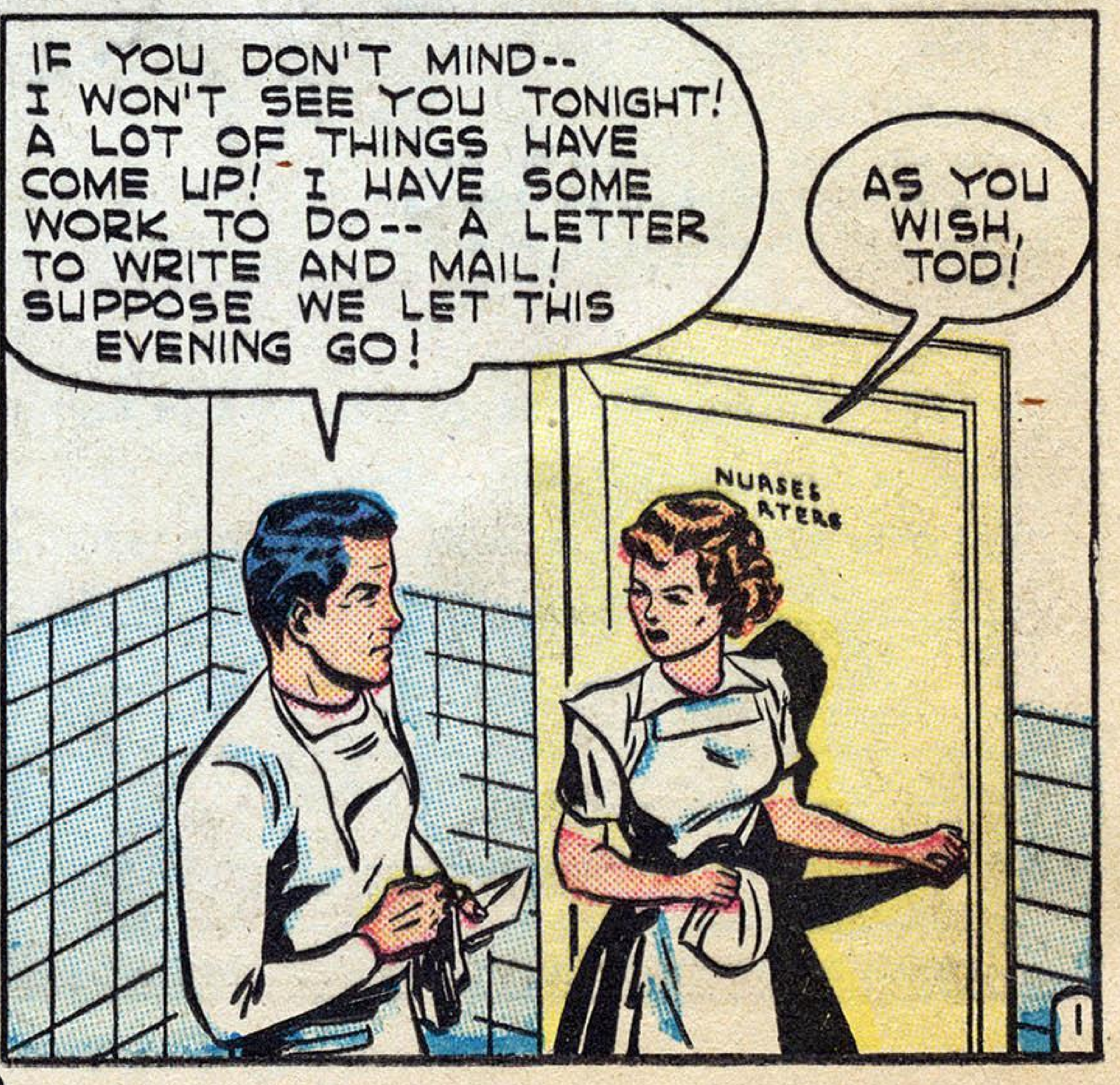
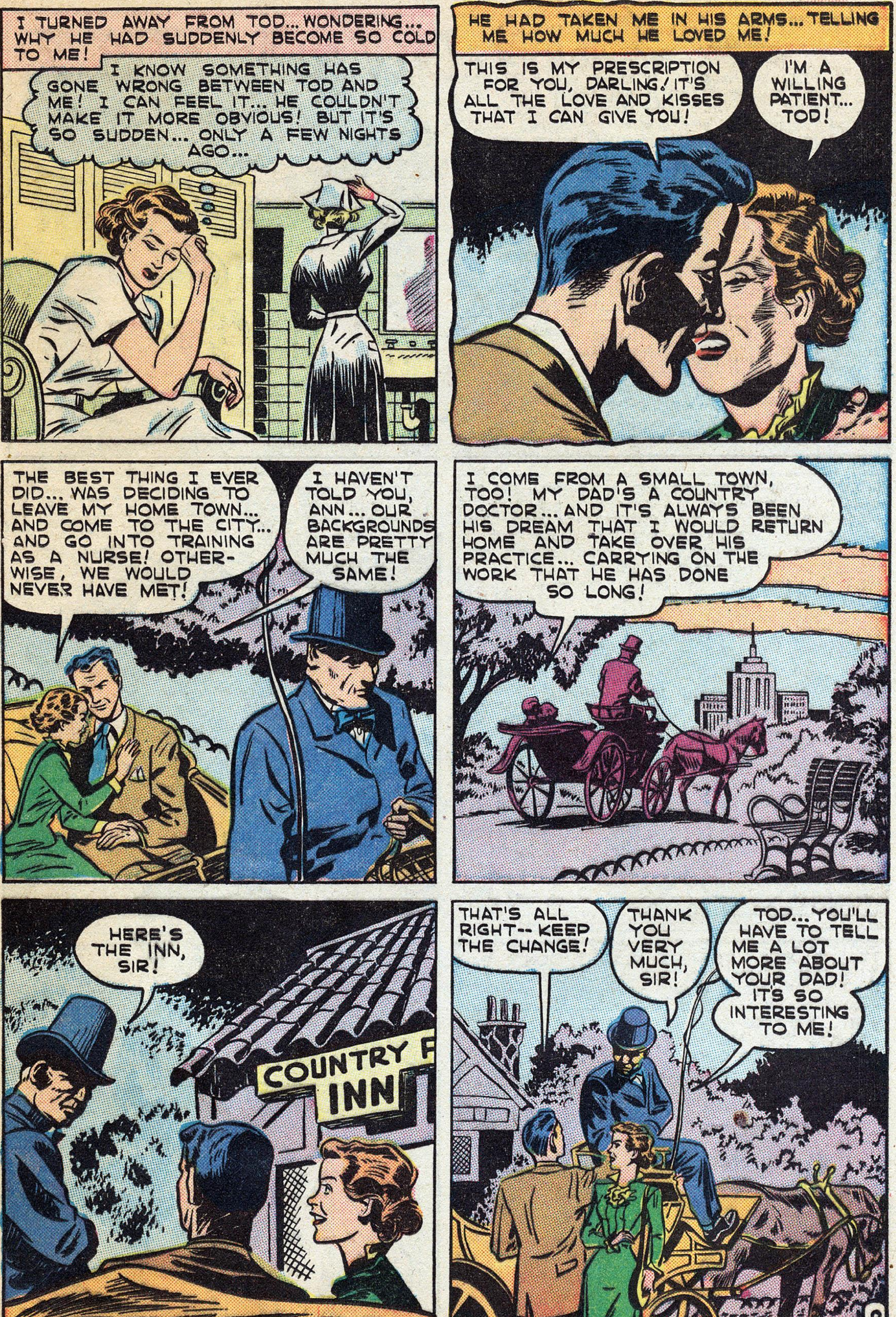

WHAT A RISK A GIRL RUNS WHEN SHE PUTS LOVE TO THE TEST! I KNOW--I DELIBERATELY LET MYSELF IN FOR HEARTBREAK! IT BEGAN THAT DAY IN SURGERY...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, TOD? YOU LOOK WORRIED... DID YOU GET SOME BAD NEWS?
OH... HELLO, ANN! NO...NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE! DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT!

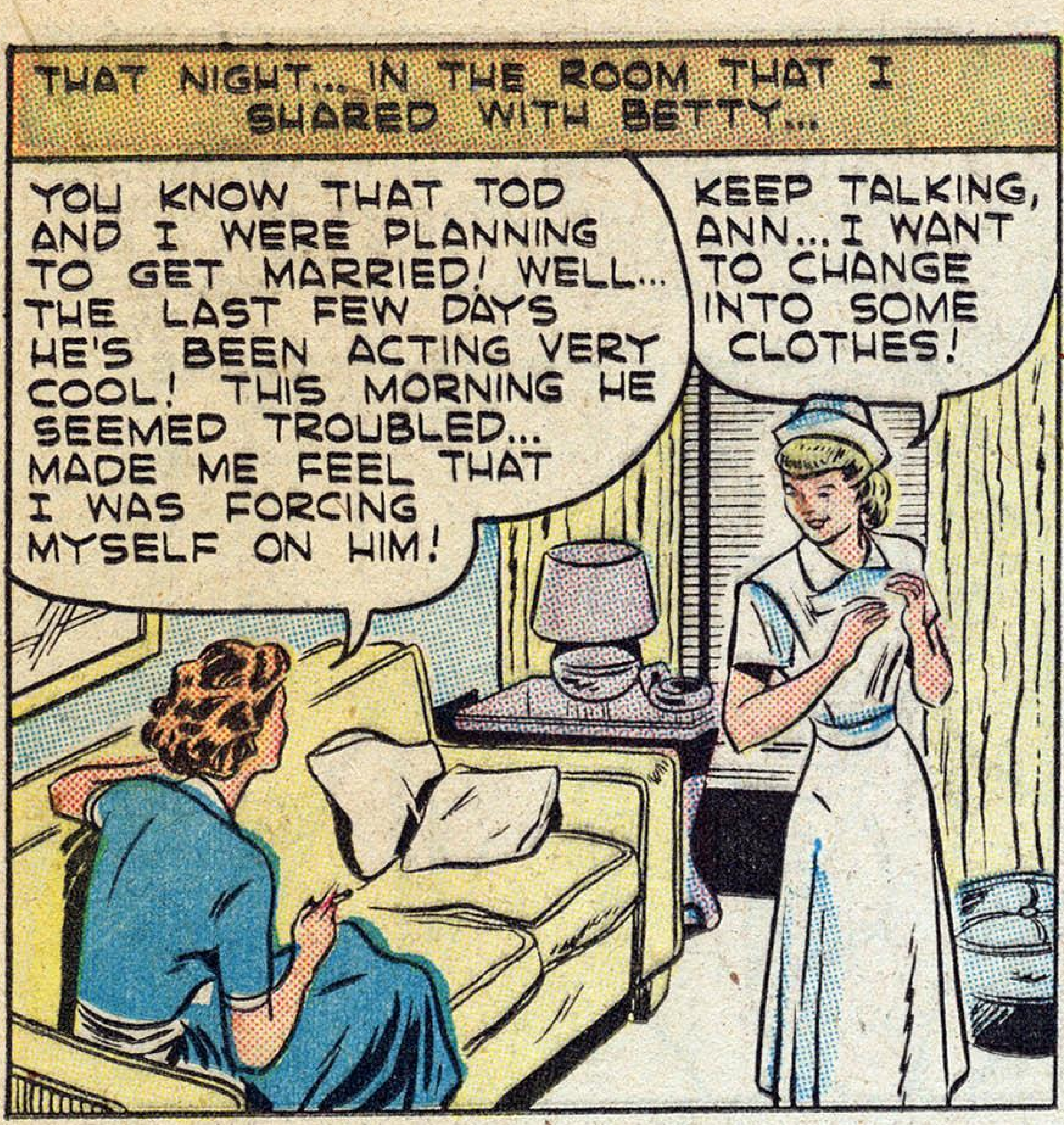

IF SOMETHING IS WRONG, WHY NOT TELL ME, TOD? MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU IN SOME WAY!
NO... IT'S JUST SOMETHING I HAVE TO THINK OUT-- A DECISION I HAVE TO MAKE FOR MYSELF!
SURGERY

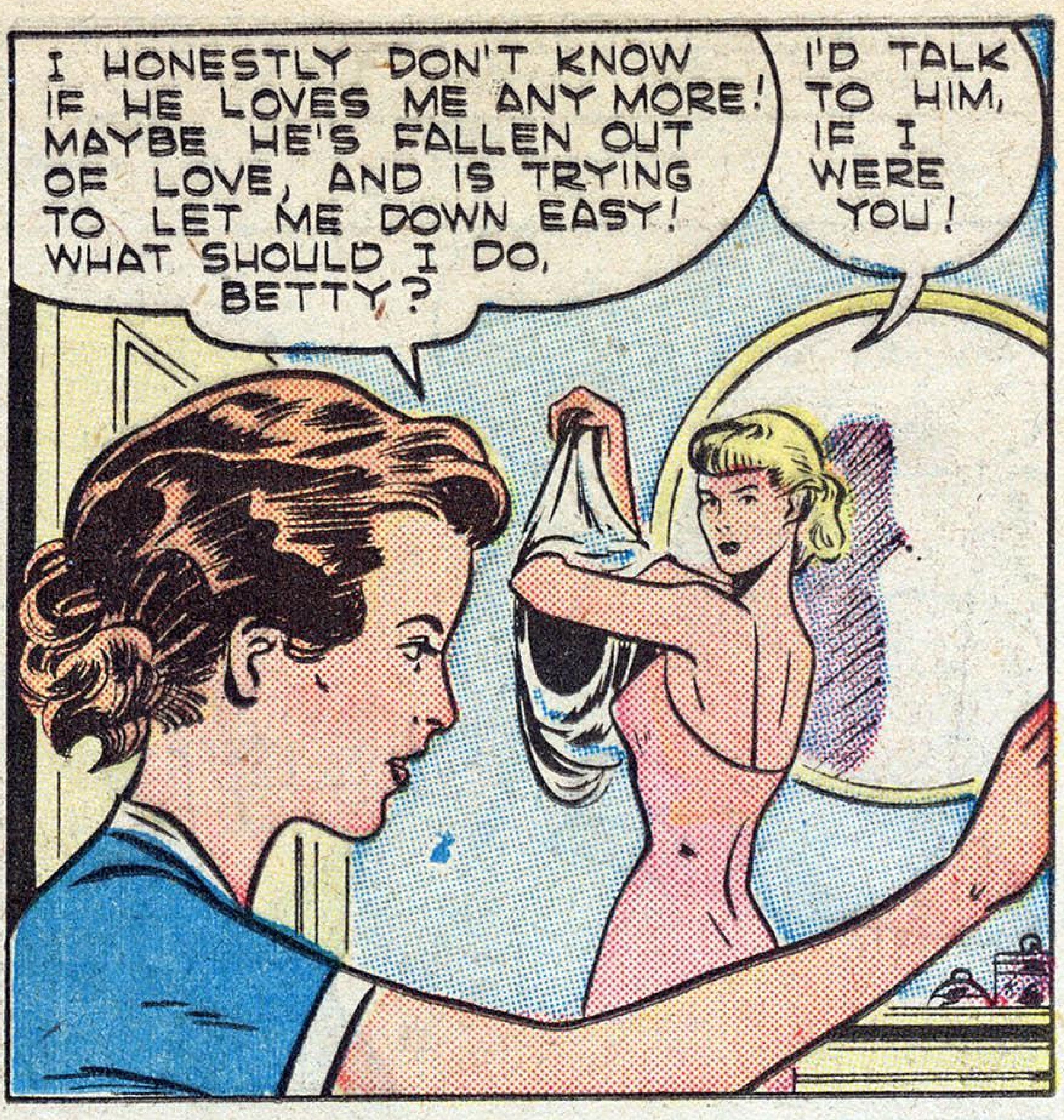

YOU SOUND UPSET, TOD! I THINK YOU HAVE A HABIT OF MAGNIFYING THINGS! PERHAPS YOU'D FEEL BETTER IF WE TALKED THINGS OVER!
I DON'T THINK SO, ANN!

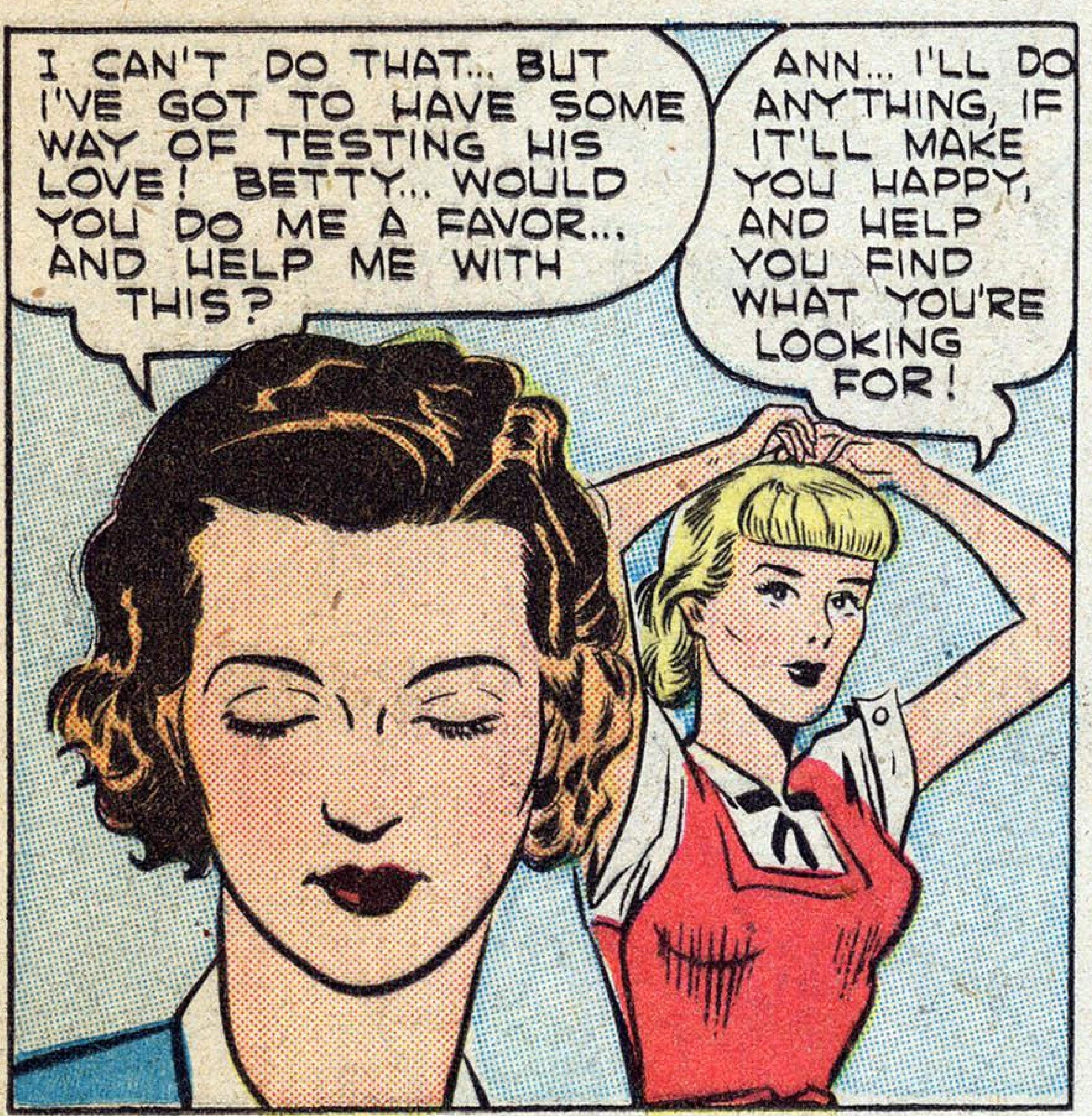

IF YOU DON'T MIND-- I WON'T SEE YOU TONIGHT! A LOT OF THINGS HAVE COME UP! I HAVE SOME WORK TO DO-- A LETTER TO WRITE AND MAIL! SUPPOSE WE LET THIS EVENING GO!
AS YOU WISH, TOD!
NURSES
ATERS
1

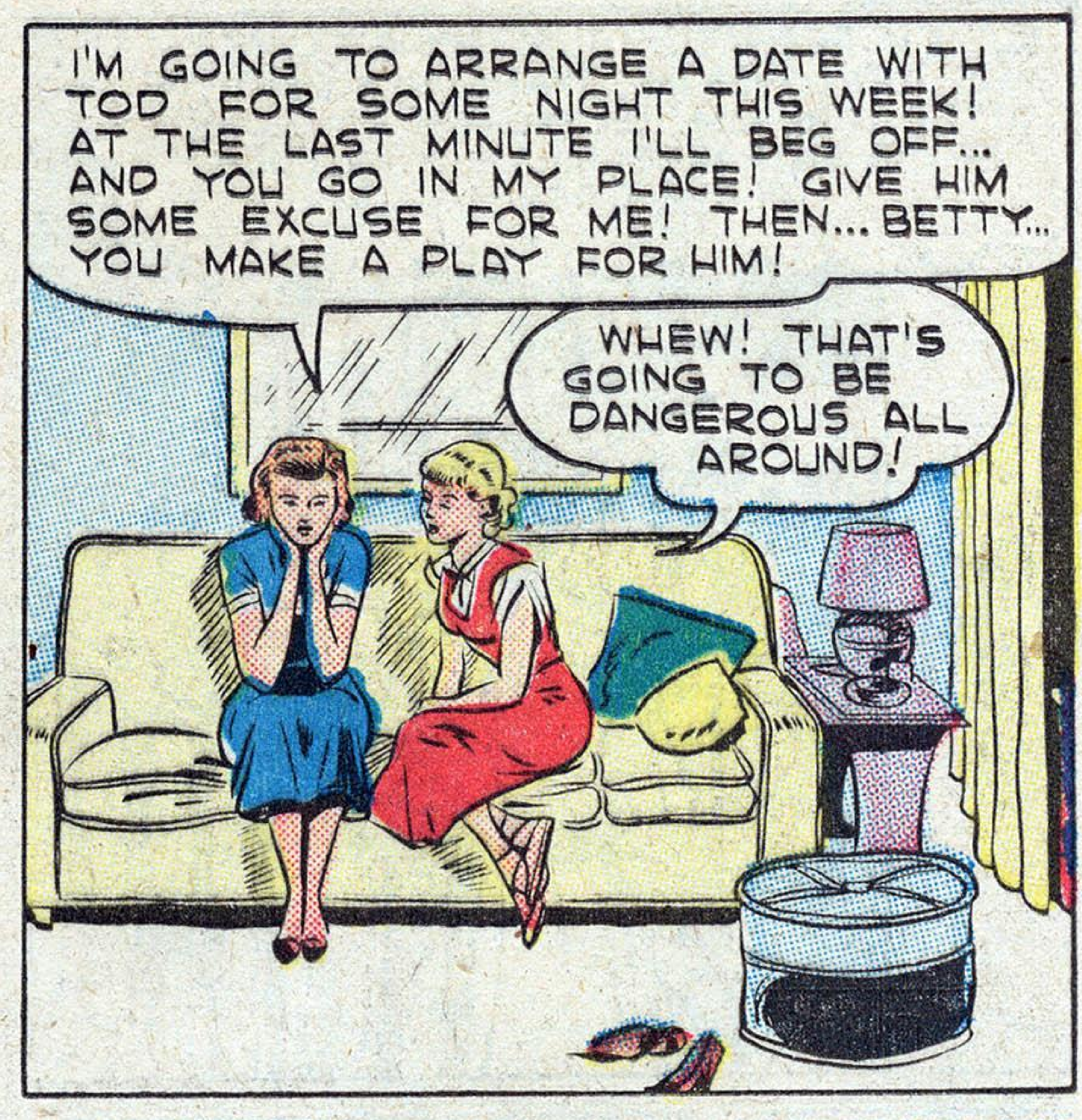

I TURNED AWAY FROM TOD... WONDERING... WHY HE HAD SUDDENLY BECOME SO COLD TO ME!
I KNOW SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG BETWEEN TOD AND ME! I CAN FEEL IT... HE COULDN'T MAKE IT MORE OBVIOUS! BUT IT'S SO SUDDEN... ONLY A FEW NIGHTS AGO...
HE HAD TAKEN ME IN HIS ARMS... TELLING ME HOW MUCH HE LOVED ME!
THIS IS MY PRESCRIPTION FOR YOU, DARLING! IT'S ALL THE LOVE AND KISSES THAT I CAN GIVE YOU!
I'M A WILLING PATIENT... TOD!
THE BEST THING I EVER DID... WAS DECIDING TO LEAVE MY HOME TOWN... AND COME TO THE CITY... AND GO INTO TRAINING AS A NURSE! OTHERWISE, WE WOULD NEVER HAVE MET!
I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU, ANN... OUR BACKGROUNDS ARE PRETTY MUCH THE SAME!
I COME FROM A SMALL TOWN, TOO! MY DAD'S A COUNTRY DOCTOR... AND IT'S ALWAYS BEEN HIS DREAM THAT I WOULD RETURN HOME AND TAKE OVER HIS PRACTICE... CARRYING ON THE WORK THAT HE HAS DONE SO LONG!
HERE'S THE INN, SIR!
COUNTRY
INN
THAT'S ALL RIGHT-- KEEP THE CHANGE!
THANK YOU VERY MUCH, SIR!
TOD... YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL ME A LOT MORE ABOUT YOUR DAD! IT'S SO INTERESTING TO ME!
2

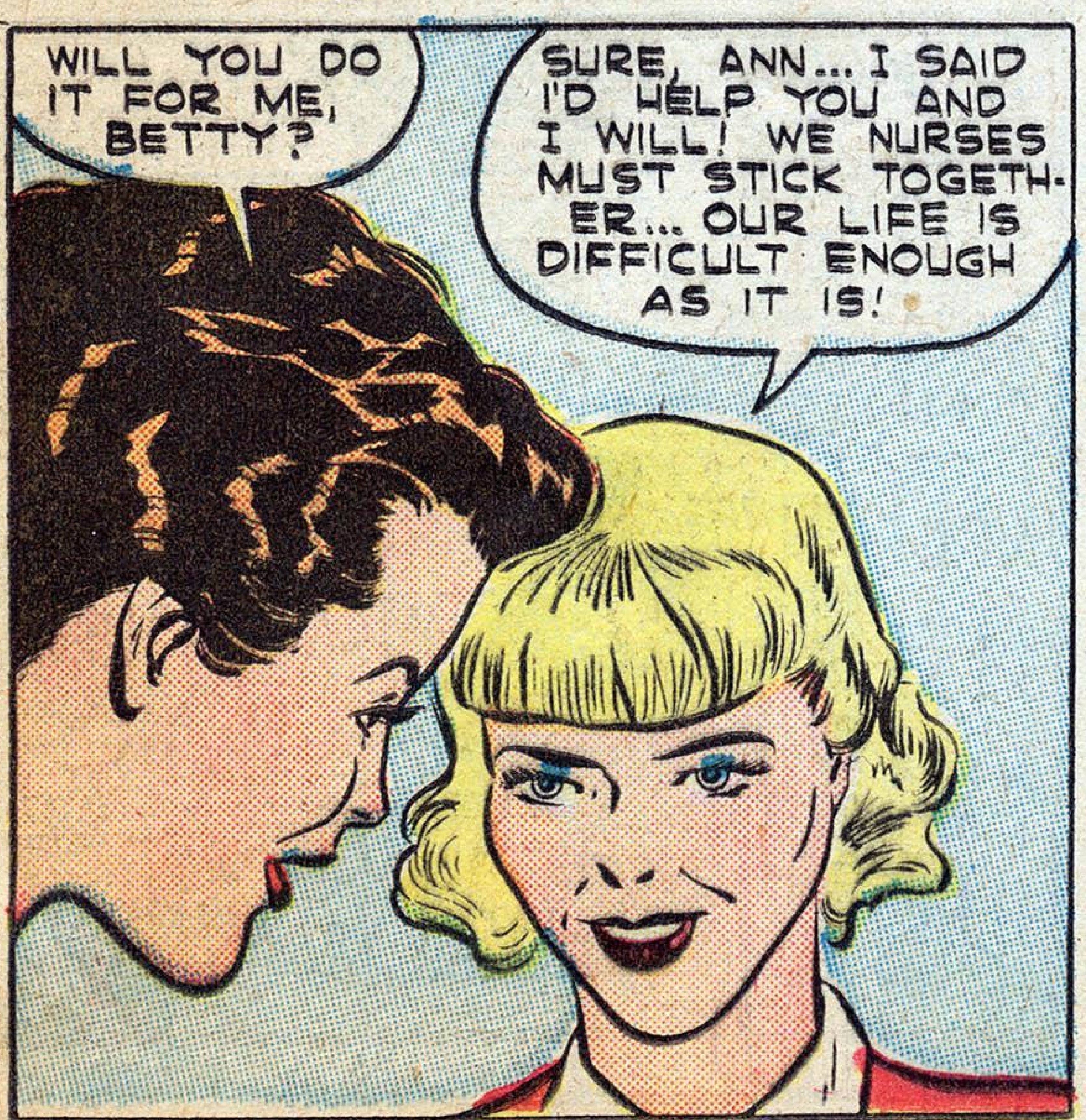
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
I DON'T THINK THAT I'LL GO BACK TO TAKE OVER DAD'S PRACTICE! THE INCOME ISN'T BIG ENOUGH!
IT WOULD HAVE ITS COMPENSATIONS, THOUGH! YOU WOULD BE HELPING THE PEOPLE OF A SMALL TOWN... ENJOYING THE FEELING OF DOING SOME GOOD!
I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE IN MIND, ANN! I'M UP FOR AN APPOINTMENT TO THE STAFF OF A LARGE HOSPITAL HERE IN THE CITY! IT WOULD GIVE ME A LARGE INCOME, AN ASSURED FUTURE... AND I COULD BEGIN TO THINK OF MARRIAGE... AND A FAMILY!
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY, ANN? I WANT YOU TO MARRY ME, AND I WANT TO BE ABLE TO OFFER YOU SOMETHING DECENT... NOT A LIFE OF STRUGGLE, AS THE WIFE OF A COUNTRY DOCTOR!
PERHAPS I WOULD PREFER THE "LIFE OF STRUGGLE", TOD!
ANN... I LOVE YOU, AND I'LL PROVIDE FOR YOU IN THE BEST WAY I KNOW HOW!
I LOVE YOU TOO, TOD!
SUDDENLY MY REVERIE WAS BROKEN! ...I WAS JERKED RUDELY BACK TO THE PRESENT BY THE REALIZATION THAT I WAS WEEPING!
ANN... YOU'RE CRYING! WHAT'S THE MATTER? DID THAT BIG LUG, DR. DEVERS, SAY SOMETHING TO YOU THAT HE SHOULDN'T HAVE?
OHHH, BETTY... I DON'T (SOB!) KNOW... WHAT IS THE MATTER!
I SHOULDN'T LET MYSELF GO THIS WAY! I'LL SEE YOU IN OUR ROOM TONIGHT, BETTY, WHEN WE'RE BOTH OFF DUTY! THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST ASK YOUR ADVICE ABOUT!
LOOKS LIKE YOUR DATE WITH DR. DEVERS FOR TONIGHT IS OFF!

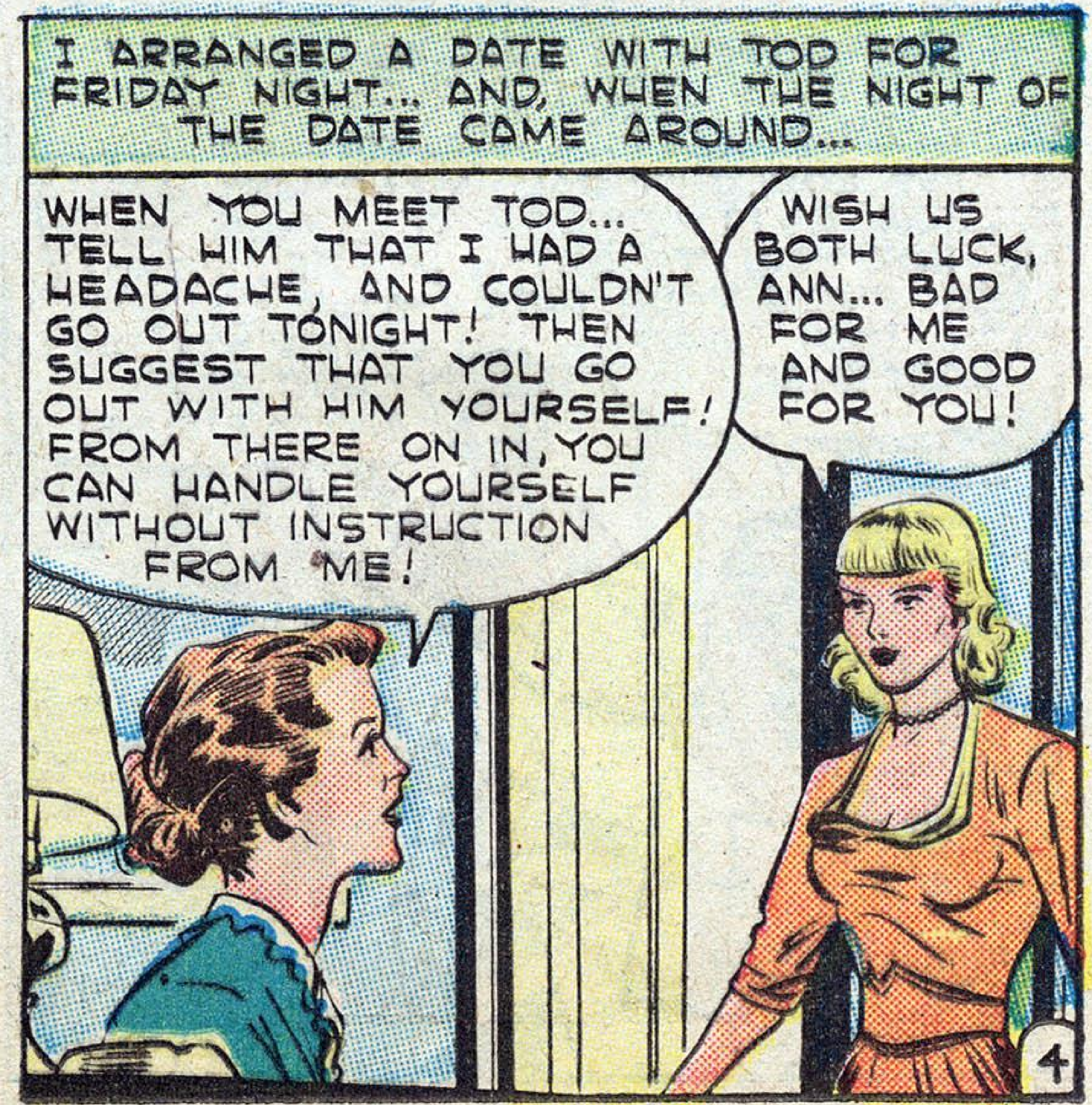

THAT NIGHT... IN THE ROOM THAT I SHARED WITH BETTY...
YOU KNOW THAT TOD AND I WERE PLANNING TO GET MARRIED! WELL... THE LAST FEW DAYS HE'S BEEN ACTING VERY COOL! THIS MORNING HE SEEMED TROUBLED... MADE ME FEEL THAT I WAS FORCING MYSELF ON HIM!
KEEP TALKING, ANN... I WANT TO CHANGE INTO SOME CLOTHES!


I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW IF HE LOVES ME ANY MORE! MAYBE HE'S FALLEN OUT OF LOVE, AND IS TRYING TO LET ME DOWN EASY! WHAT SHOULD I DO, BETTY?
I'D TALK TO HIM, IF I WERE YOU!


I CAN'T DO THAT... BUT I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME WAY OF TESTING HIS LOVE! BETTY... WOULD YOU DO ME A FAVOR... AND HELP ME WITH THIS?
ANN... I'LL DO ANYTHING, IF IT'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY, AND HELP YOU FIND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR!


I'M GOING TO ARRANGE A DATE WITH TOD FOR SOME NIGHT THIS WEEK! AT THE LAST MINUTE I'LL BEG OFF... AND YOU GO IN MY PLACE! GIVE HIM SOME EXCUSE FOR ME! THEN... BETTY... YOU MAKE A PLAY FOR HIM!
WHEW! THAT'S GOING TO BE DANGEROUS ALL AROUND!


WILL YOU DO IT FOR ME, BETTY?
SURE, ANN... I SAID I'D HELP YOU AND I WILL! WE NURSES MUST STICK TOGETHER... OUR LIFE IS DIFFICULT ENOUGH AS IT IS!


I ARRANGED A DATE WITH TOD FOR FRIDAY NIGHT... AND, WHEN THE NIGHT OF THE DATE CAME AROUND...
WHEN YOU MEET TOD... TELL HIM THAT I HAD A HEADACHE, AND COULDN'T GO OUT TONIGHT! THEN SUGGEST THAT YOU GO OUT WITH HIM YOURSELF! FROM THERE ON IN, YOU CAN HANDLE YOURSELF WITHOUT INSTRUCTION FROM ME!
WISH US BOTH LUCK, ANN... BAD FOR ME AND GOOD FOR YOU!
4

AS THE HOURS WENT BY THAT NIGHT, I BECAME MORE AND MORE TENSE! I KEPT IMAGINING THAT I HAD LOST... THAT BETTY WAS HAPPY IN TOD'S ARMS!
WHAT A FOOL I WAS, BETTY.. NOT TO HAVE FOUND YOU A LONG TIME AGO, INSTEAD OF ANN!
NO! NO! NO-O-O!
I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER... THE HOURS OF TORTURE... WAITING FOR BETTY TO GET HOME AND TELL ME THAT TOD DOESN'T LOVE ME ANY MORE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT AND WALK... WALK UNTIL I FORGET!
BUT I'M PROBABLY JUST BEING SILLY! I'M SURE TOD LOVES ME! THAT'S WHY I TRUSTED BETTY WITH HIM! OH, THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE ENTRANCE HALLWAY, OUTSIDE OF THE DOOR!
YES...YES! WE'LL GET MARRIED AS SOON AS WE CAN... MY LOVE!
OH! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE ROOM... AND GET IN BED! I CAN'T LET BETTY KNOW THAT I SAW HER... KISSING TOD! SHE MUSTN'T FIND ME OUT HERE!
I RAN UPSTAIRS... HURRIEDLY GOT UNDRESSED AND INTO BED, BEFORE BETTY CAME IN!
I JUST COULDN'T FALL ASLEEP, BETTY... WAITING FOR YOU TO GET BACK FROM YOUR DATE WITH TOD! WHAT HAPPENED?
NOTHING, ANN! I WAS SO DELIGHTED! YOUR TOD STILL LOVES YOU, AND CAN'T SEE ANYONE ELSE!
THE NEXT DAY, WHEN BETTY WENT TO THE HOSPITAL... I PACKED MY THINGS... WROTE BETTY A NOTE!
..."AND I SAW YOU KISSING TOD LAST NIGHT, ON THE LANDING OUTSIDE THE DOOR! I'M GOING BACK TO THE SMALL TOWN THAT'S MY HOME! I'M GIVING UP NURSING-- I KNOW NOW THAT TOD DOESN'T LOVE ME ANY MORE!"
5

I WENT STRAIGHT TO THE RAILROAD STATION, AND TOOK THE FIRST TRAIN HOME!
THE THING FOR ME TO DO IS TO PICK UP THE LOOSE ENDS OF MY LIFE... PERHAPS WORK AS A NURSE IN MY HOME TOWN, LOOKING FORWARD TO A GRIM FUTURE WITHOUT... THE MAN I LOVE!
WHEN I GOT HOME, MOTHER AND DAD DID NOT ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS! IN THE FIRST FEW DAYS AT HOME, I GOT MYSELF SETTLED IN MY OLD ROOM!
THERE'S SOMEONE DOWNSTAIRS TO SEE YOU, DEAR!
I'LL BE DOWN IN A MINUTE, MOTHER!
AS I WALKED INTO OUR LIVING ROOM... WHAT A SURPRISE I GOT!
TOD... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
ANN DARLING... YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY FROM ME THIS TIME!
ANN... I LOVE YOU! PLEASE DON'T EVER LEAVE ME AGAIN!
I'VE MISSED YOU SO... I THOUGHT I HAD LOST YOU!
BUT WHAT ABOUT BETTY?
SHE GAVE ME THE NOTE YOU WROTE HER! ANN... THAT NIGHT I DIDN'T STAY WITH BETTY MORE THAN A MINUTE! YOU KNOW SHE'S IN LOVE WITH ONE OF THE INTERNES AT THE HOSPITAL, AND THEY'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED! HE WAS THE ONE YOU SAW WITH HER THAT NIGHT!
6
I'VE HAD A LOT OF THINKING TO DO-- I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER YOU'D WANT TO MARRY A COUNTRY DOCTOR! I'M TAKING OVER DAD'S PRACTICE-- WILL YOU MARRY ME, ANN?
TOD... YOU KNOW THE ANSWER IS YES! I WANT TO BE YOUR WIFE... THE WIFE OF A SMALL-TOWN DOCTOR, STRUGGLING TO HELP OTHER PEOPLE!
The End

It took a handsome boy like Greg to teach Libby her...

LESSON IN LOVE

By JANE FLOWER PHILPY

"GOLLY, Libby, the Christmas Jamboree is only a week away!"

I looked across the breakfast table at my older sister, Vivian, and tried to hide the feeling of despair that shot through me.

"Let's see," Viv tilted her head to one side so the soft curling ends of her blonde hair just brushed against her shoulders. "Lib, I'll trade you my black nylon net for your blue taffeta," she suggested. "We could cut them off and make ballerina skirts."

I caught my breath. The black net would do things for my red-blonde hair and greenish eyes. A bubble of enthusiasm almost succeeded in forming inside me. Then I remembered the reason for my acute growing case of misery, and the bubble exploded abruptly.

As calmly as possible I took a sip of orange juice. "Considering the fact that I'm not going to the Jamboree," I said, "I think it would be sort of silly."

"Not going!" There was an expression of absolute desperation on my sister's face. "Why, everyone's going!"

"Everyone but me. I haven't been asked."

Vivian moaned. "Oh, my goodness, this is terrible! You'll ruin the family's social reputation if you don't go!"

"Too bad," I said, munching a piece of toast. "You should have thought of that when you jinxed my romance with Bud Hall."

Vivian put a slim white hand to her forehead in a gesture of despair. "I don't suppose I'll ever get it through your thick head that you jinxed your own romance."

"Nope," I said, "I don't suppose you ever will."

"You let Bud know you liked him too much and too often," Viv pointed out for at least the hundredth time. "You chased him right out of your life."

"And right into yours," I said bitterly.

Vivian counted to ten. "For your information, sister dear," she said at length, "I have never had a date with your precious Bud."

"You spend hours and hours talking to him on the telephone."

"Can I help it if he keeps calling me?"

Mother set a platter of bacon and eggs down firmly between us. "Stop quarreling, girls," she chided, "and finish your breakfast."

When the meal had reached its gloomy conclusion, Vivian folded her napkin neatly and pushed her chair back. "It's your turn to do the dishes, Lib. Excuse me, please, Mother. I've got some important calls to make."

As I washed the dishes I thought of the month of fun I'd had with Bud Hall. When he hadn't asked me to a game or dance, I'd asked him. Naturally, when the Whitney-Payne basketball game and dance came up, I had approached Bud. I'll never forget his blushing embarrassment as he mumbled, "I'm sorry, Lib. I've already asked someone." I found out later that he had even tried to date Viv for the game. Of course, she'd refused him. Still, I felt that old resentment against the fate that had made me almost an exact opposite of my sister. Viv has good looks, personality, and that indefinable something that makes boys almost melt at the sight of her. I sighed as I put the last dish on the shelf.

Suddenly I remembered my promise to call Muggsie Green and let her know what time I'd be going to Pop's for our usual Saturday malted. I dashed into the hall, lifted the receiver and had my index finger poised above the dial before I realized that Viv was talking to her current flame, Harold Seaman, on the upstairs extension. Just as I was about to hang up I heard something that glued me to the spot.

"But Harold," Viv was pleading, "you've simply *got* to get her a date."

"Libby isn't exactly a glamour girl, you know," Harold said.

"That's beside the point."

"Well," Harold spoke again, "there are a few boys in my American History class whose grades are quite low . . ."

"Yes?"

"I might promise to tutor one of them in return for certain services rendered."

"Oh, Harold, you're a lamb! Now who can you get? He must be someone . . . well you know . . . presentable."

"Let's see. There's that new boy, Greg Murray . . ."

Very cautiously I eased the receiver back on the hook. I just stood there for a moment or two while a whole Fourth of July celebration seemed to explode inside me. By the time the fireworks were over, I'd made a decision. If Viv and Harold actually carried out their plot and if Greg really asked me for that date . . . Well, I didn't exactly know what I'd do, but I *had* to think of something.

Muggsie was sitting in our usual booth when I arrived at Pop's that afternoon.

"Where's Tommy?" I asked as I slid in beside her. Muggsie and Tommy Carson had been going steady almost all year, and on Saturdays he ordinarily occupied the other half of our booth.

Muggsie rattled the ice in her empty coke glass. "He's got a tough quiz coming up in American History in two weeks, so he went to a review lecture Professor Emmerson's giving. It should be over by now."

Stifling a groan, I asked, "Tommy wouldn't, by any chance, be in Greg Murray's class?"

"Yes, he is." Muggsie sighed. "Poor Greg! Tommy says he can't possibly pass unless a miracle happens."

And a date with me, I knew, would bring about just such a miracle. But somehow I didn't feel the least bit sympathetic.

"Libby, I'm worried."

"About what?"

"The Jamboree. Tommy hasn't asked me yet."

"Oh, for gosh sakes!" I said. "He will. Just give him time."

"But it's only a week away!"

Muggsie was really suffering. I might have consoled her by admitting my own dateless status, but pride wouldn't let me. "Why don't you ask him if he's going to ask you?"

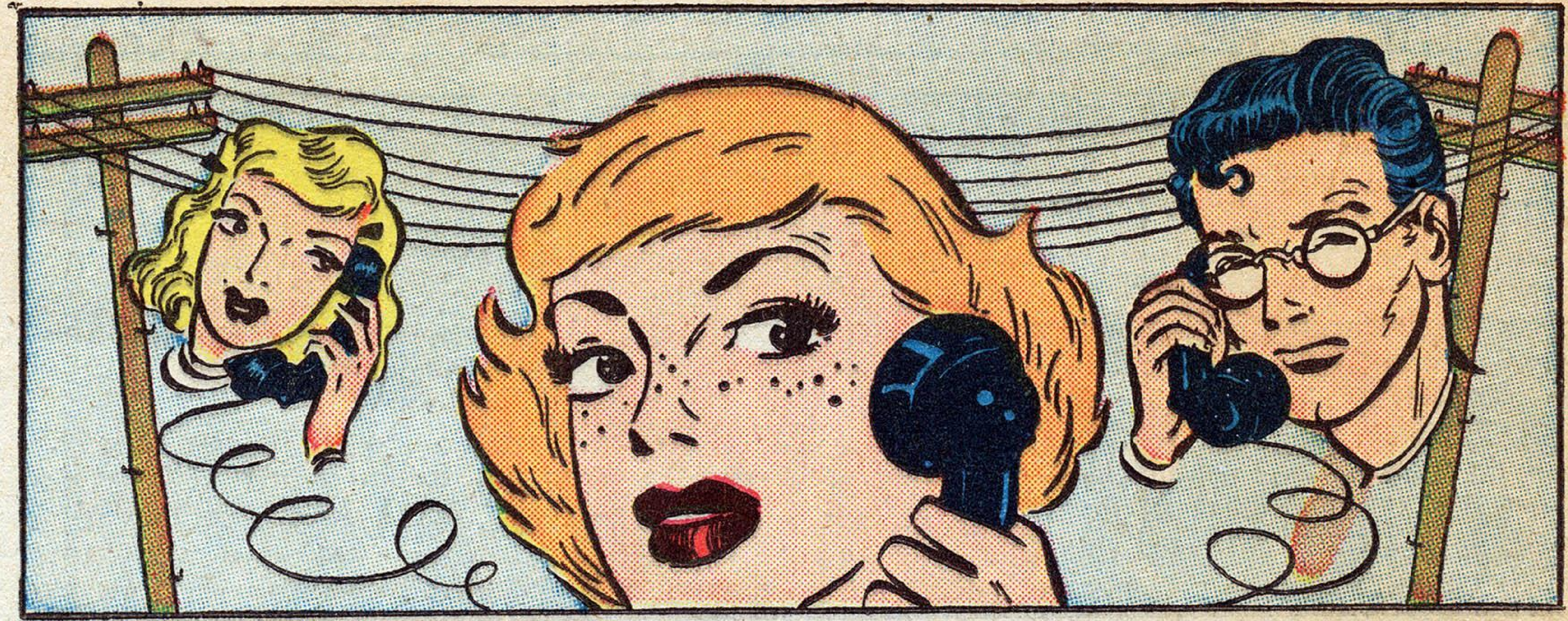
"Oh, I couldn't do that. It wouldn't be ethical."

"You sound exactly like Vivian," I moaned. "Muggsie, this is 1949, not the middle ages. A woman has certain rights these days."

"I'm still not going to chase Tommy. Look what happened to you and . . ." she broke off suddenly.

I wasn't paying too much attention to her though, because Bud Hall had just come through the front door and my heart was doing a gymnastic routine. Ordinarily I would have found an excuse to visit the magazine stand and make some trivial conversation with him. But before I could put my wish into action, the front door opened again and Tommy and Greg walked in.

I began to sizzle, but Muggsie's eyes lit up like a neon sign, so there was nothing I could do when the boys slid into the other side of our booth. Somehow I managed a smile. I



"You've simply got to get Libby a date for the Jamboree," I heard Viv saying. I'd show them I could get my own dates!

wondered if this was an accidental meeting or if Harold had made his bargain with Greg already. It didn't take me long to find out.

"How about a game of ping-pong, Libby?" Greg said.

I gave him a weak smile. "Sure."

We edged our way back to the tables and played two sets before someone else claimed the table. I was having such a good time that I almost forgot about the Jamboree. Greg reminded me as we started back to the booth.

"Say Lib, I've been meaning to ask you . . ."

I came down off my pink cloud with a crash. "Oh, my gosh!" I cried glancing at my watch. "I didn't know it was so late." I looked up at him and smiled. "I enjoyed the ping-pong, Greg. But if you'll excuse me now, I've got to get home to dinner."

Outside, I let the cool air brush against my hot cheeks and mentally kicked myself. I should have told him then and there what I thought of a boy who'd let himself be bribed into taking a girl to a dance.

Then I thought of a way I could teach both him and Viv a lesson.

At the dinner table Sunday noon Vivian gave me the exact opening I needed to carry out my plan. Very casually she asked, "Do you have a date to the prom yet, Lib?"

"Nope." I nibbled a blueberry muffin thoughtfully. "I'm thinking of going stag."

Vivian laughed.

"But I'm serious."

There must have been the proper ring of conviction in my voice because Viv's eyes went wide. "Oh Lib, you can't mean that?"

"Why not?" I shrugged. "It's silly for girls to stay home from a school party just because they don't have dates. Boys go stag. Why can't girls?"

"Oh, Mums," Viv wailed. "She'd be just brazen enough to do a thing like that. Tell her she can't. Please!"

"Libby is teasing," Mother consoled. "Now eat your dinner."

But Viv said, "I'm not very hungry. Would you excuse me, please?" She dashed out of the room shedding tears by the quart.

Trudging upstairs a little later, I heard just the tag end of another of Viv's telephone conversations.

"But Harold, she's really serious! Now you call Greg right away and tell him there'll be no tutoring until he actually has that date with Lib." There was a little click as the receiver went back into place and more clicks of Viv's high heels as she hurried down the hall.

I chuckled to myself. So far so good. All I had to do was to keep Viv so worried that she'd keep after Harold to keep after Greg to keep trying to ask me to the Christmas Jamboree. Only I was going to keep evading the issue until the very last minute and then let them all know what I thought of their whole horrible scheme.

My plan would have worked, too, if it hadn't been for one unforeseen event. Monday morning the various committees for the dance were posted on the bulletin board. And as the fates would have it Muggsie, Tommy, Greg and I were all on the decorating committee.

Muggsie was delighted. It gave her more opportunities to be near Tommy, and she counted on it to give Tommy more opportunities to ask her to the dance. To me it only meant that I would have to dodge Greg more often.

And dodge him I did. A dozen times that week he said, "Libby, I've been trying to ask you . . ." Each time, that was as far as I'd let him get. It took some ingenious scheming to interrupt him each time at just the proper moment, but I managed.

After a few days, though, my plan began to seem awfully foolish—even to me. I was glad I hadn't confided the scheme to Muggsie and even toyed with the idea of accepting Greg's invitation to the Jamboree.

Of course, I realized, this would be like turning traitor to myself. But, after all, a girl has to think of her social reputation. There was Greg's history grade to consider, too, and Greg was so nice it was becoming more and more difficult not to consider him.

Sitting at my desk on Thursday night, trying to get my Spanish homework out of the way before I left for the school auditorium to help put the finishing touches on the decorations for the Saturday night party, I suddenly realized what was causing all my confusion. It hit me with the force of an earthquake. I'd fallen for Greg! But hard. And, of all the fellows in the world, Greg was the last one I would have chosen at this time to be my number one man.

I felt badly in need of some friendly advice, so I called Muggsie. "I've got to talk to you! What time will you be ready?"

Her reply was startling, to say the least. "Libby Gibson," she exploded, "I think you're the meanest, most hateful person in the world!" After this eruption, our connection was severed abruptly. I went downstairs in a daze, wondering what in the world had happened to Muggsie's usually kind disposition. I decided I'd better find out, so I slipped into my coat and started toward her house.

As I was going up the front walk, the door opened, out backed Tommy—and the door slammed in his face. He turned and ambled toward me. "Muggsie's mad," he explained quite unnecessarily. We walked to school in solemn silence.

As we were going up the steps to the auditorium, Tommy stopped abruptly. "Say Lib," he said, "I've been wondering. Are you . . ."

He was interrupted by someone calling, "Libby—Libby Gibson!"

I turned to see Bud Hall running up the walk. "Where've you been keeping yourself? We've missed you over at Pop's."

"Oh, I've been busy," I said.

"Too busy to go to the movies with me next Friday night?"

I gulped. "Next Friday?" I wasn't quite sure I had heard him correctly.

"That's right," Bud said. "I want to get my bid in ahead of all the other wolves." He glanced meaningfully in Tommy's direction.

"Why—why I'd love to go."

"Swell. Call for you at eight. S'long for now." With that he was gone.

Tommy said, "Say, Lib, I . . ."

He was cut off again, this time by Greg who stuck his head out the door and yelled, "Hey, hurry up you two. We're short-handed in here."

Half an hour later I was on a step ladder pinning silver stars to a network of string that stretched across the ceiling. My thoughts were divided between Muggsie's queer actions and Bud's unexpected invitation, neither of which, to my mind, made much sense.

Suddenly the ladder started shaking. Looking down, I saw Greg climbing toward me, one hand full of silver stars and a very determined look on his face.

"At last," he said, settling himself comfortably on the step below the one I was not too gracefully seated on, "I've got you cornered."

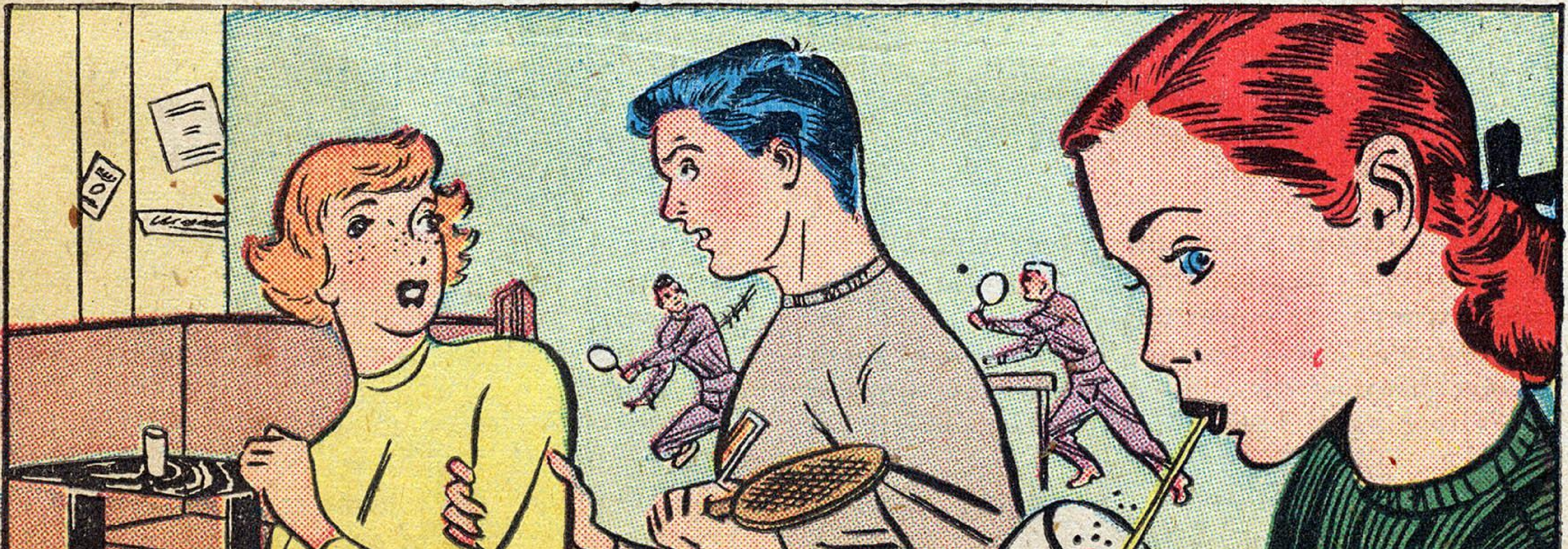
"Cornered is hardly the word for it." I wound my dungaree-clad legs around the top step and tried not to lose my balance. "It would be more apropos to say you have me up in the air."

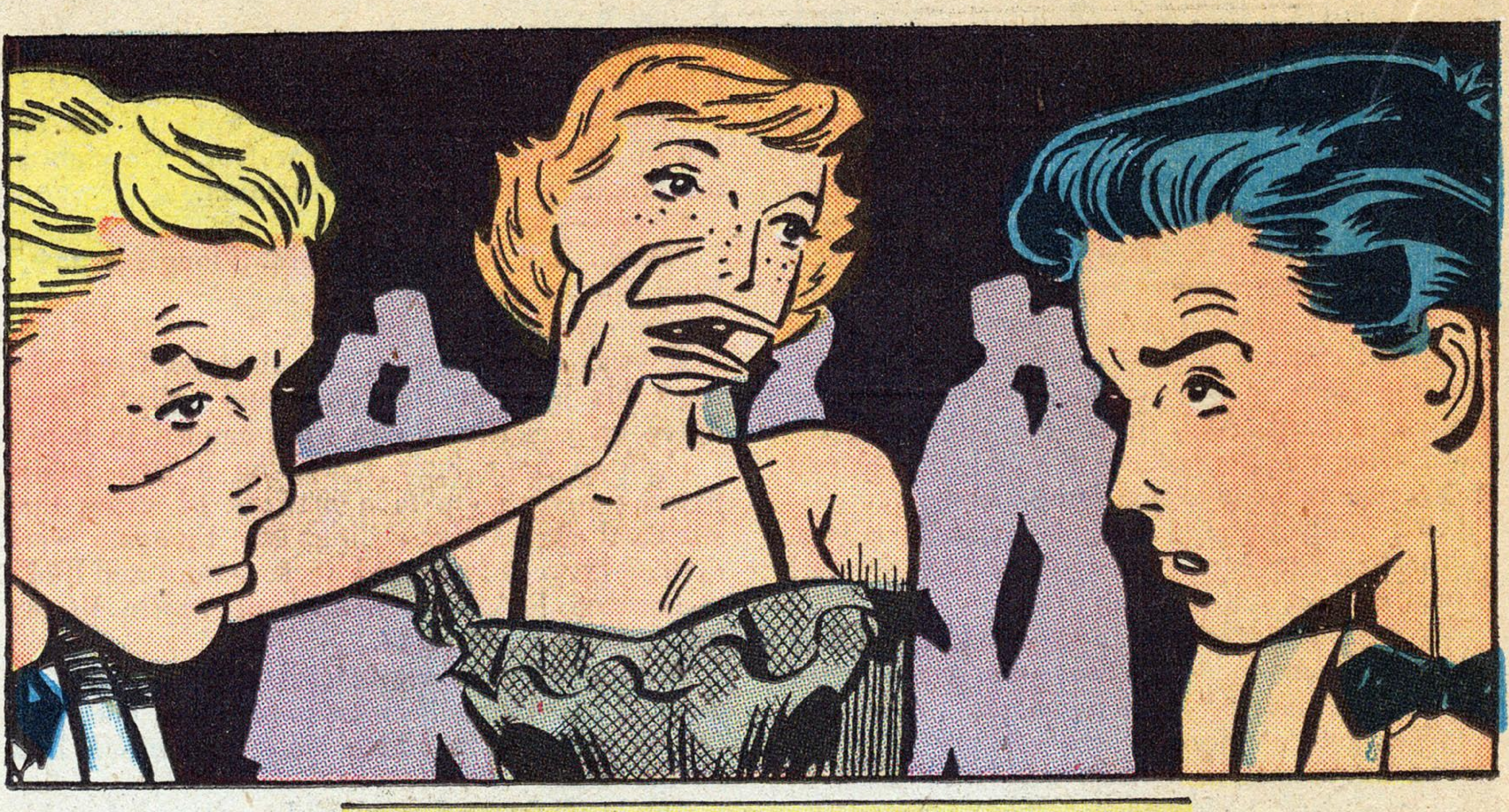
"Well, you've had me up in the air for over a week. Now, will you or will you not go to the movies with me next Friday night?"

It's a good thing the boys had put that network of string up securely because when Greg's words finally penetrated I almost pulled the whole thing down. "Did you say next Friday?" I asked. It just couldn't happen two times in a row. I thought I was having hallucinations or maybe my hearing was going back on me. First Bud and now Greg. It wasn't possible.

"That's right," Greg said.

"I've been meaning to ask you—" Greg began. "Oh gosh," I cried, "I didn't know it was so late!"





Greg and Bud practically fought over who was to have the next dance with me.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said, and I meant it, "but I'm going to be busy then."

"Well, how about next Saturday?"

"Next Saturday would be fine."

"Gosh, that's swell," he sighed. "That's a load off my mind. I've been trying to ask you that all week. But you're the hardest girl to get hold of—not that I like girls who are too available."

"Wait a minute," I said abruptly. "There's something I want to get straight. You asked me for a date next Saturday night. Not this Saturday—not the night of the Jamboree?"

"Right."

"Is . . . is that what you tried to ask me at Pop's last Saturday?"

Greg frowned. "Well, no. That is, I was going to ask you to the Jamboree then, but you ran out on me. The next day Tommy called and said it was a matter of life and death that he ask you to the Jamboree, so I . . ."

"Tommy!" The word practically tore out of my throat. My mind was in a whirl. If Harold had bribed Tommy instead of Greg that would account for Muggsie's belligerent attitude!

"Yes," Greg was saying. "He wouldn't tell me what it was all about, but he said he might flunk American History if he didn't get a date with you. Since I'd been having trouble with it too until I dropped the subject . . ."

I realized, abruptly, that I was seeing stars, and they weren't the stars I had been pinning to the ceiling either. "I . . . I've got to get down from here," I said. "The altitude's getting me. I thought I heard you say you'd dropped American History."

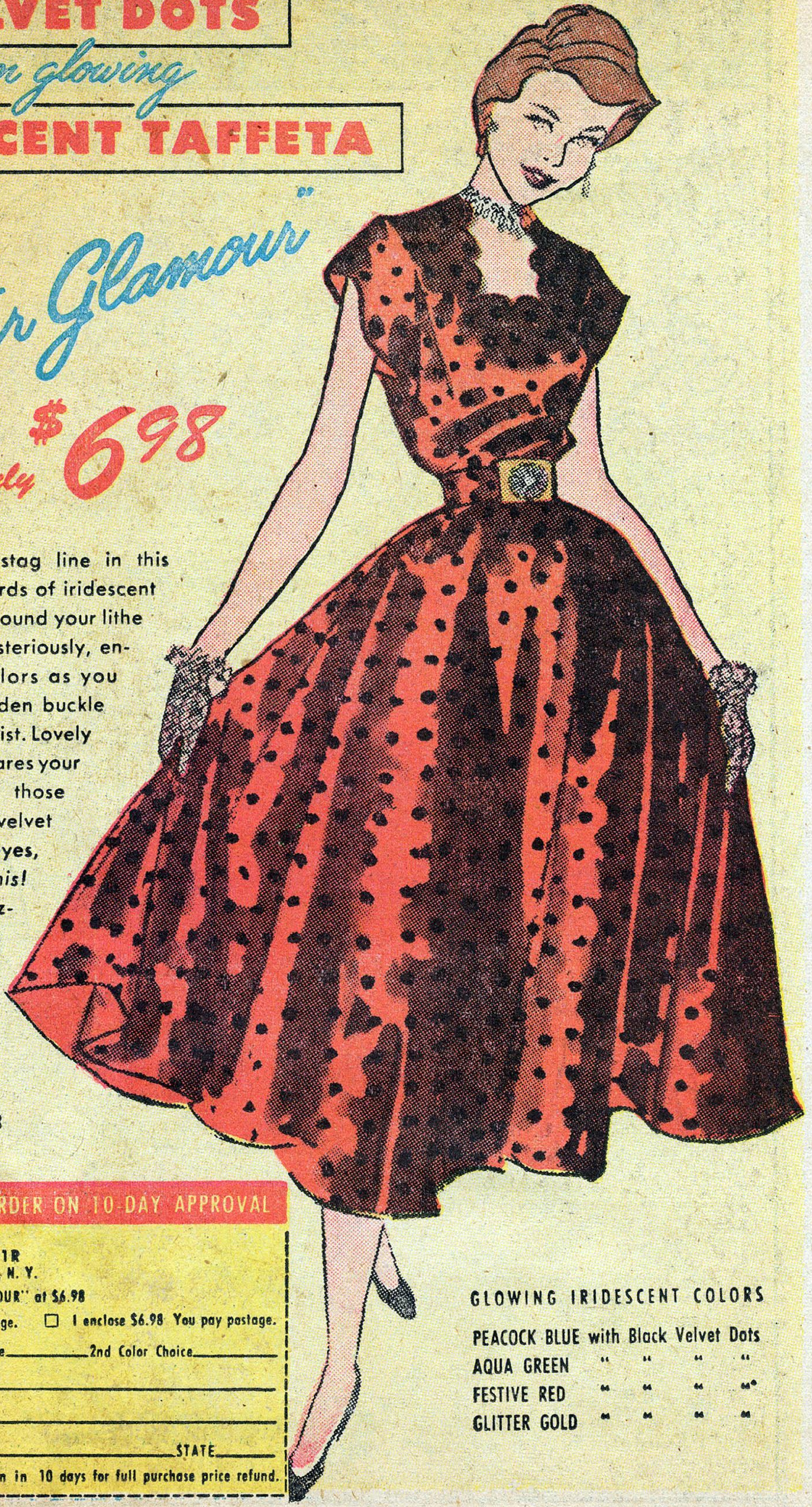
Greg looked puzzled. "I did. Professor Emmerson advised it, because Whitney was way ahead of the high school I went to before. I'm going to take a brush-up course this summer. Hey Libby, you look awfully pale. For gosh sakes, don't faint!"

I'm not exactly mid-Victorian so, of course, I didn't faint. But, in the interval between the time that Greg yelled at me and I finally got my feet on terra firma again, I made what was probably the greatest discovery of my life. In one blinding mental flash I knew that all Viv's preaching about my chasing boys was true. Right before me was the positive, living proof. All week I'd stayed away from Pop's, and Bud had missed me so much he'd come through with an invitation to the movies. And Greg—what was it he'd said about not liking girls who were too available? Well, I knew one thing for certain. Never, never would I be too available again.

There's another happy ending to this episode. That night, Tommy and I braved Muggsie's fury and explained the whole thing to her. Next, the three of us confronted Viv and Harold, and Harold promised to tutor Tommy even though he didn't get that date with me.

Oh yes, I got to the Jamboree, too. Viv beamed all evening as Greg and Bud trailed after me, practically fighting over who was to have which dance with me. That black net formal of Viv's looked perfectly wonderful with the corsage of tea roses that Greg had supplied. How he ever managed to get wind of the final unscrambling that left me still dateless for the Jamboree, I can only guess. Certainly, *I* wasn't the one to tell him.

THE END



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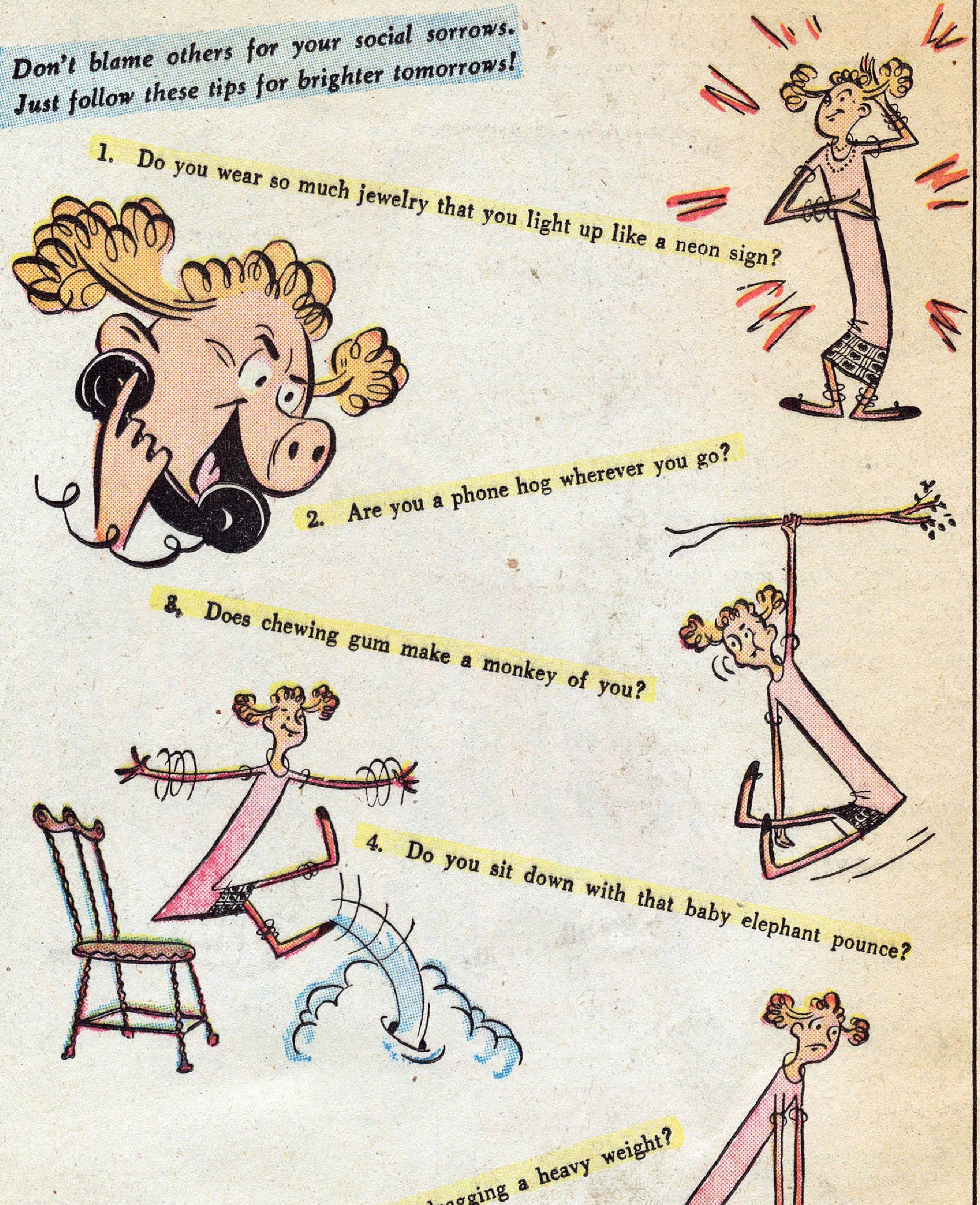
Charm

Don't blame others for your social sorrows.
Just follow these tips for brighter tomorrows!



1. Do you wear so much jewelry that you light up like a neon sign?

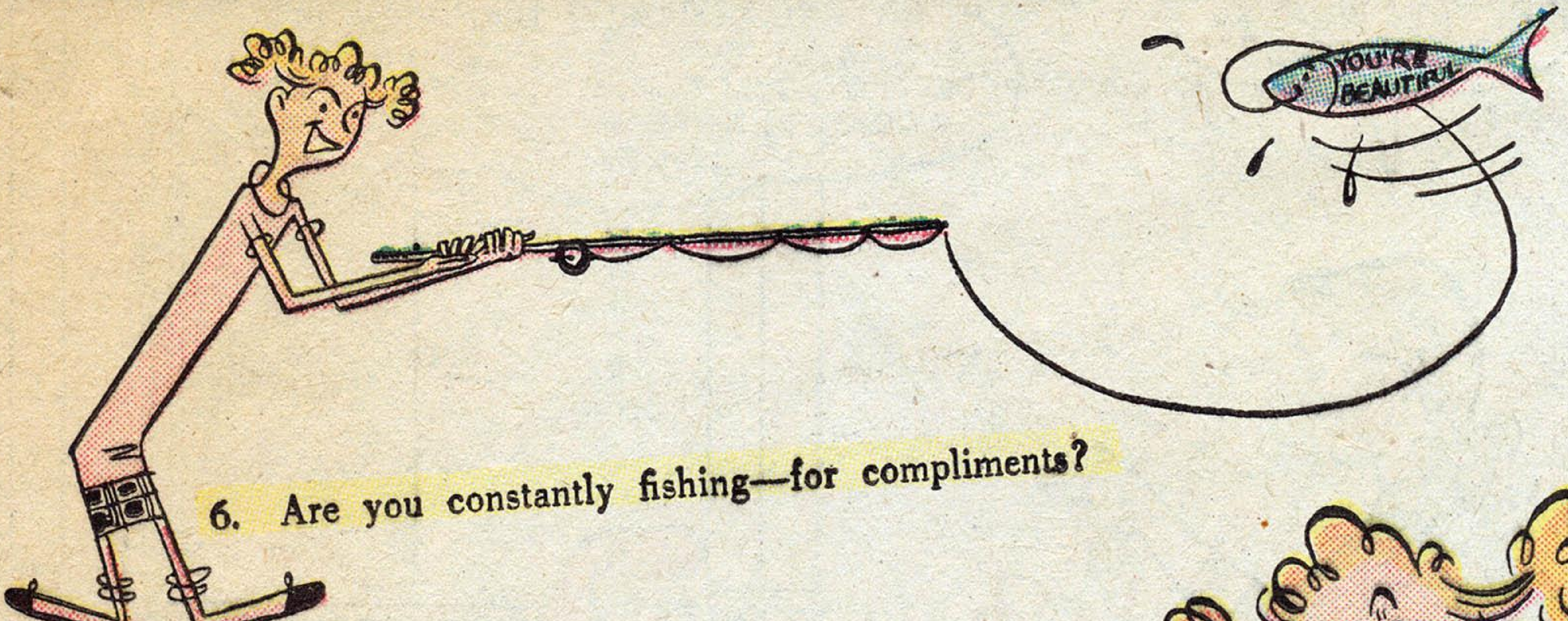
2. Are you a phone hog wherever you go?

3. Does chewing gum make a monkey of you?

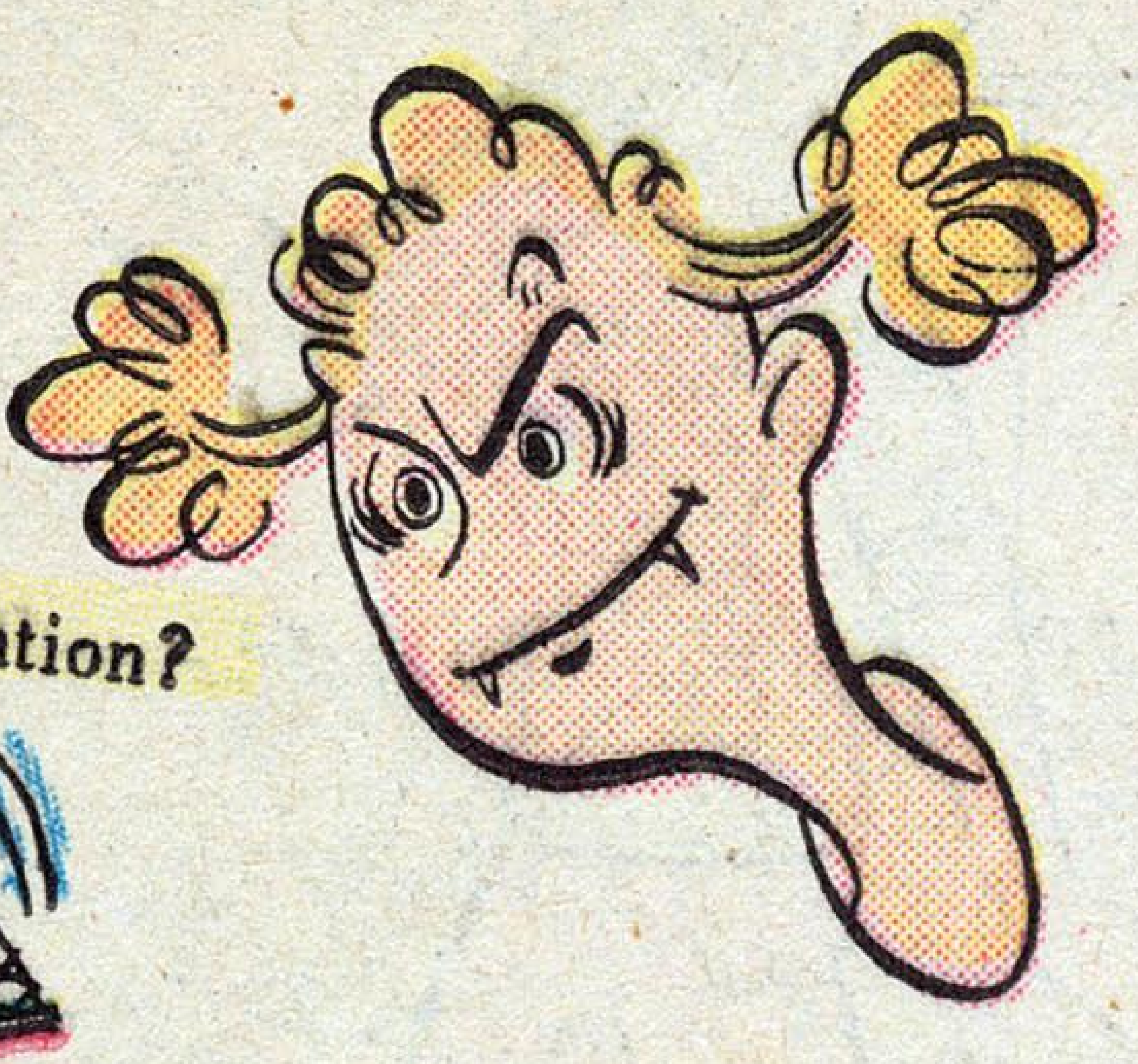
4. Do you sit down with that baby elephant pounce?

5. Do you shuffle along as though you're dragging a heavy weight?

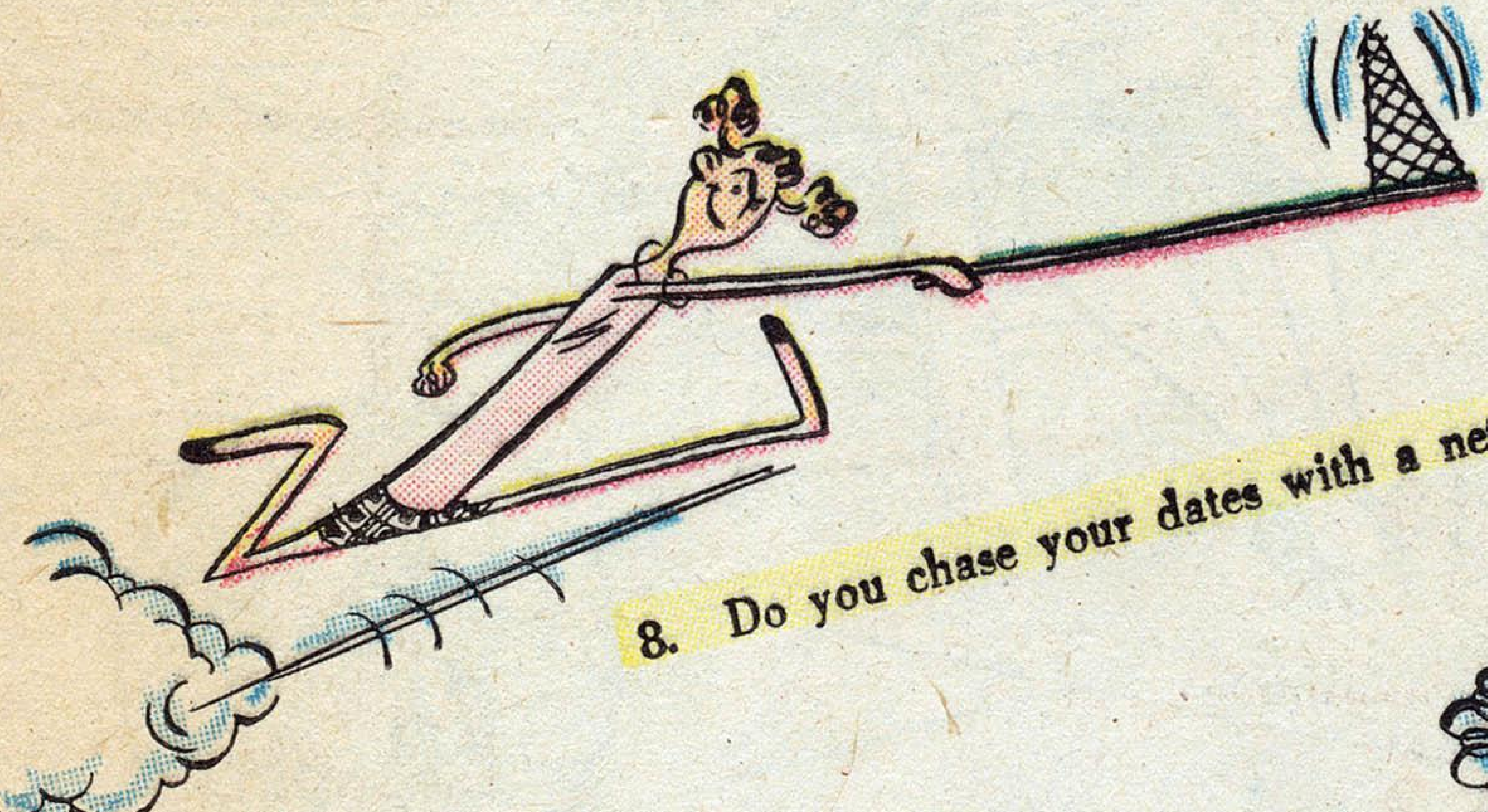
Corner


YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL

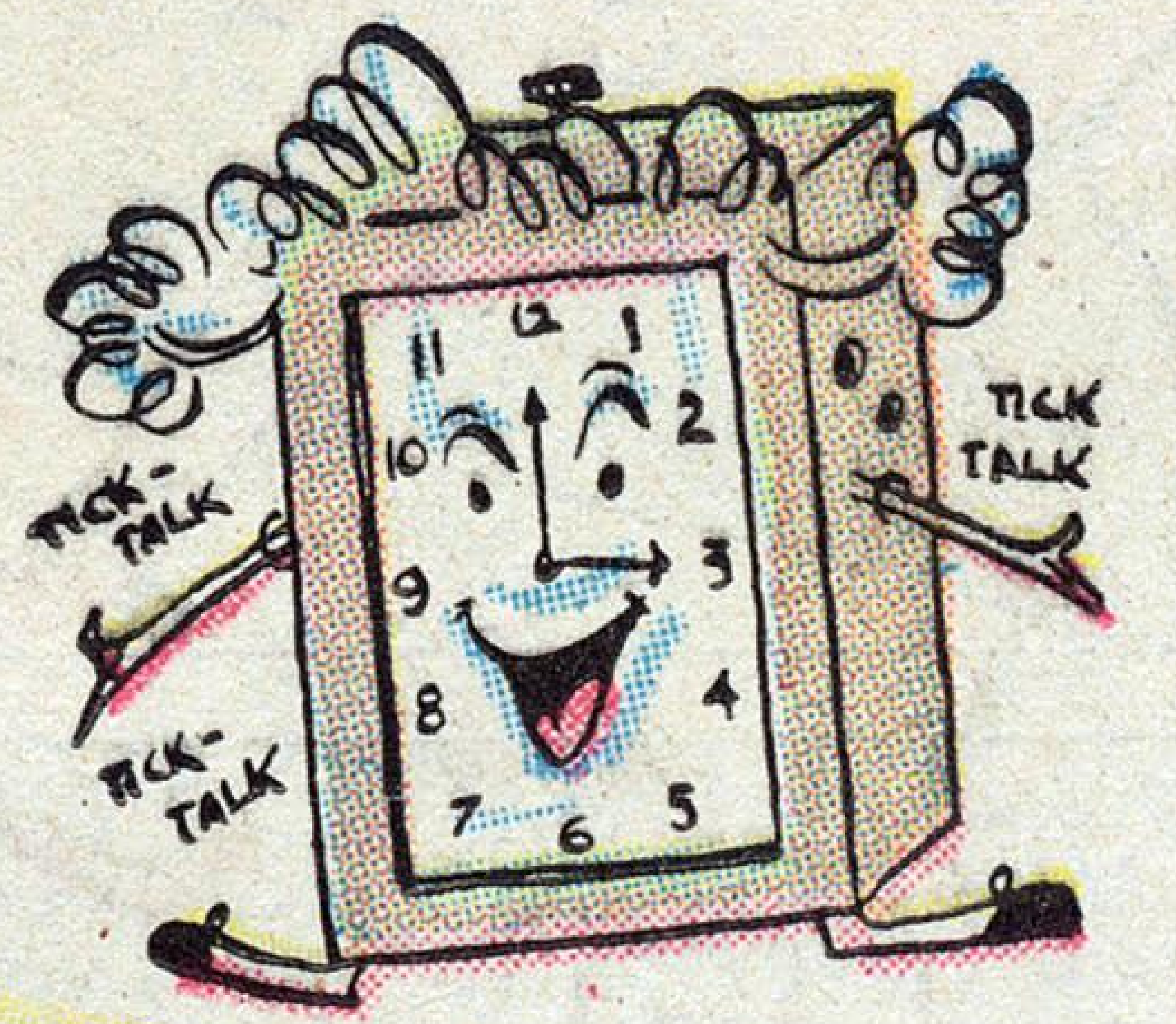
6. Are you constantly fishing—for compliments?



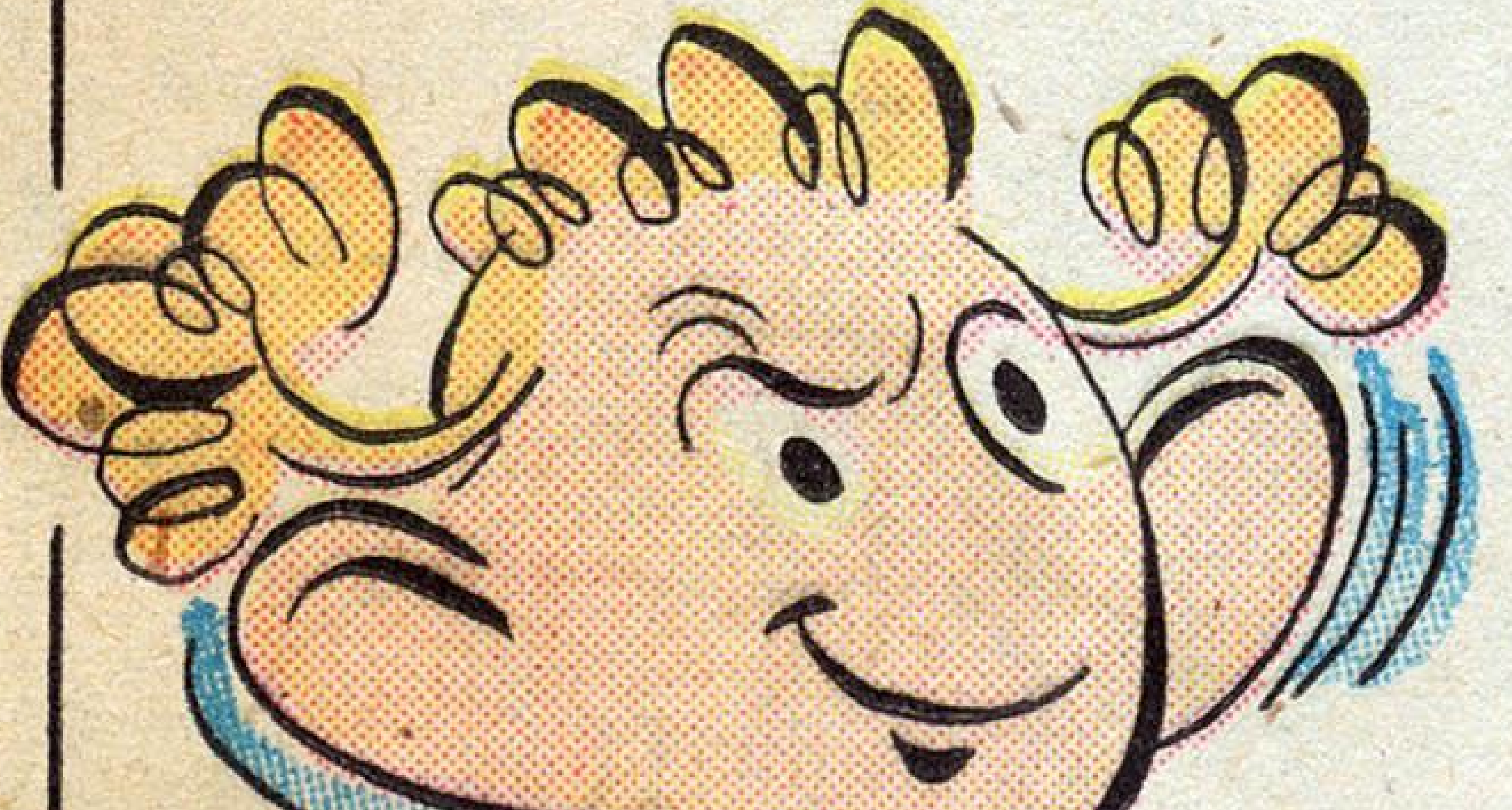
7. Do you turn envy-green at the slightest provocation?



8. Do you chase your dates with a net like a butterfly collector?


TICK-TALK
TICK TALK
TICK-TALK

9. Do you tick-talk, tick-talk . . . like a self-winding clock?



10. Do your ears swell in order to catch other peoples' conversations?

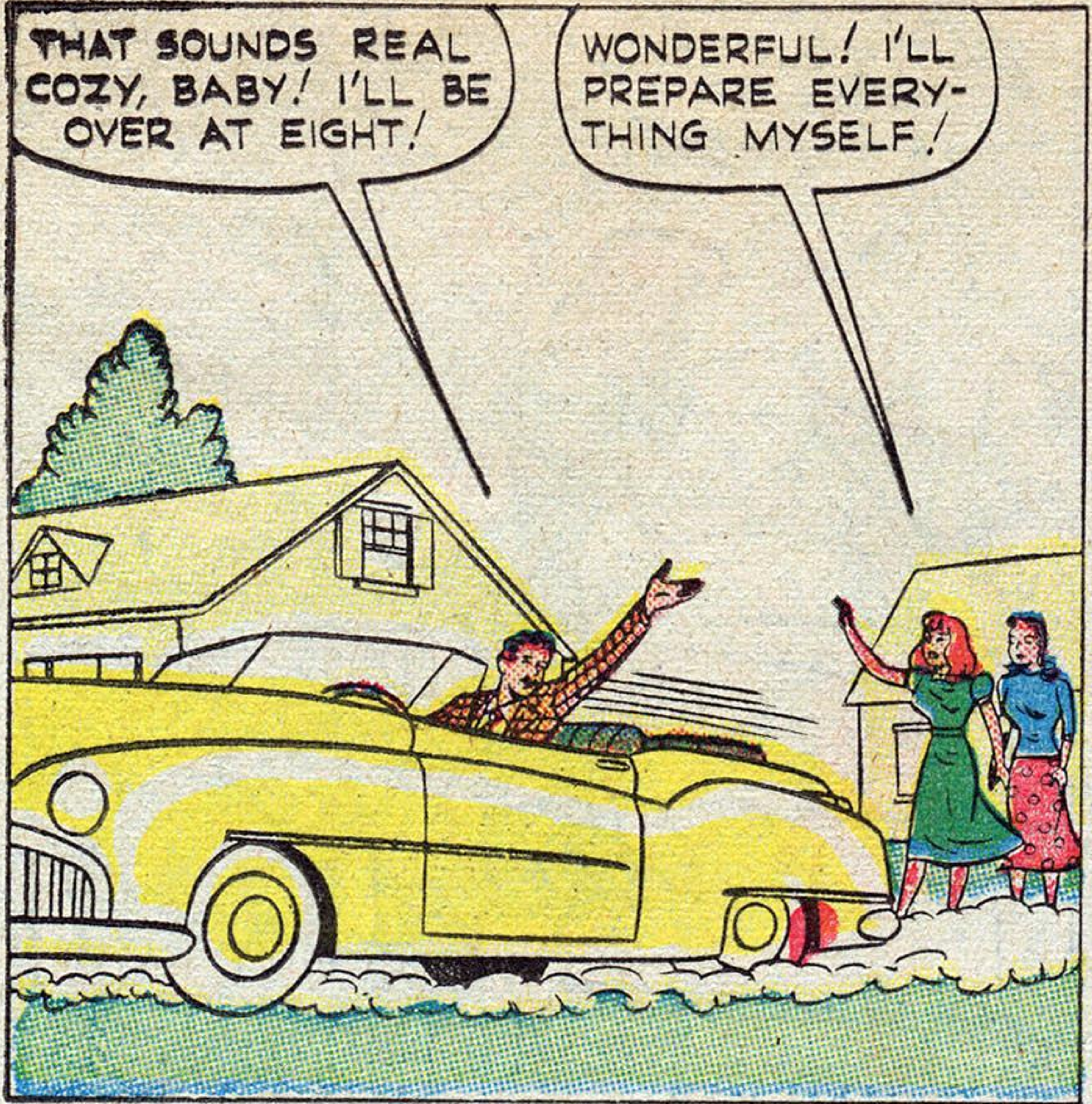
For answers, see page 49

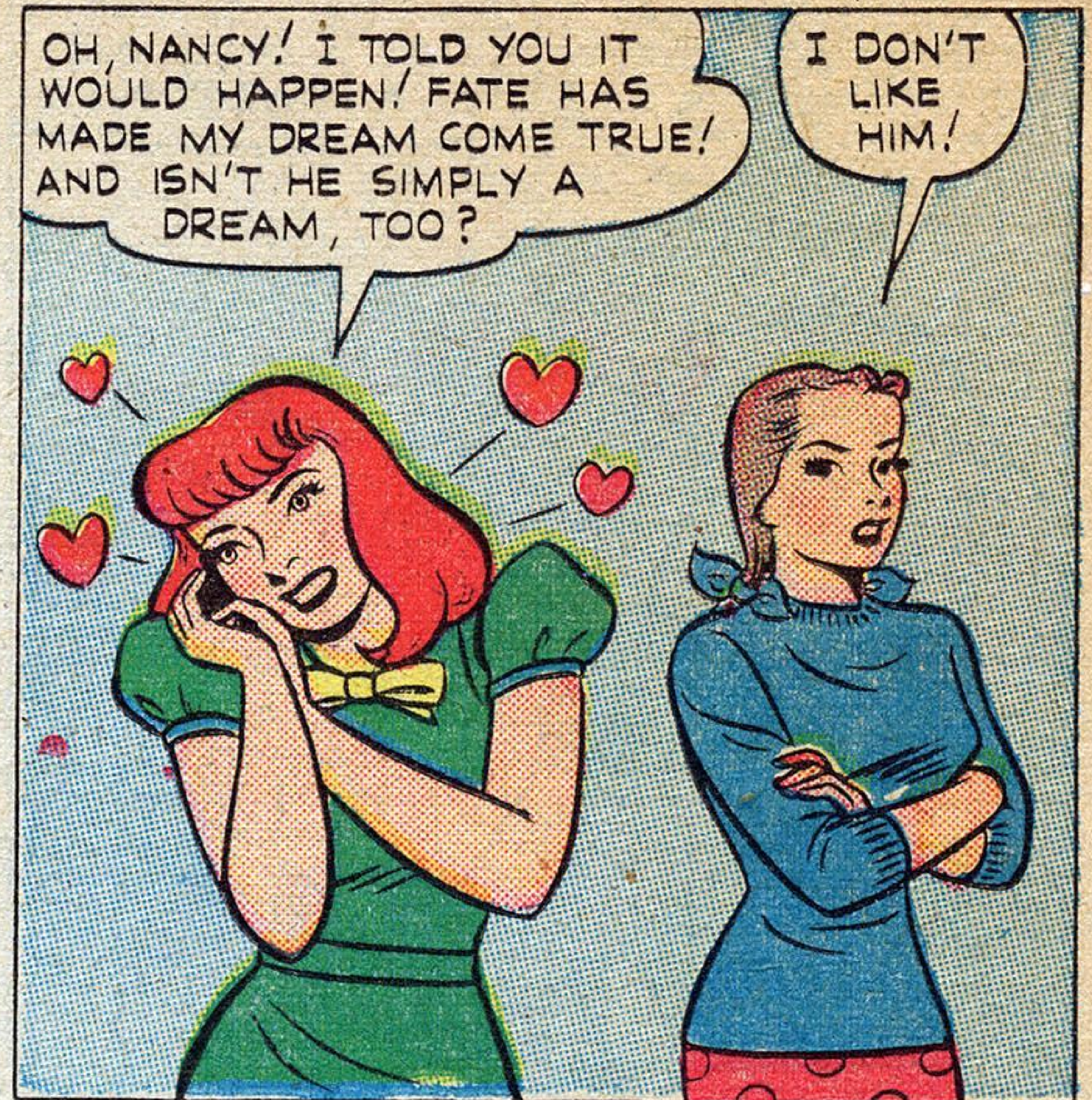
PATSY WALKER
HI, PAT! WHAT'RE YOU READING?
OH, HELLO, NANCY! THIS BOOK IS ALL ABOUT PEOPLE'S DESTINIES! IT'S A DEEP STUDY OF HOW STRANGELY FATE WORKS IN DIFFERENT PEOPLE'S LIVES!
FOOLING FATE!
6807
AW, BUNK! FATE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT! IF YOU WANT CERTAIN THINGS TO HAPPEN, THEY USUALLY WILL!
DON'T BE KNOCKING IT WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT!
FOR EXAMPLE, LISTEN TO THIS CASE HISTORY! THIS GIRL WAS GOING WITH A BOY NAMED FRANK FOR YEARS! SHE THOUGHT SHE LOVED HIM! BUT SOMEHOW, FOR SOME STRANGE REASON, SHE WOULD VERY OFTEN CALL HIM GEORGE! BUT SHE DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE BY THAT NAME!
1

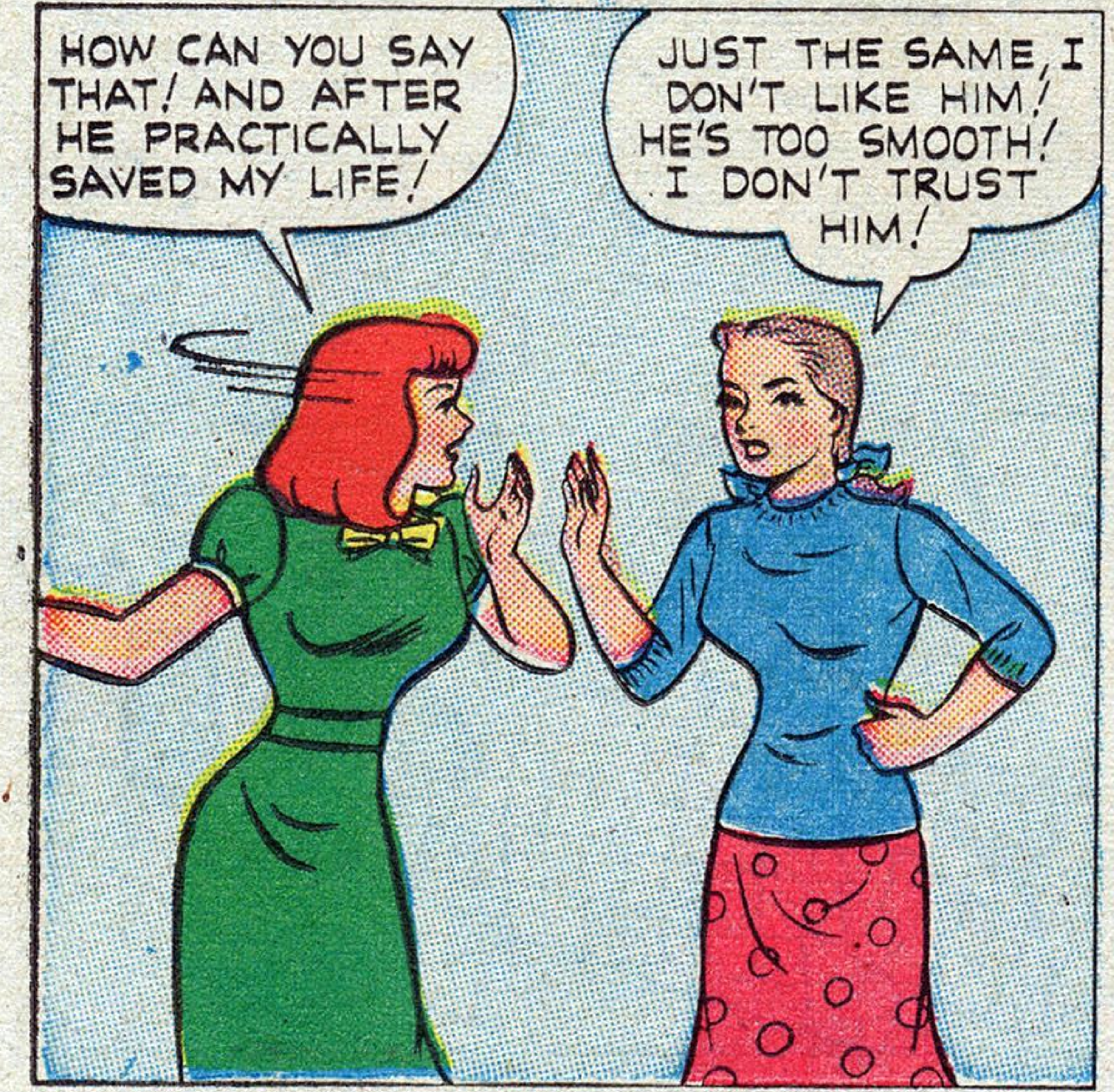
WELL, ONE DAY WHILE SWIMMING SHE GOT A CRAMP, AND THE LIFE GUARD RESCUED HER! SHE SAID, "THANK YOU, GEORGE!" HE WAS DUMFOUNDED, BECAUSE THEY'D NEVER MET BEFORE BUT GEORGE WAS REALLY HIS NAME!
AFTER A WHILE SHE BROKE UP WITH FRANK, AND STARTED GOING WITH GEORGE! SOON THEY WERE MARRIED! NOW DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE MYSTERIES OF FATE?
IT'S NO MYSTERY! IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE HIS NAME WAS GEORGE!
SHE PROBABLY DIDN'T LIKE HER BOY FRIEND, REALLY, AND SHE HAD A YEN FOR LIFEGUARDS!
OH, WHAT'S THE USE! IF YOU WERE LIVING IN COLUMBUS' DAY, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN ONE OF THOSE WHO SAID THE EARTH WAS FLAT!
I WONDER WHAT FATE REALLY HAS IN STORE FOR ME!
FATE, SHMATE! A COUPLE OF YEARS FROM NOW YOU'LL PROBABLY MARRY BUZZ, AND I DON'T NEED FATE TO TELL ME THAT!
BUT *WILL* I MARRY BUZZ? WHO KNOWS? FATE MAY HAVE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PLANS FOR ME!
OH, DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE BEEN CALLING BUZZ "GEORGE" LATELY!
NO, BUT I *HAVE* HAD SOME STRANGE DREAMS! WHY, JUST LAST NIGHT I DREAMT I WAS STANDING ON THE EDGE OF A GREAT ABYSS! I WAS ABOUT TO FALL INTO IT, WHEN A KNIGHT IN A SHINY CHARIOT WHIZZED BY AND GRABBED ME JUST IN TIME!
2

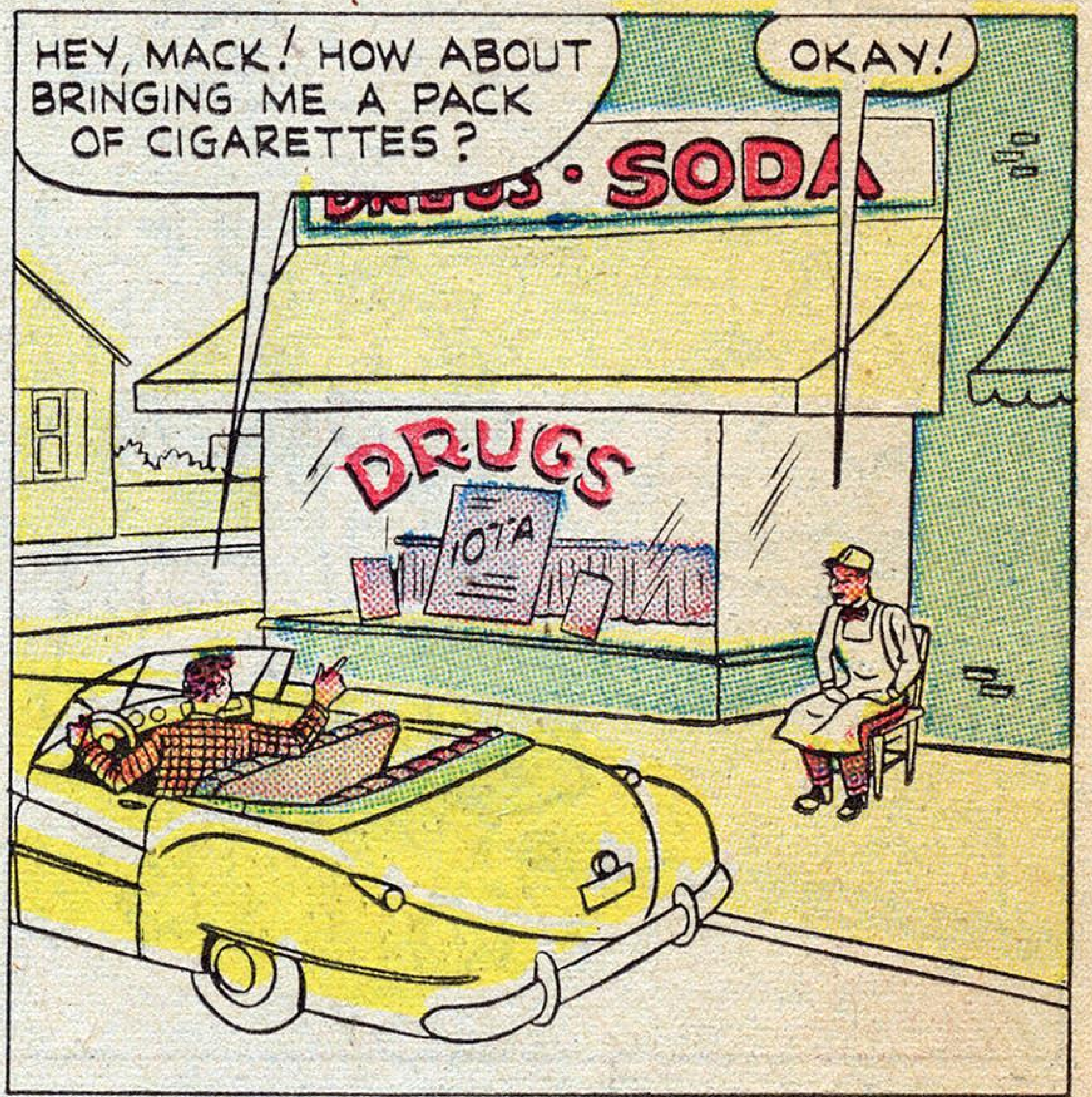
AREN'T YOU A LITTLE OLD FOR FAIRY TALES?
AND THEN WE WERE MARRIED AND LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER! HE HAD CURLY HAIR, A CHECKERED COAT, AND THE CUTEST LITTLE MUSTACHE!
STATIO
SNAP OUT OF IT, CINDERELLA, OR YOU'LL GET SMACKED BY A REAL-LIFE CAR WHILE CROSSING THE STREET!
OH, I WONDER WHAT MY FATE WILL REALLY BE! (SIGH!)
Kate
PATSY! LOOK OUT! THE MANHOLE!
HUH?
SAY! LOOK OUT THERE, GAL!
GOTCHA!
EEK!
OH, THANK YOU! YOU SAVED MY LIFE!
GLAD TO, HONEY! IT'S THE PRETTIEST I'VE EVER SAVED!
3

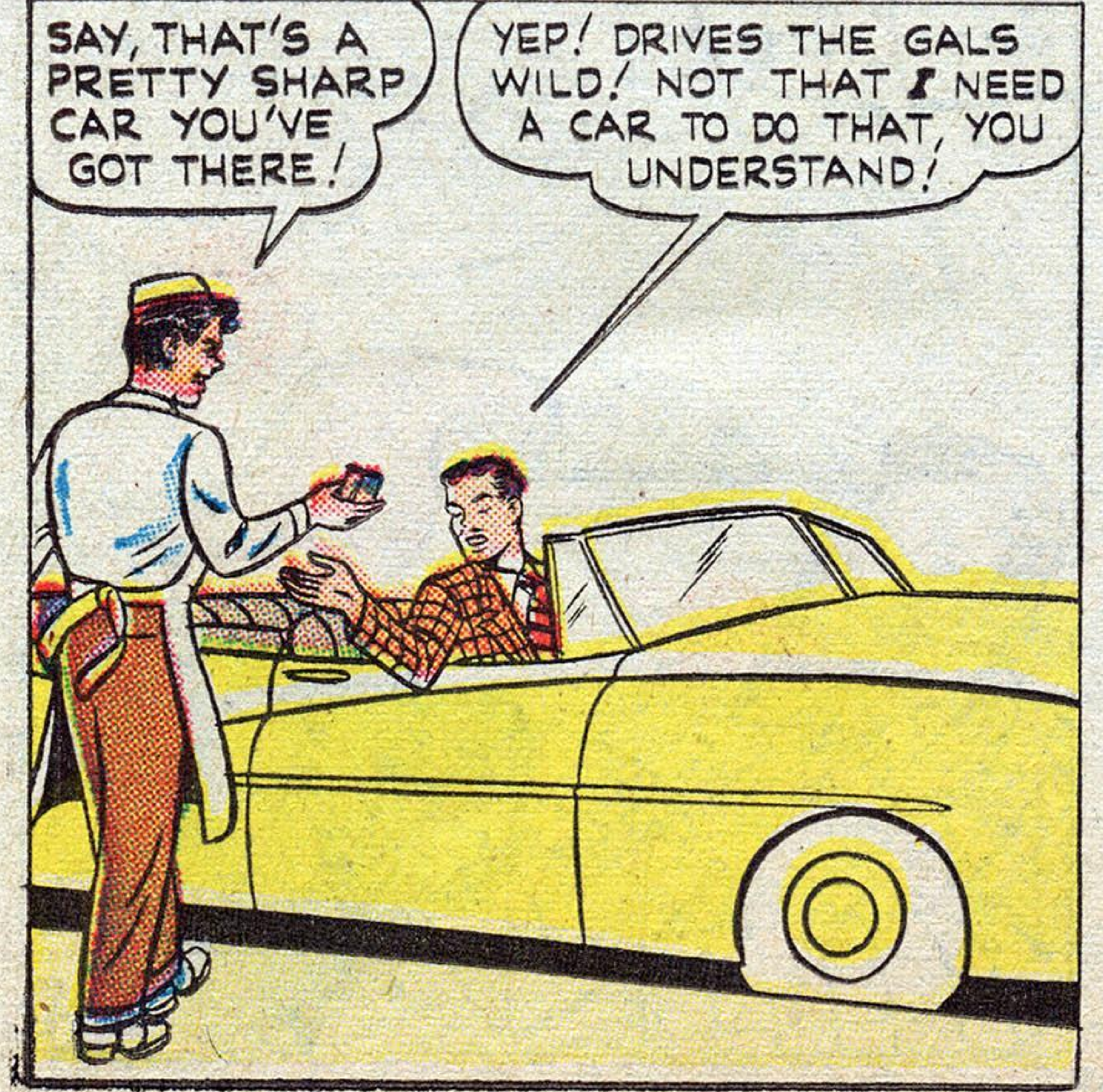
(ULP!) IT'S HAPPENED! FATE HAS BROUGHT ME MY KNIGHT IN A SHINING CHARIOT!
HUH? WELL, THANKS! THAT'S A NEW NAME FOR A CONVERTIBLE!
IF YOU'RE OKAY NOW, BABY, I MIGHT AS WELL SHOVE OFF!
OH, NO! YOU CAN'T!
HUH? WHY NOT?
ER--I MEAN--I FEEL A BIT FAINT! OOHHHH!
I GUESS I'D BETTER DRIVE YOU HOME, YOUNG LADY!
OH, THANK YOU!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WELL, HERE WE ARE! I HOPE YOU FEEL BETTER SOON!
OH, I WILL, MISTER... MISTER...
GEORGE GRANT! WHAT'S YOURS?
PATSY WALKER! OH, GEORGE! I FEEL I OWE YOU SO MUCH! IF YOU'RE NOT BUSY THIS EVENING I'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU HERE FOR DINNER!
4

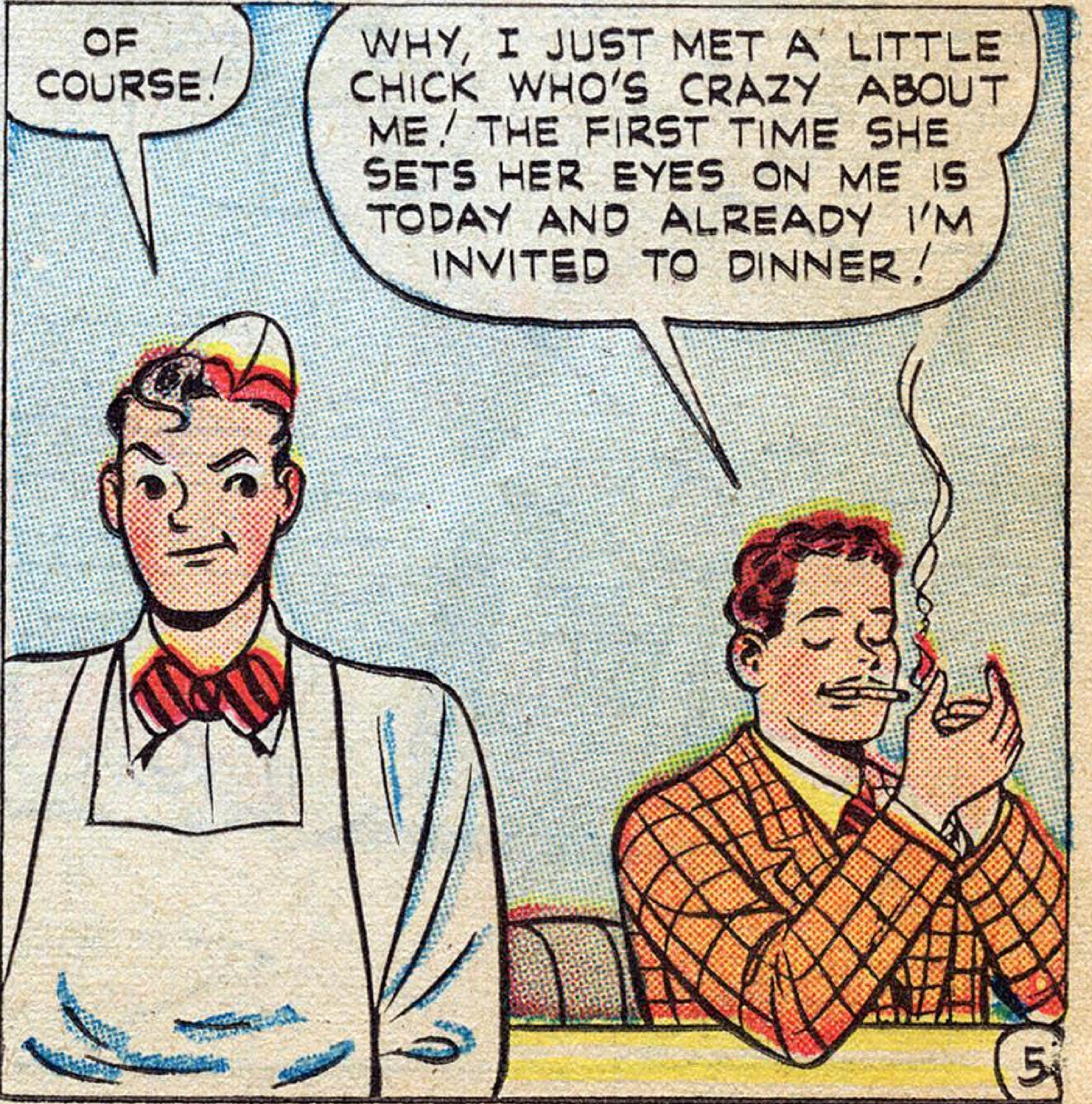

THAT SOUNDS REAL COZY, BABY! I'LL BE OVER AT EIGHT!
WONDERFUL! I'LL PREPARE EVERYTHING MYSELF!

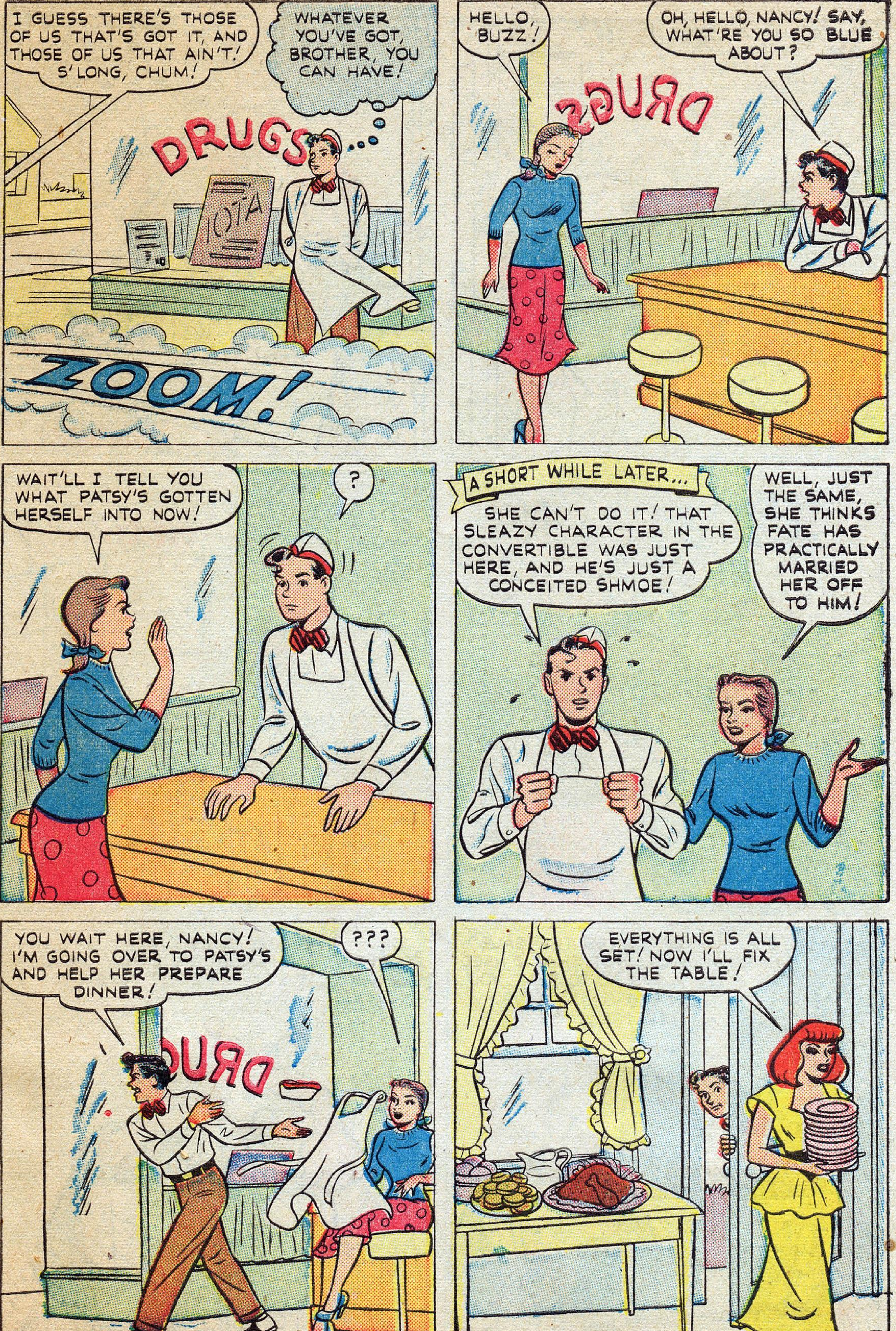

OH, NANCY! I TOLD YOU IT WOULD HAPPEN! FATE HAS MADE MY DREAM COME TRUE! AND ISN'T HE SIMPLY A DREAM, TOO?
I DON'T LIKE HIM!


HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT! AND AFTER HE PRACTICALLY SAVED MY LIFE!
JUST THE SAME, I DON'T LIKE HIM! HE'S TOO SMOOTH! I DON'T TRUST HIM!


HEY, MACK! HOW ABOUT BRINGING ME A PACK OF CIGARETTES?
OKAY!
DRUGS · SODA
DRUGS


SAY, THAT'S A PRETTY SHARP CAR YOU'VE GOT THERE!
YEP! DRIVES THE GALS WILD! NOT THAT I NEED A CAR TO DO THAT, YOU UNDERSTAND!


OF COURSE!
WHY, I JUST MET A LITTLE CHICK WHO'S CRAZY ABOUT ME! THE FIRST TIME SHE SETS HER EYES ON ME IS TODAY AND ALREADY I'M INVITED TO DINNER!
5


I GUESS THERE'S THOSE OF US THAT'S GOT IT, AND THOSE OF US THAT AIN'T! S'LONG, CHUM!
WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT, BROTHER, YOU CAN HAVE!
DRUGS...
IOTA
ZOOM!
HELLO, BUZZ!
OH, HELLO, NANCY! SAY, WHAT'RE YOU SO BLUE ABOUT?
WAIT'LL I TELL YOU WHAT PATSY'S GOTTEN HERSELF INTO NOW!
?
A SHORT WHILE LATER...
SHE CAN'T DO IT! THAT SLEAZY CHARACTER IN THE CONVERTIBLE WAS JUST HERE, AND HE'S JUST A CONCEITED SHMOE!
WELL, JUST THE SAME, SHE THINKS FATE HAS PRACTICALLY MARRIED HER OFF TO HIM!
YOU WAIT HERE, NANCY! I'M GOING OVER TO PATSY'S AND HELP HER PREPARE DINNER!
???
EVERYTHING IS ALL SET! NOW I'LL FIX THE TABLE!
6

NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE TURPENTINE TO MAKE EVERYTHING TASTE GOOD! HEH, HEH, HEH!
TURP
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, BUZZ?
YOU'LL FIND OUT! NOW I'VE GOT TO GO HOME AND GET ALL DRESSED! I THINK I'M GOING TO HAVE A DINNER DATE TONIGHT!
DRUGS
LATER...
OH, NANCY! (SOB! SOB!) EVERYTHING WORKED OUT TERRIBLY! HE INSULTED MY DINNER AND RAN OUT OF THE HOUSE SCREAMING "MURDER!" OH, I HATE HIM! HE'S A BEAST, NOT A KNIGHT! (SOB! SOB!)
?
GOOD-BYE, NANCY! THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!
R-RING!
BUZZ!
HI, DREAMBEAM! I WAS JUST PASSING BY WITH SOME ICE CREAM AND CAKE AND I THOUGHT WE COULD HAVE A LITTLE PARTY!
7
OH, BUZZ! YOU COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A MORE WONDERFUL TIME!
I GUESS IT'S JUST FATE, BABY! JUST FATE!
THE END

FOOD FOR FUN

SWEET POTATO PONE . . .

Try this honey of a dish with a southern accent. It's sweet potato pone served as the main course.

Pare and grate three large uncooked sweet potatoes. Add them to a pint of boiling water and mix until smooth. Season with a little sugar, one teaspoon of salt, ½ of a teaspoon of black pepper, one tablespoon of allspice, ¼ of a cup of butter or margarine, and a dash of nutmeg. Stir until the ingredients are mixed well, then place in a buttered pan and bake for about one hour in a moderate oven. When the pone is golden brown, take it out of the oven and be sure to serve it hot.

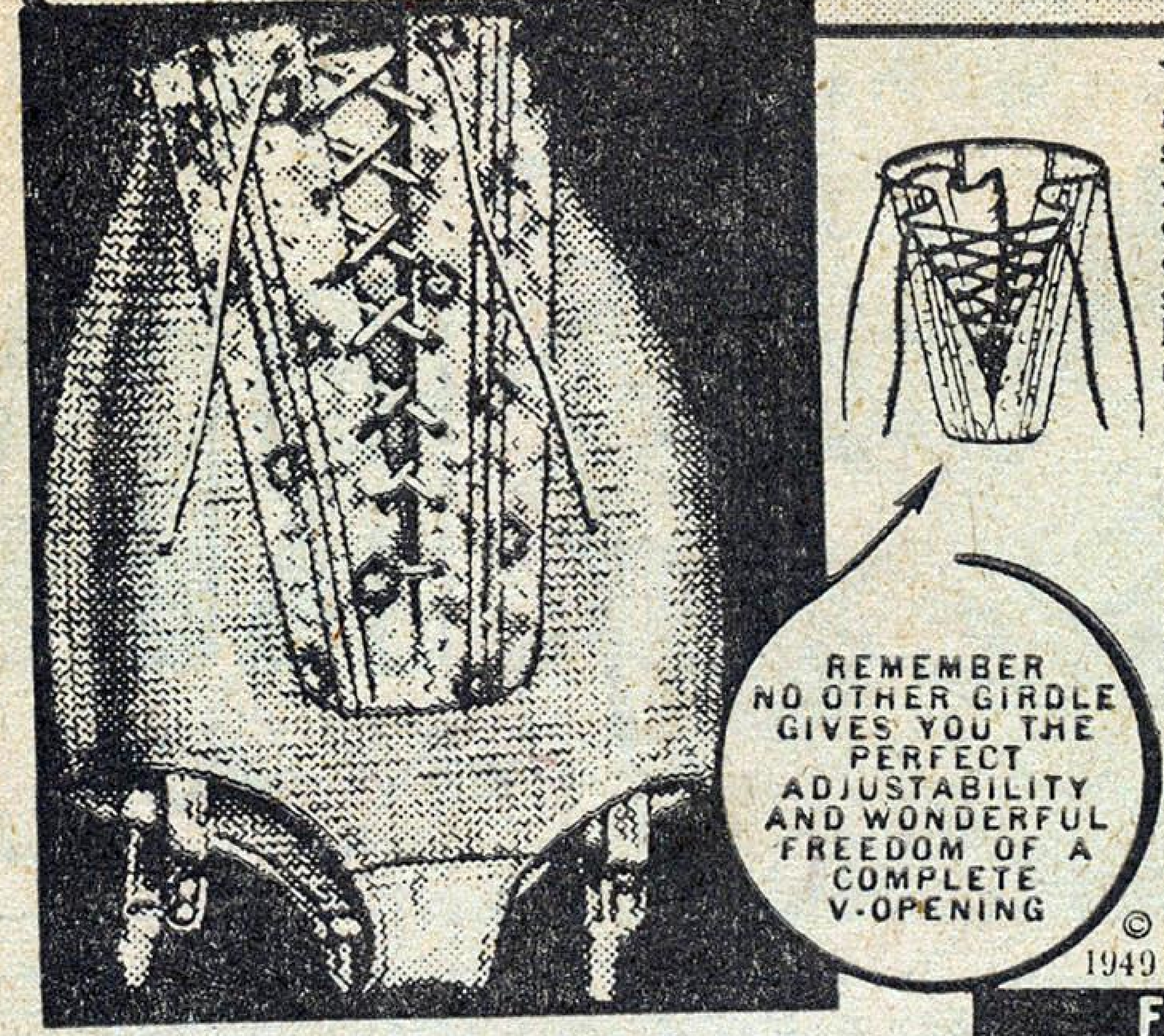
TOMATO TOPPER . . .

For a ketchup that's just right—try this cooked way of making it.

Select over a gallon of tomatoes, removing any bad spots, and cut them into quarters. Slice four large onions and put them into a large soup kettle, together with the tomatoes, a quart of vinegar, four tablespoons of salt, two tablespoons dry mustard, a tablespoon of allspice, one tablespoon whole black pepper, 12 cloves and ¼ of a teaspoon of cayenne pepper.

Boil slowly for one and a half hours, stirring occasionally to be sure the mixture does not stick and scorch. Strain and set aside overnight. In the morning, bring the mixture to a boil once more. Pour into sterilized bottles and seal.

THE BEST READY-MADE SUPPORTER EVER CREATED *or your money back!*



Your search for a girdle that really fits you is over! Like thousands of other careful women you probably have tried one girdle after another hoping that you could find one that would persuade your figure into its natural healthy shape and at the same time be completely comfortable.

AMAZING LOW PRICE

You can get these features only in custom-made garments costing from $15 up—or in TUM-E-LIFT for the amazingly low price of only $3.98. The secret is in TUM-E-LIFT'S exclusive laced V-opening. It allows you to "custom-fit" your girdle to your exact figure. The beautiful brocade and satin panel holds your tummy in its natural, healthy position for energy-giving comfort, health, and lovely, shapely appearance.

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HOW WOMEN RAVE ABOUT TUM-E-LIFT

A few quotes from the voluntary signed testimonials on file.

"It is everything in a girdle I could possibly want." • "Makes me feel like a new woman." "Never had a girdle that fitted so perfectly." • "I love it! It's so-o-o comfortable. You can bet I'll get another." • "I can't say enough for TUM-E-LIFT."

FINEST MATERIALS—BEST WORKMANSHIP

TUM-E-LIFT is made of a new 2-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h miracle cloth that's powerfully strong but not bulky. *Washing actually preserves its strength.* Long metal ribs in front—short ones in back—absolutely prevent "riding up," curling, rolling or bulging. Detachable garters and crotch. Color, nude.

NOW only **3.98**

SEND NO MONEY. Mail coupon TODAY for 10-DAY FREE TRIAL. If TUM-E-LIFT doesn't make "a world of difference" send it back for prompt refund of full purchase price.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

FREE TRIAL COUPON

The S. J. WEGMAN CO., Dept. 924
9 East 45th St., New York 17, N.Y.

Send me for 10 days' approval .... genuine Hollywood **TUM-E-LIFT** Supporter. I will pay postman **Only $3.98 each plus postage.** ($4.98 if waist size is 40 or over.) If not 100% satisfied, I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

State inches from Navel to Crotch ......

State inches from Crotch to Knee......

My present waist measure is ______ inches.

Hips are ______ Height is ______

Send also ______ extra crotches at 59c each

Name ______

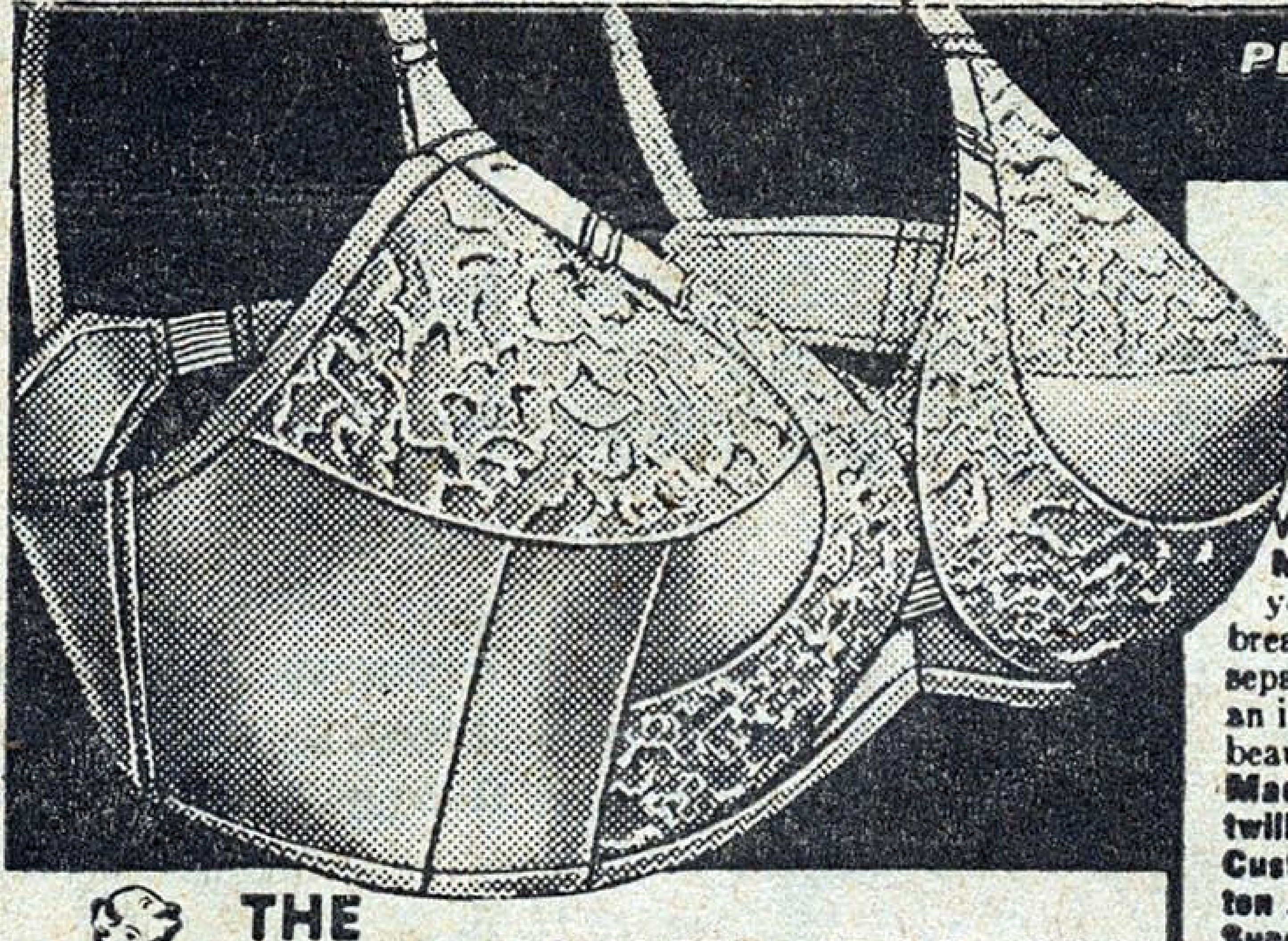
Address ______

City ______ State ______

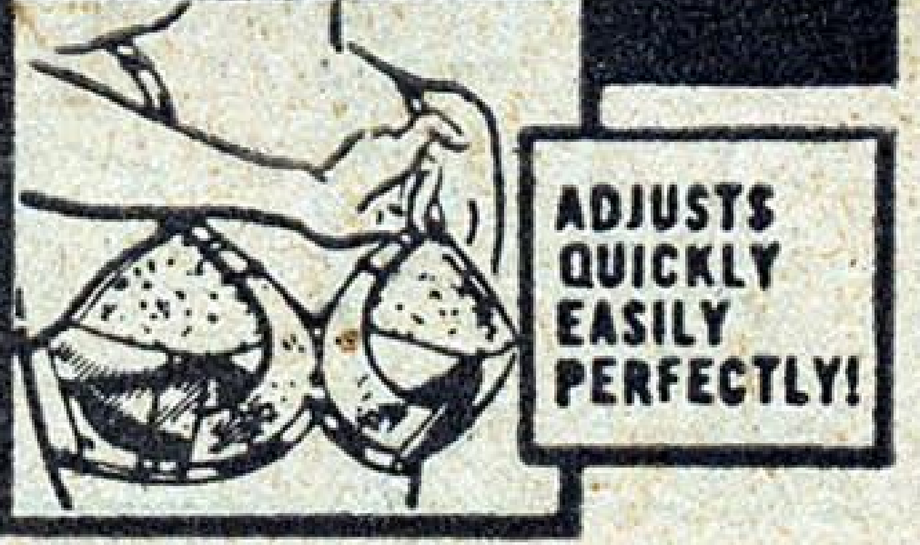
☐ The S. J. Wegman Co. will pay postage if you enclose payment now

Same money-back guarantee.

TUM-E-LIFT is Obtainable Only From Us



PEAK-O'-BEAUTY'S SECRET



WHY PEAK-O'-BEAUTY* DOES THE MOST FOR YOU. In less than six seconds, you adjust the magic lace panels to give each breast by itself the exact amount of lift and separation you want—to the tiniest fraction of an inch! Perfect separation! Natural, alluring beauty!

Made of shimmering satin Miracle-Wear tackle twill. No-Kut shoulder straps. New York-Custom-Detailed stitching. Long-wearing cotton Alencon lace with finest marquisette lining. Super quality in every detail. *®

THE BEST READY-MADE BRA EVER CREATED or your money back. Try this. Take off the bra you're now wearing. Place your hands under your breasts, gently lift and separate them slightly until they have the exact shape you desire. That's what Peak-O'-Beauty* does for you better than your own hands can! Patented adjustable "cradles" of lace give each of your breasts the exact amount of lift you require for perfect separation and natural beauty. No wonder Hollywood women gasped with amazed delight when Peak-O'-Beauty* was recently shown!

THIS IS OUR ASTOUNDING GUARANTEE! Try Peak-O'-Beauty* at our expense. If you don't agree that it is **the best bra you've ever owned,** send it back for complete refund of purchase price.

PEAK-O'-BEAUTY is obtainable only from us

FREE TRIAL COUPON

S. J. WEGMAN CO., Dept. 1121
9 East 46 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me . . PEAK-O'-BEAUTY* Bra(s) on 10-day FREE TRIAL. I'll pay postman $2.98 for each Bra, plus postage on delivery. If not thrillingly pleased, I'll return bra(s) in 10 days for full, prompt refund of purchase price.

Name ______

Address ______

City ______ Zone ____ State ______

Size: Bust ______ (inches)

Cup: Small☐ Medium☐ Large☐

If you enclose payment now, **WE PAY POSTAGE** (same money back guarantee). Mark box☐

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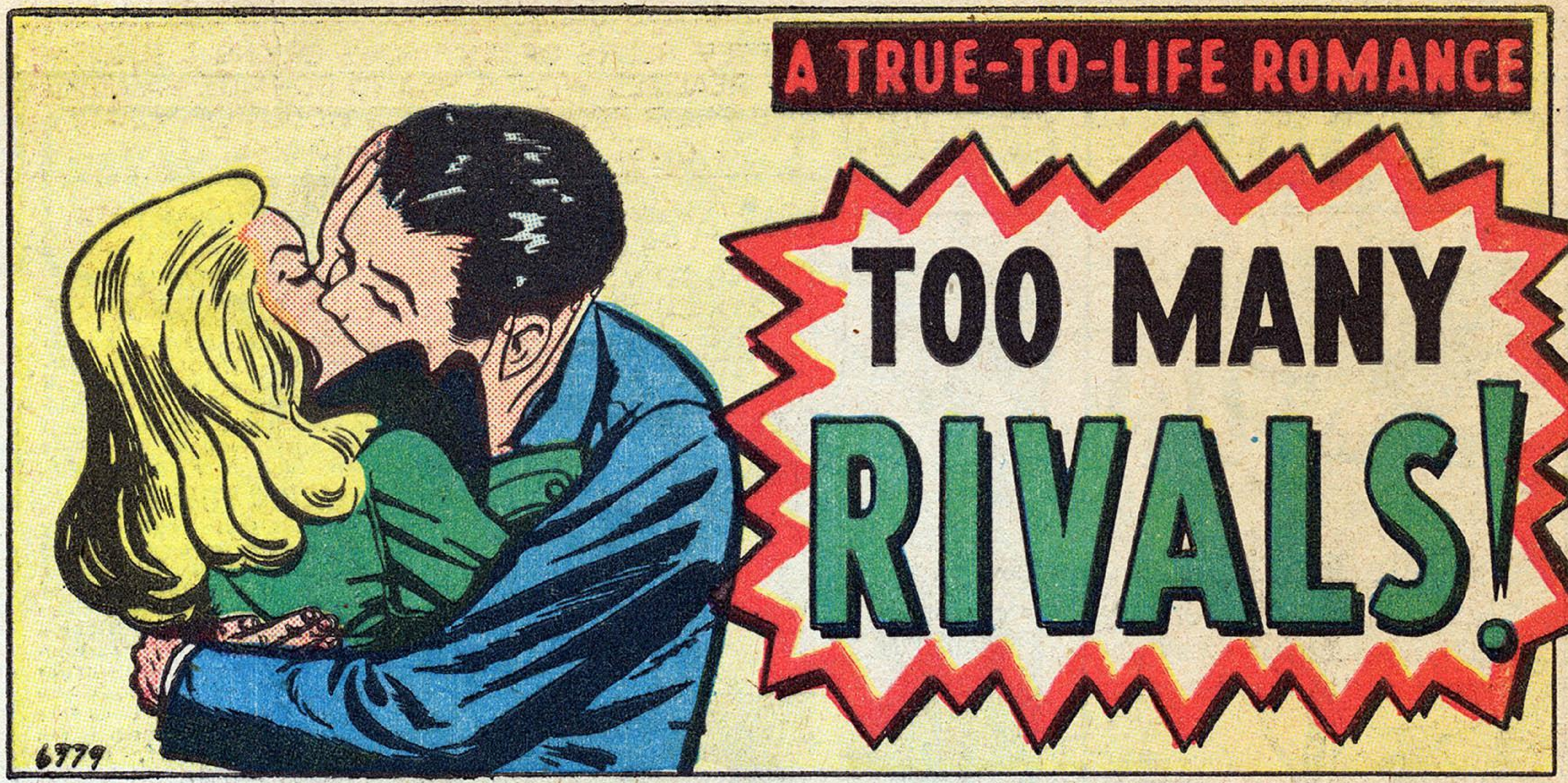
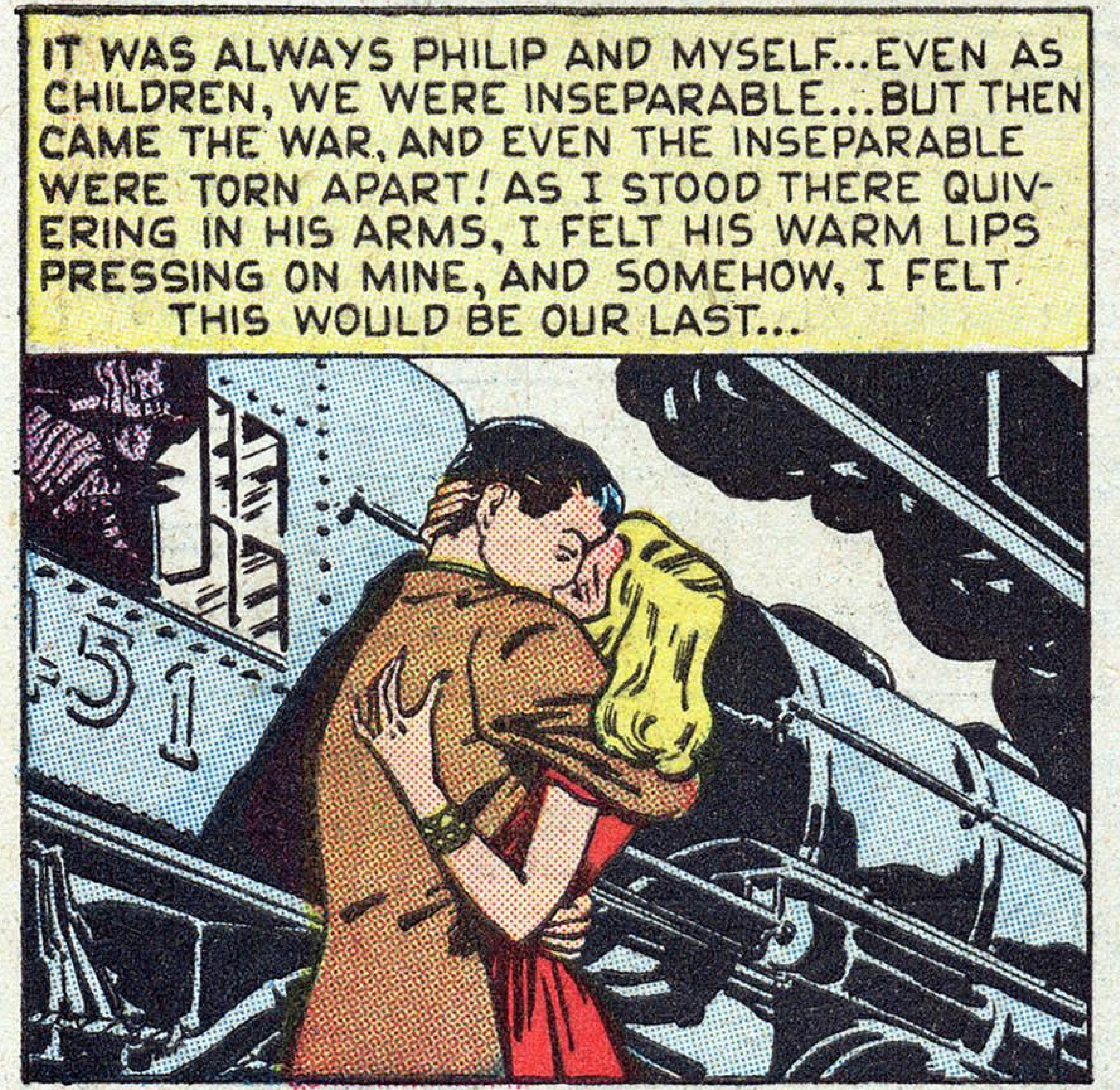
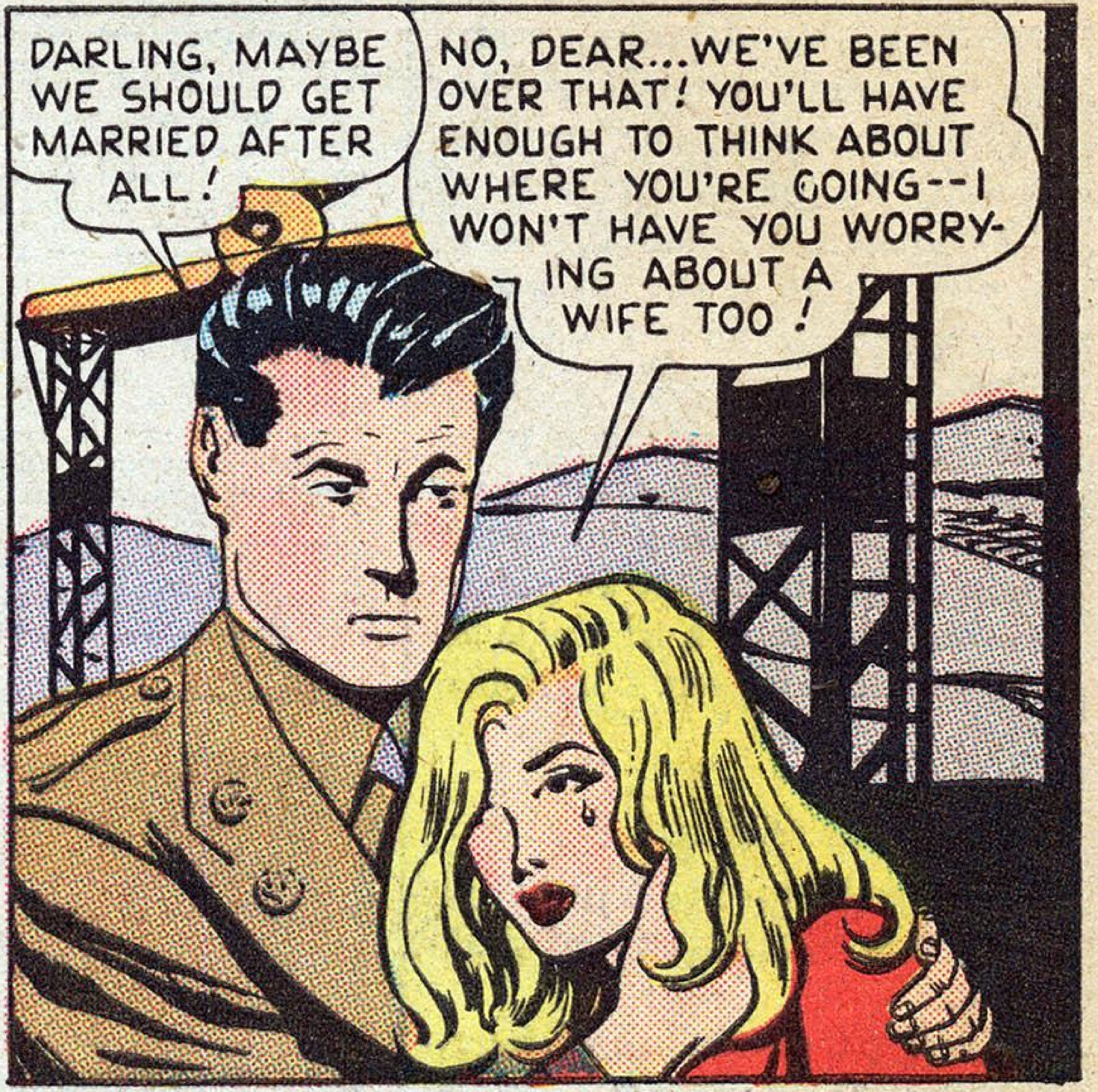
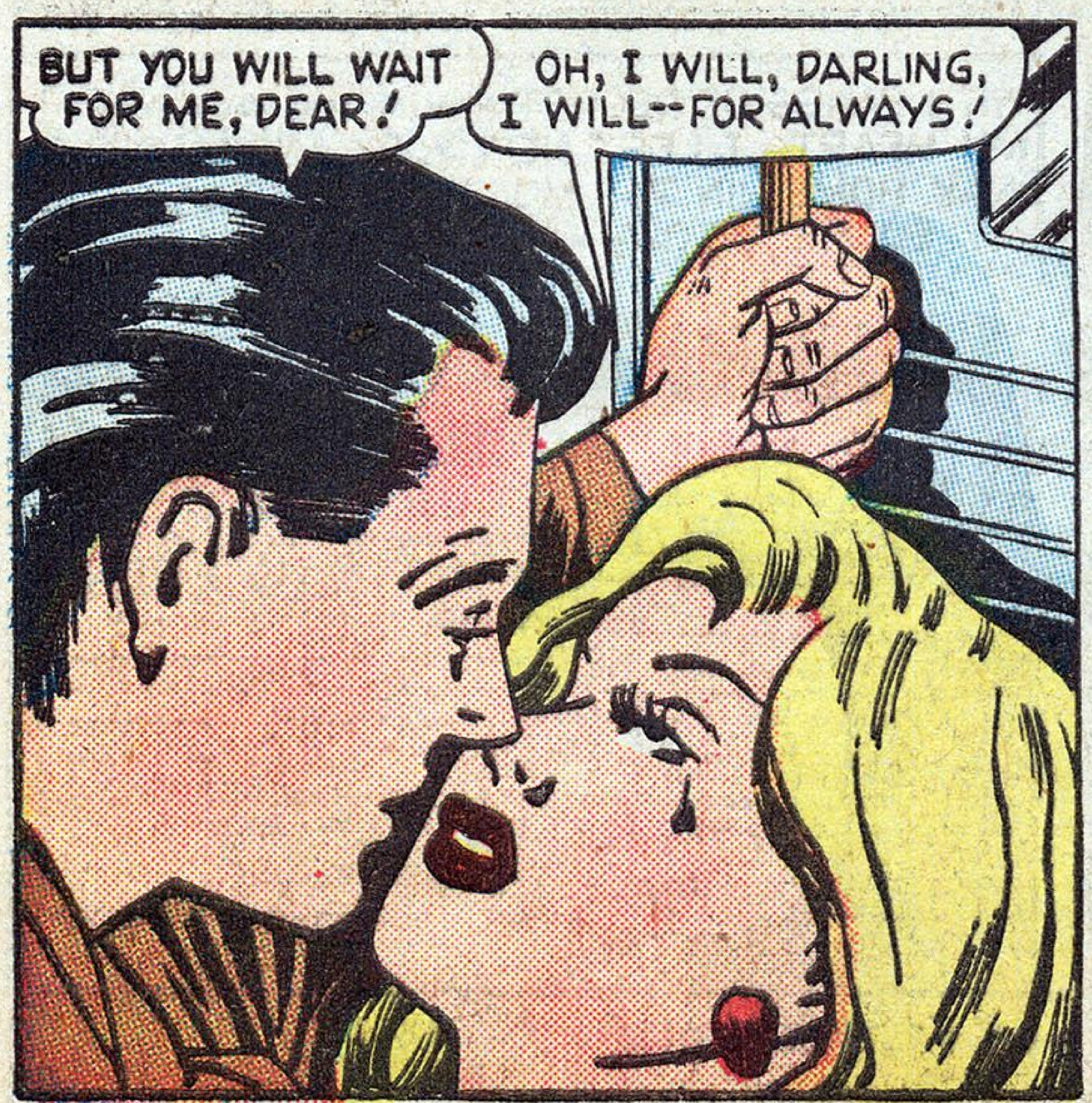


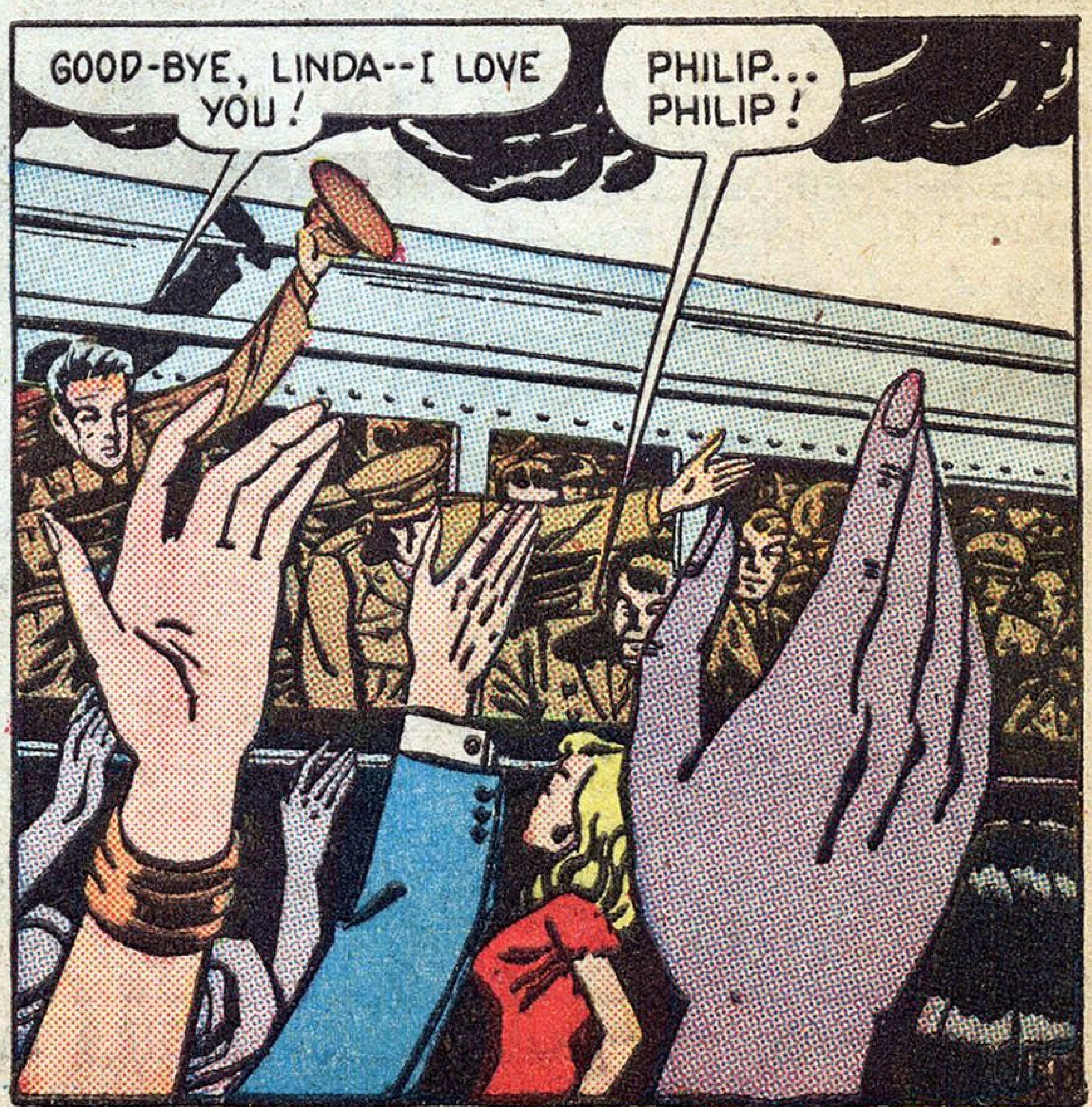
A TRUE-TO-LIFE ROMANCE

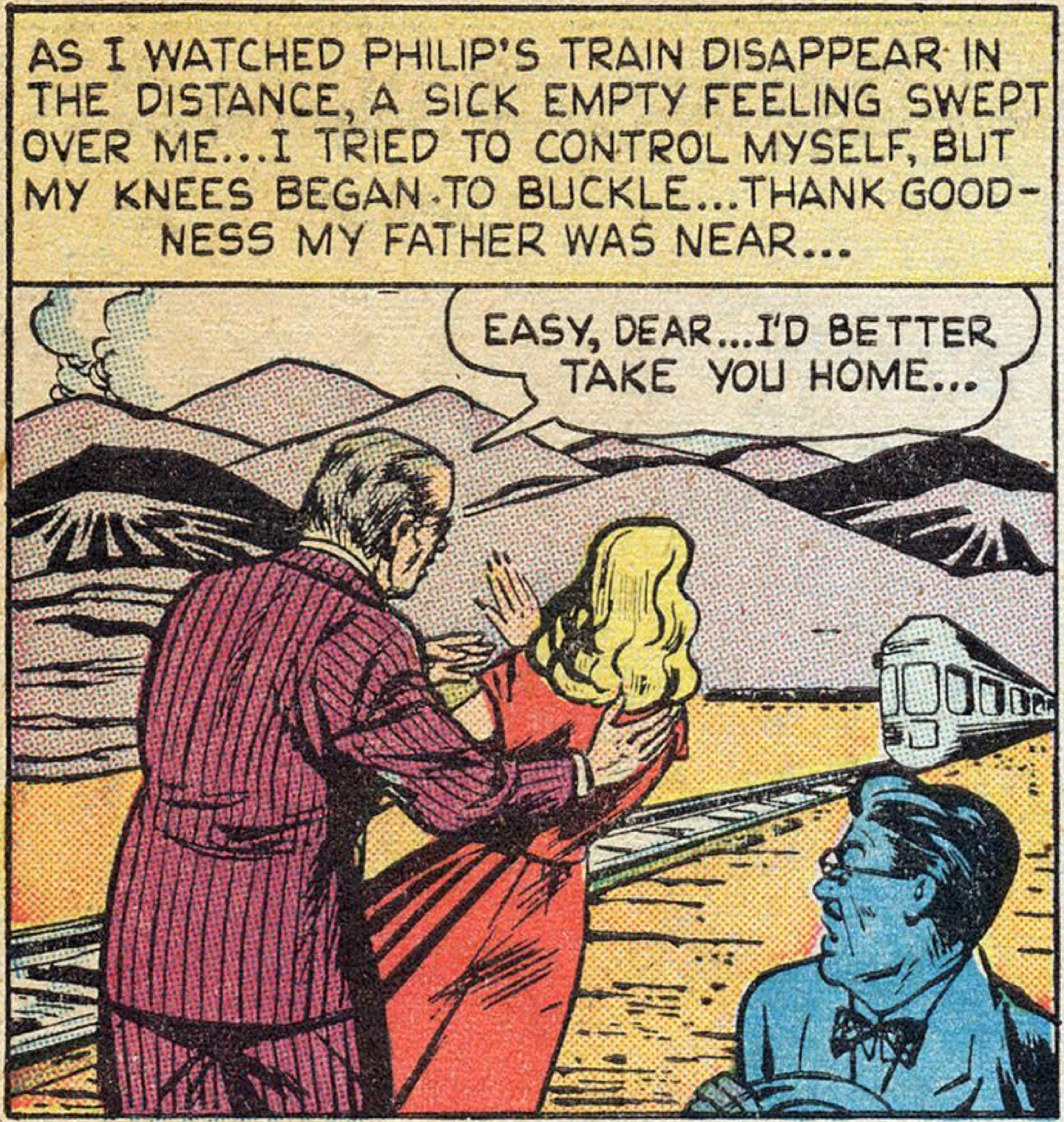
TOO MANY RIVALS!

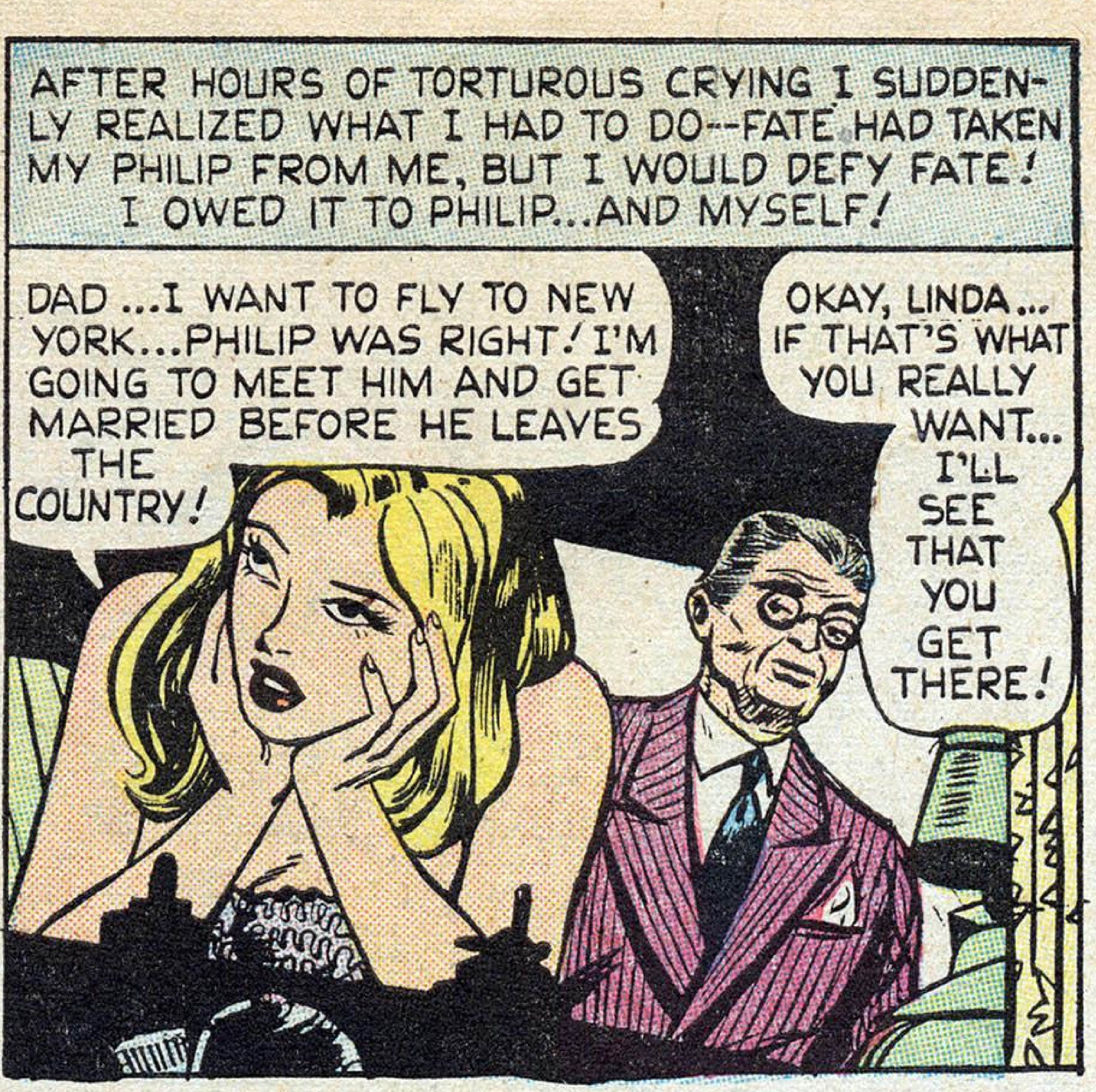

IT WAS ALWAYS PHILIP AND MYSELF...EVEN AS CHILDREN, WE WERE INSEPARABLE...BUT THEN CAME THE WAR, AND EVEN THE INSEPARABLE WERE TORN APART! AS I STOOD THERE QUIVERING IN HIS ARMS, I FELT HIS WARM LIPS PRESSING ON MINE, AND SOMEHOW, I FELT THIS WOULD BE OUR LAST...
451

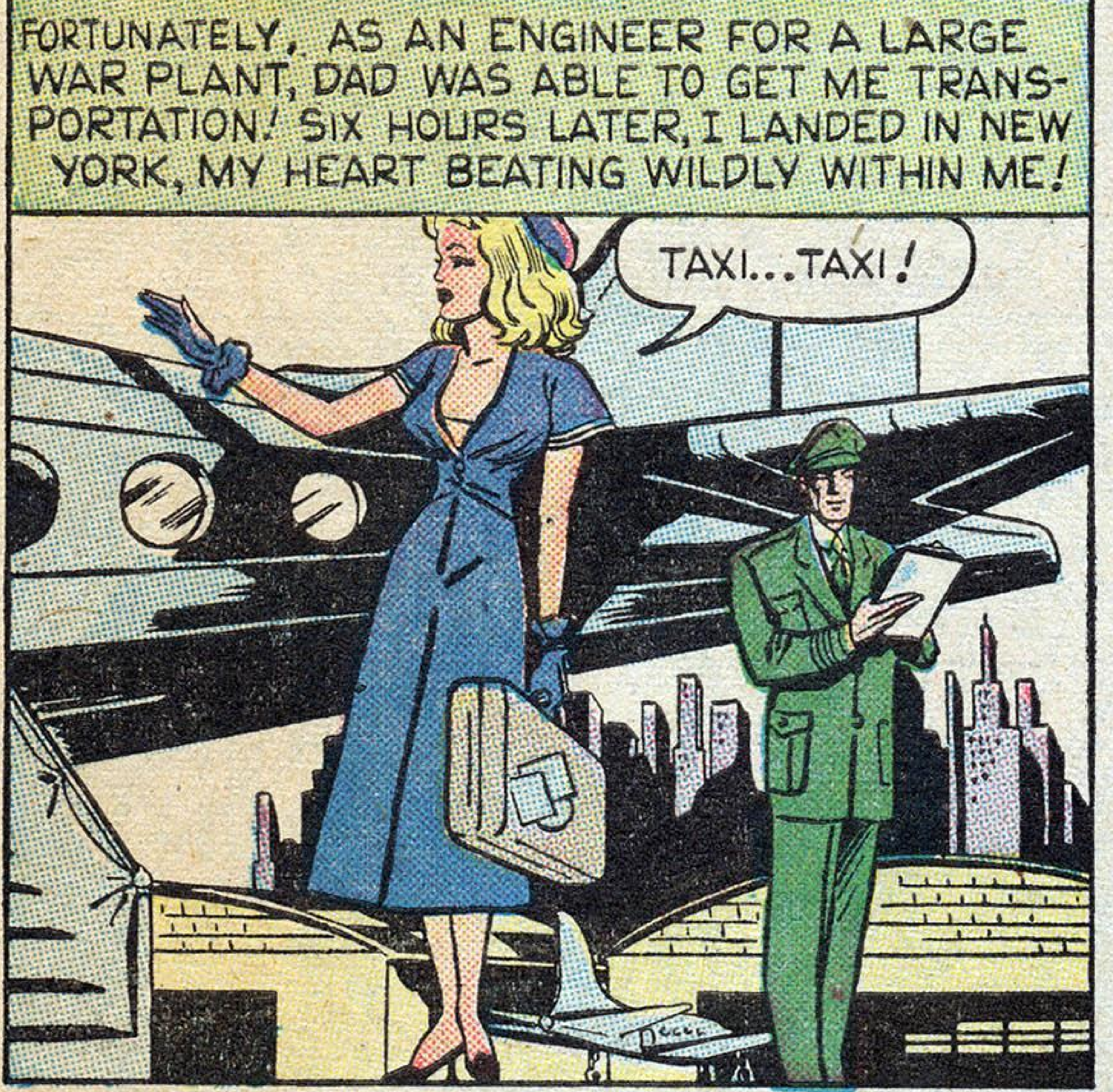

DARLING, MAYBE WE SHOULD GET MARRIED AFTER ALL!
NO, DEAR...WE'VE BEEN OVER THAT! YOU'LL HAVE ENOUGH TO THINK ABOUT WHERE YOU'RE GOING--I WON'T HAVE YOU WORRYING ABOUT A WIFE TOO!

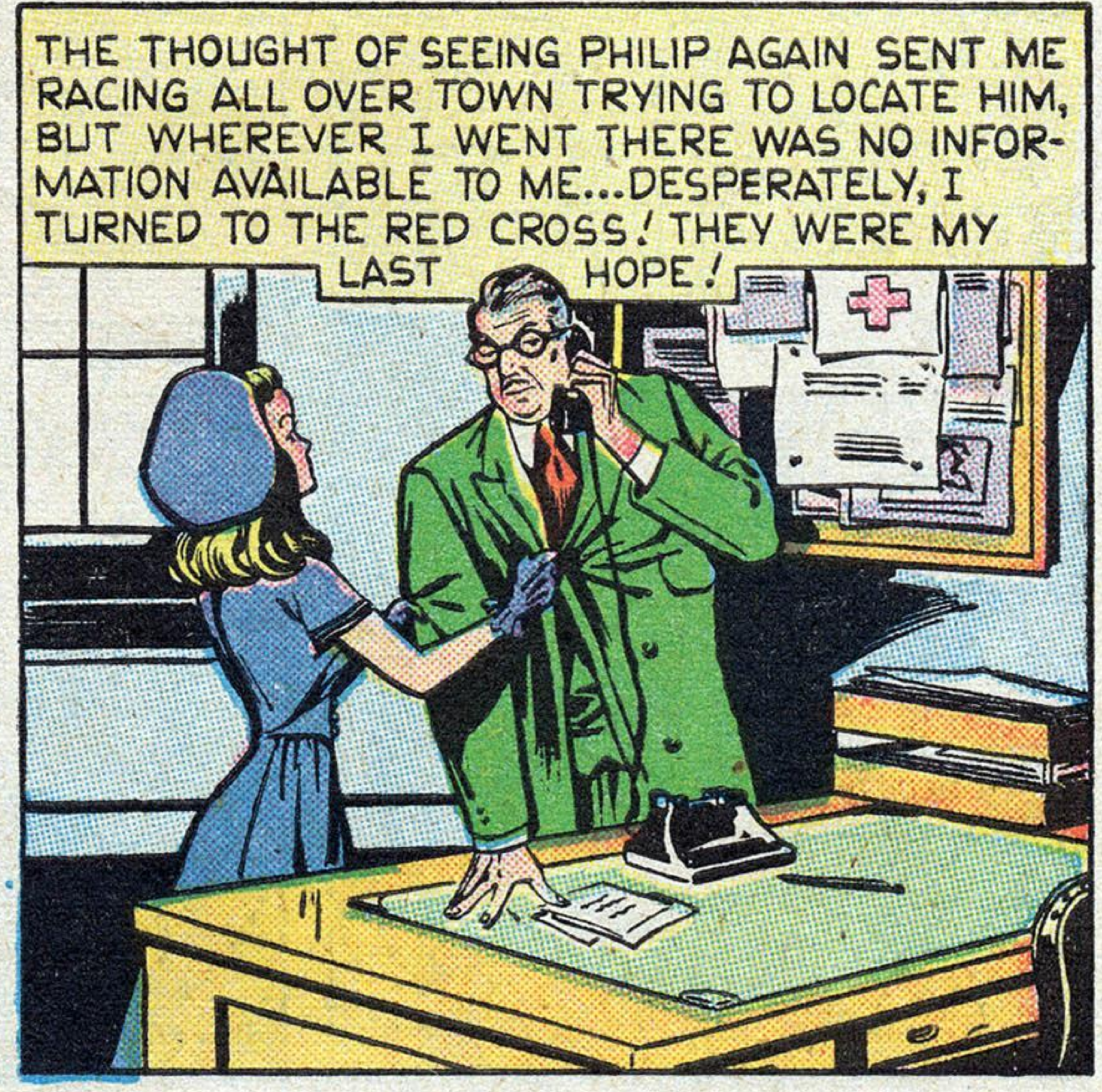

BUT YOU WILL WAIT FOR ME, DEAR!
OH, I WILL, DARLING, I WILL--FOR ALWAYS!

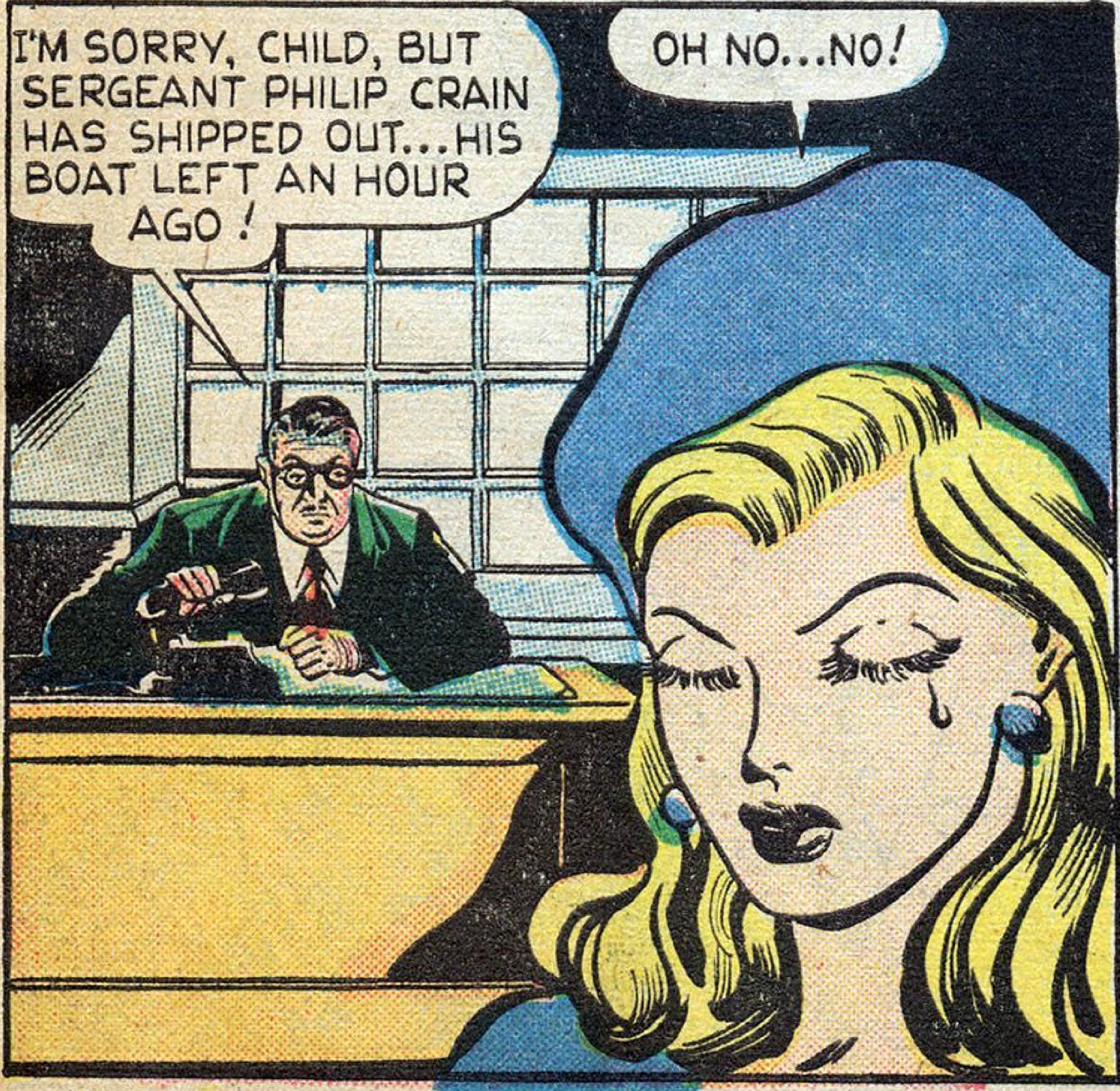

GOOD-BYE, LINDA--I LOVE YOU!
PHILIP... PHILIP!

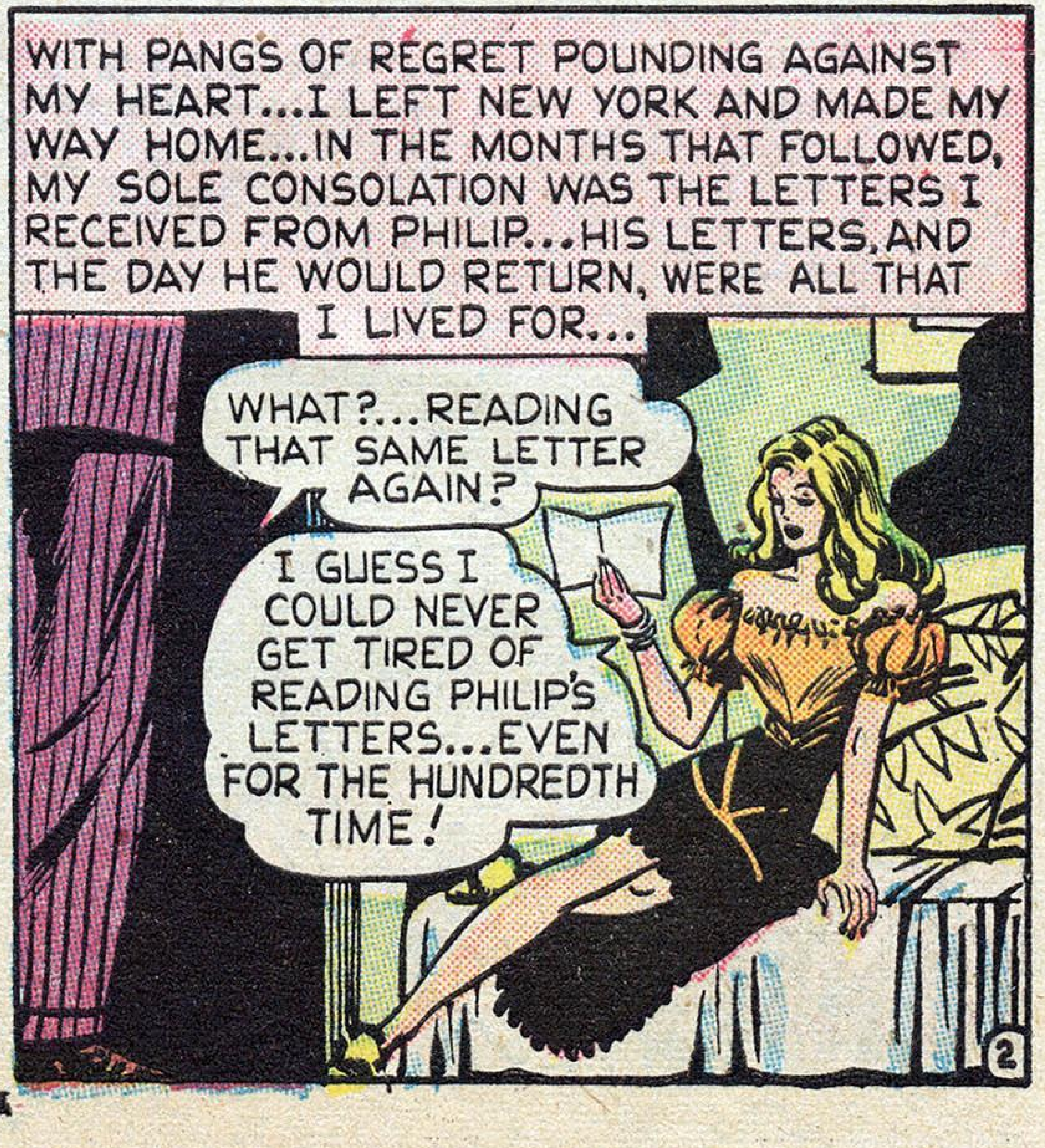

AS I WATCHED PHILIP'S TRAIN DISAPPEAR IN THE DISTANCE, A SICK EMPTY FEELING SWEPT OVER ME...I TRIED TO CONTROL MYSELF, BUT MY KNEES BEGAN TO BUCKLE...THANK GOODNESS MY FATHER WAS NEAR...
EASY, DEAR...I'D BETTER TAKE YOU HOME...

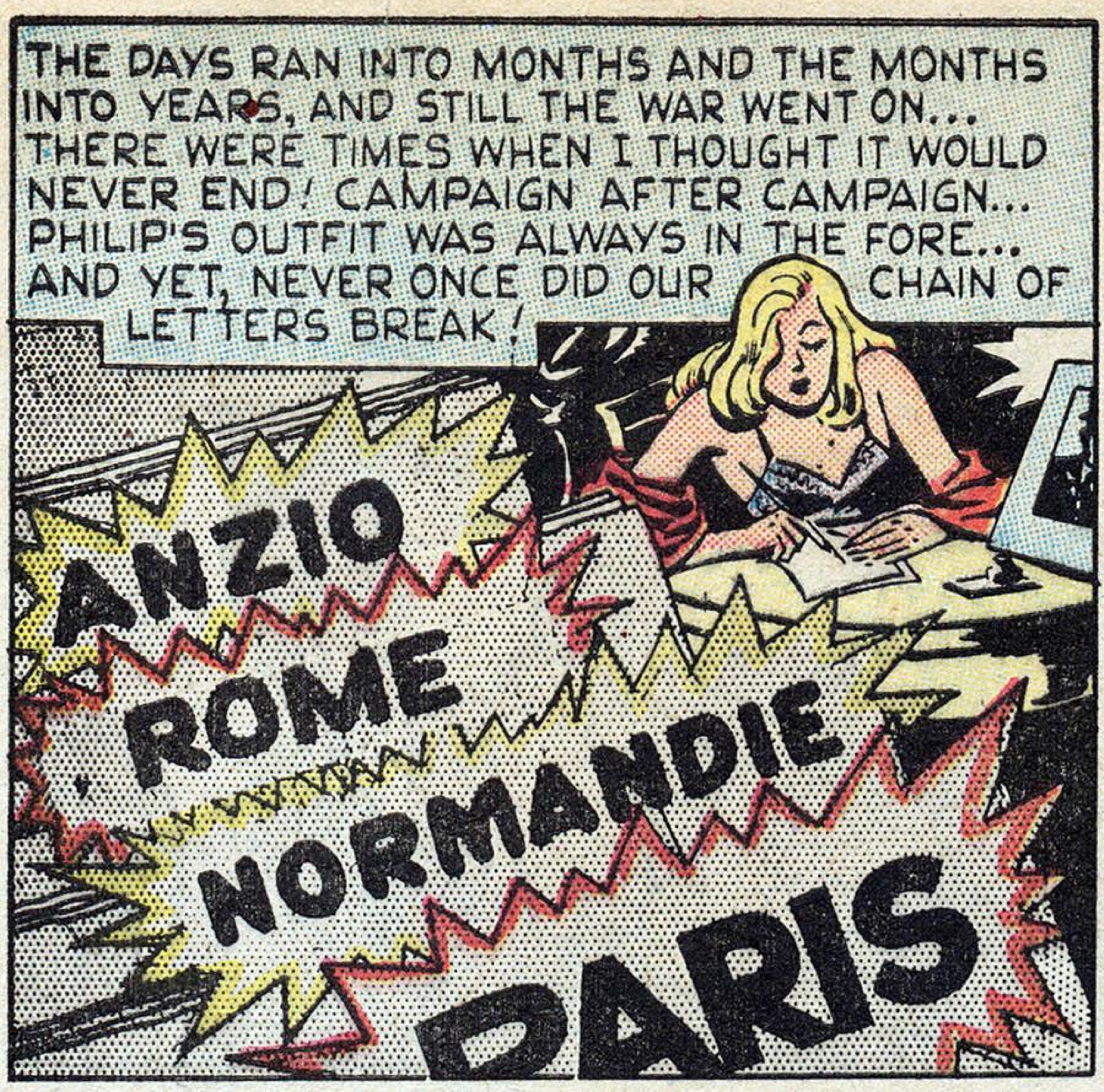

AFTER HOURS OF TORTUROUS CRYING I SUDDENLY REALIZED WHAT I HAD TO DO--FATE HAD TAKEN MY PHILIP FROM ME, BUT I WOULD DEFY FATE! I OWED IT TO PHILIP...AND MYSELF!
DAD ...I WANT TO FLY TO NEW YORK...PHILIP WAS RIGHT! I'M GOING TO MEET HIM AND GET MARRIED BEFORE HE LEAVES THE COUNTRY!
OKAY, LINDA... IF THAT'S WHAT YOU REALLY WANT... I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET THERE!

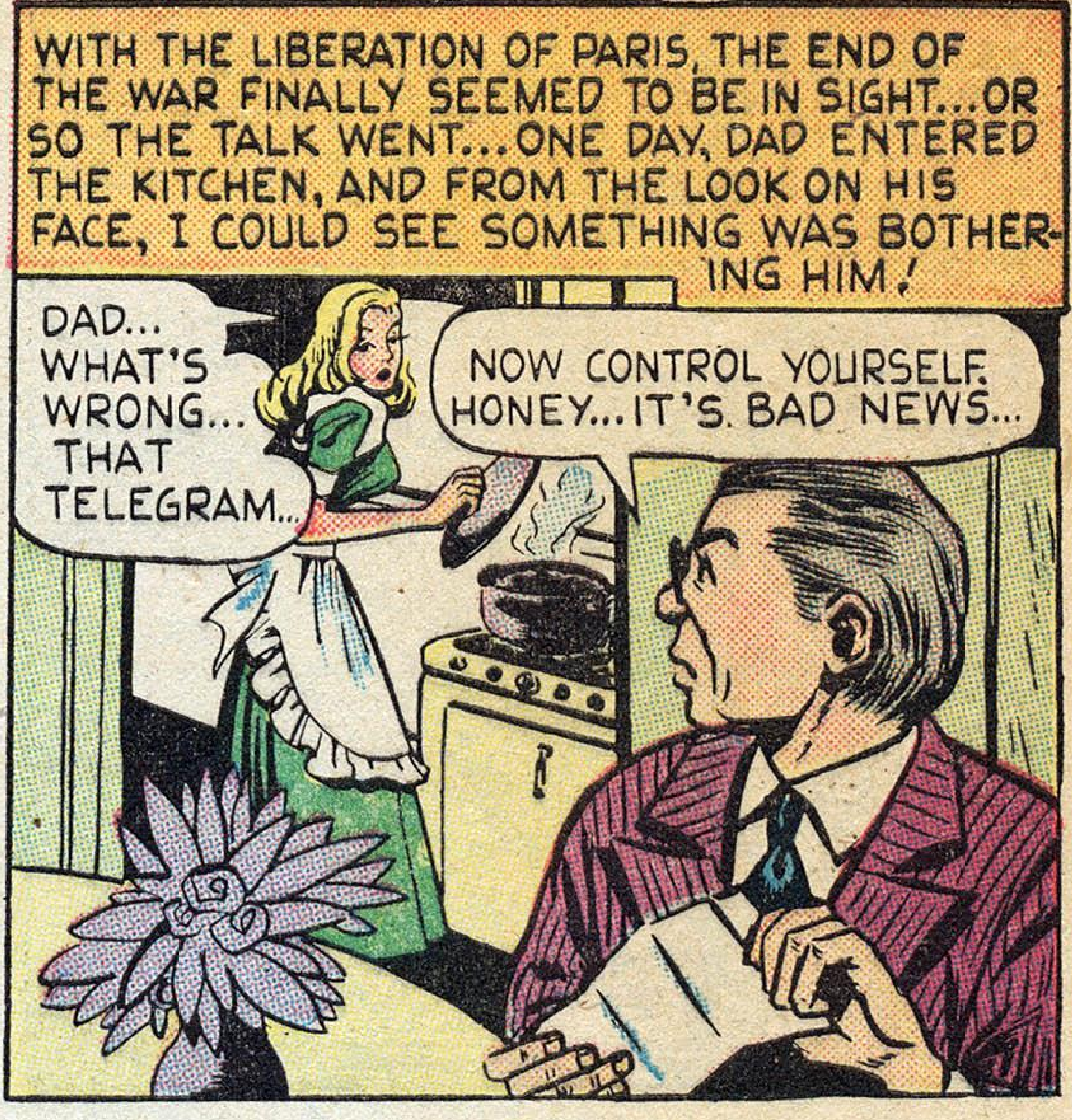

FORTUNATELY, AS AN ENGINEER FOR A LARGE WAR PLANT, DAD WAS ABLE TO GET ME TRANSPORTATION! SIX HOURS LATER, I LANDED IN NEW YORK, MY HEART BEATING WILDLY WITHIN ME!
TAXI...TAXI!

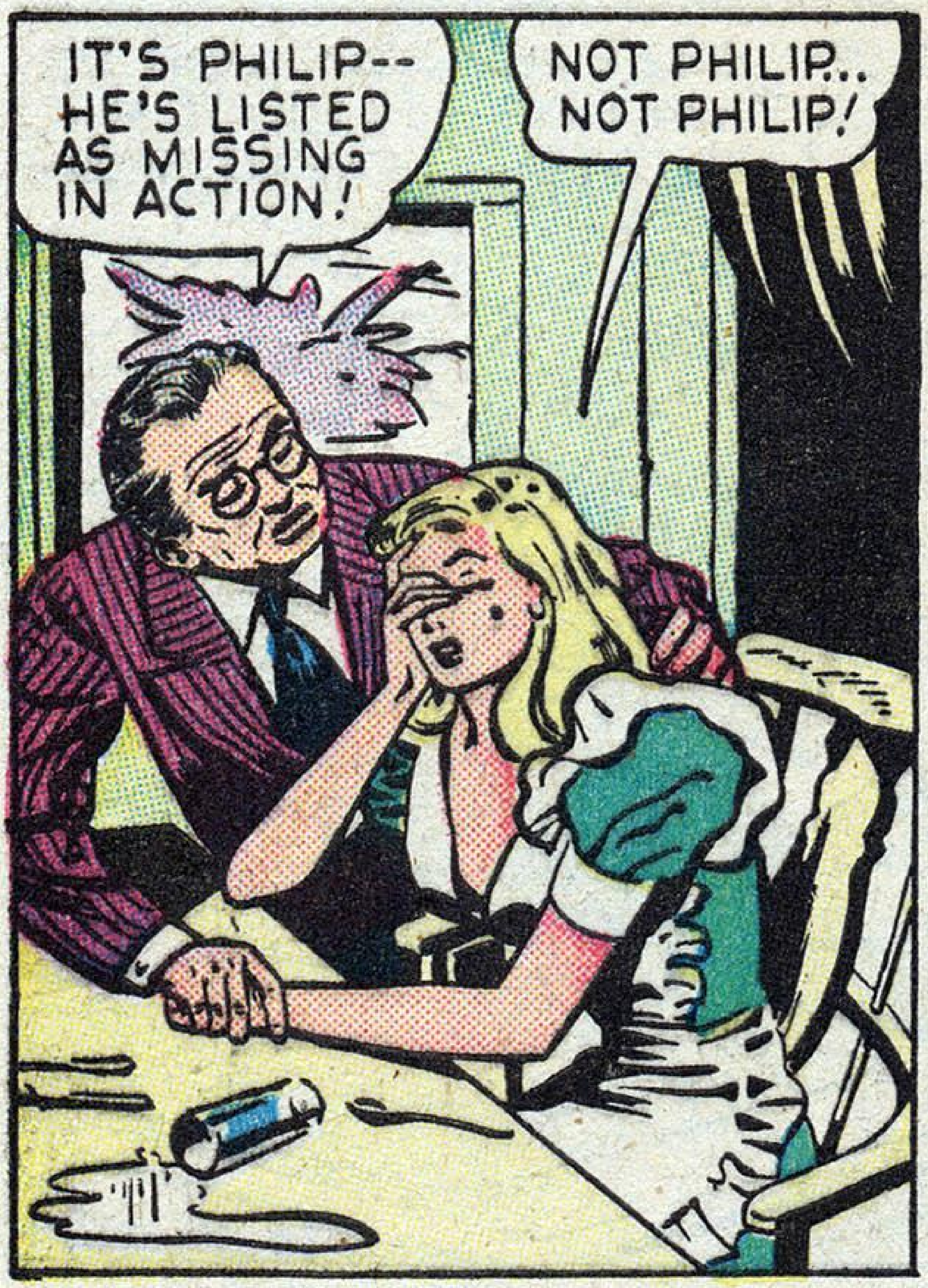

THE THOUGHT OF SEEING PHILIP AGAIN SENT ME RACING ALL OVER TOWN TRYING TO LOCATE HIM, BUT WHEREVER I WENT THERE WAS NO INFORMATION AVAILABLE TO ME...DESPERATELY, I TURNED TO THE RED CROSS! THEY WERE MY LAST HOPE!

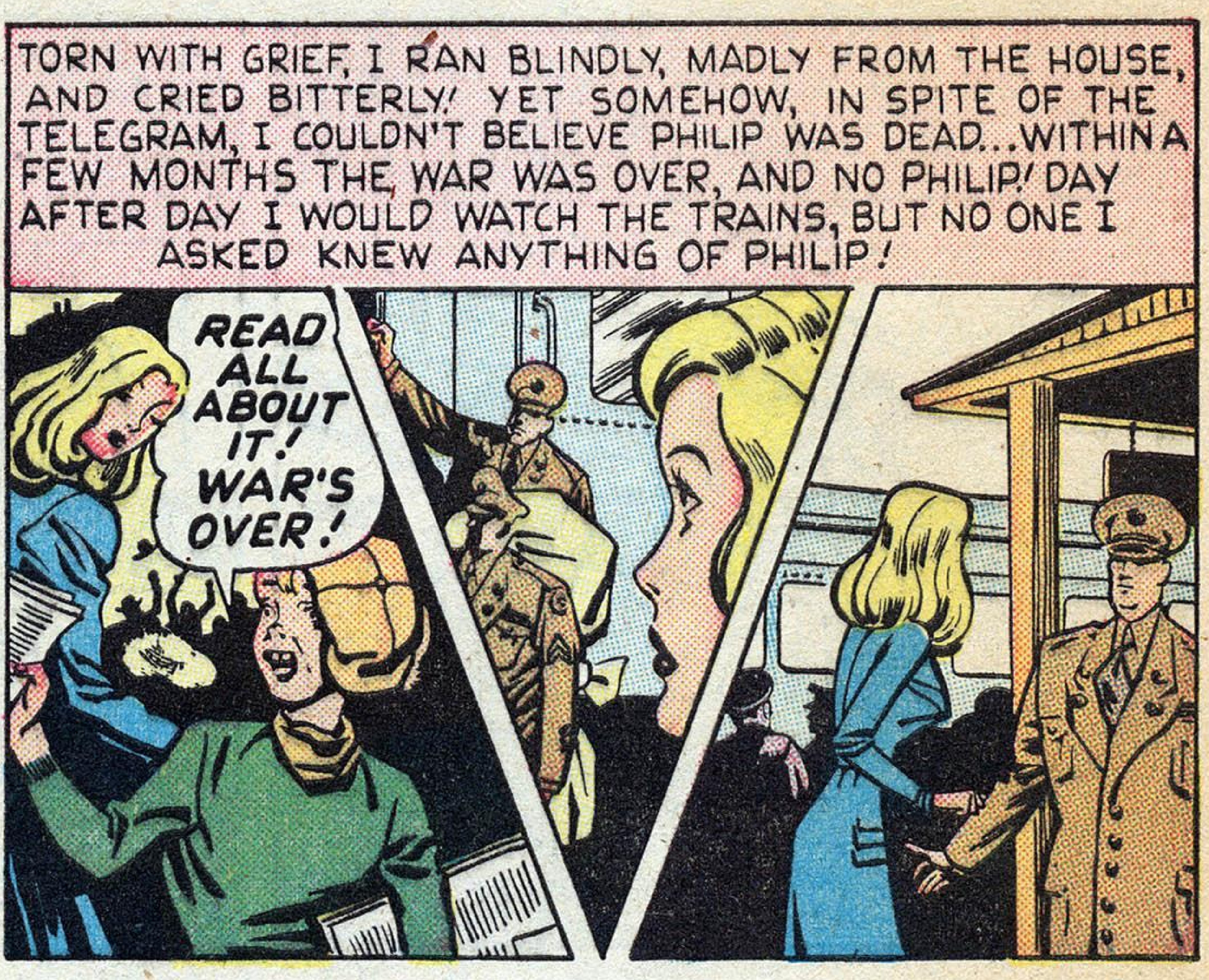

I'M SORRY, CHILD, BUT SERGEANT PHILIP CRAIN HAS SHIPPED OUT...HIS BOAT LEFT AN HOUR AGO!
OH NO...NO!

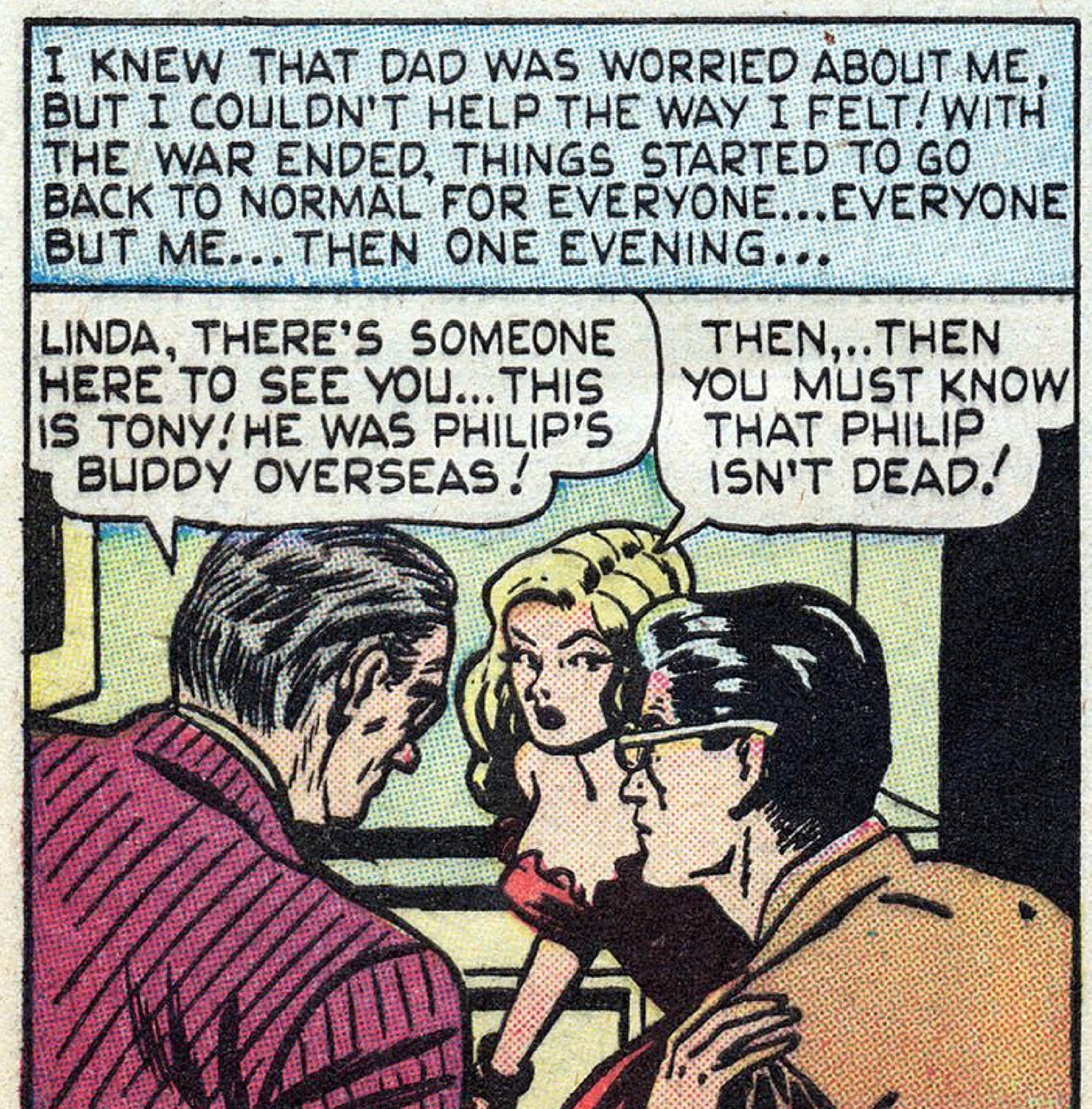

WITH PANGS OF REGRET POUNDING AGAINST MY HEART...I LEFT NEW YORK AND MADE MY WAY HOME...IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, MY SOLE CONSOLATION WAS THE LETTERS I RECEIVED FROM PHILIP...HIS LETTERS, AND THE DAY HE WOULD RETURN, WERE ALL THAT I LIVED FOR...
WHAT?...READING THAT SAME LETTER AGAIN?
I GUESS I COULD NEVER GET TIRED OF READING PHILIP'S LETTERS...EVEN FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME!

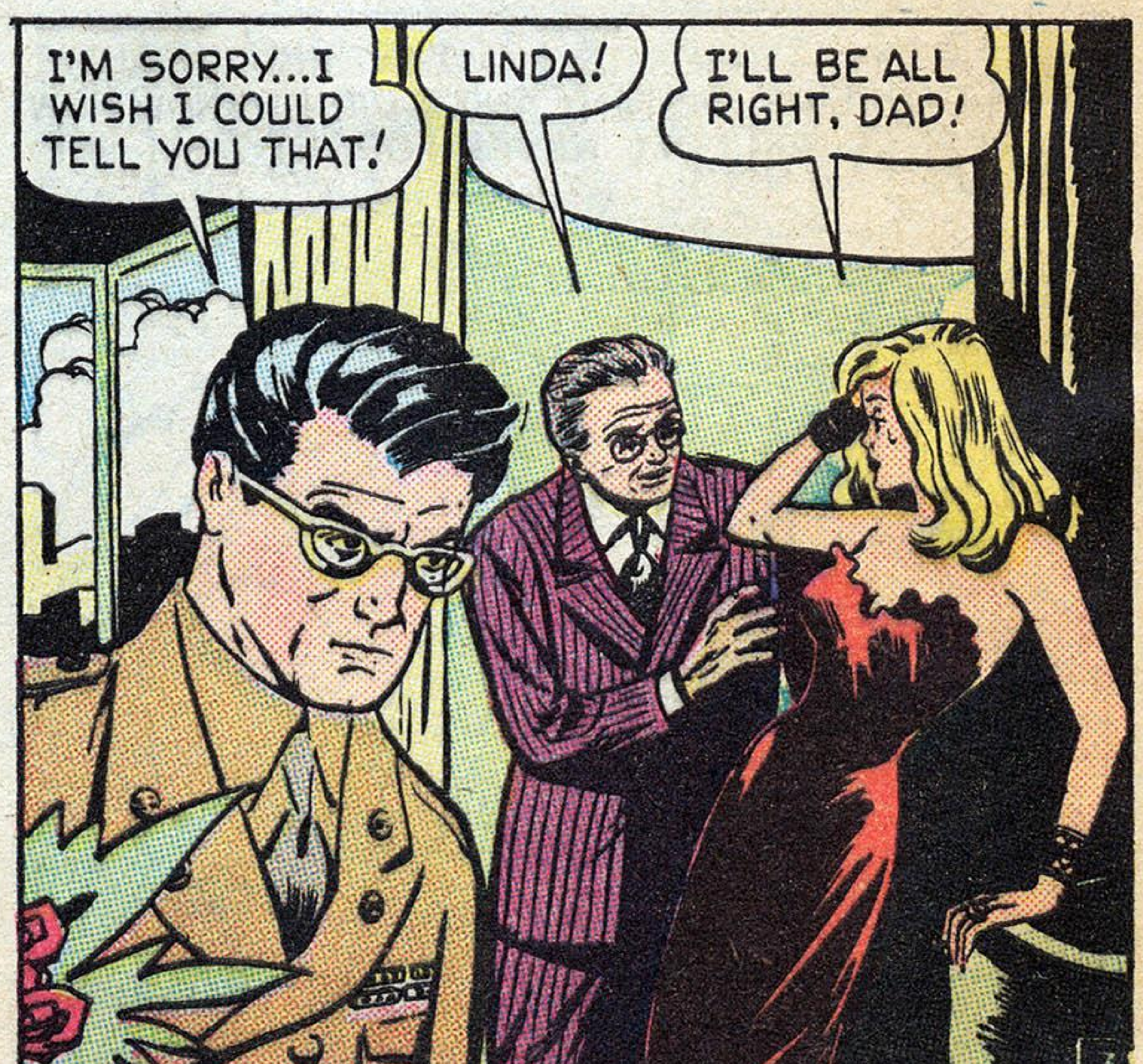

THE DAYS RAN INTO MONTHS AND THE MONTHS INTO YEARS, AND STILL THE WAR WENT ON... THERE WERE TIMES WHEN I THOUGHT IT WOULD NEVER END! CAMPAIGN AFTER CAMPAIGN.. PHILIP'S OUTFIT WAS ALWAYS IN THE FORE... AND YET, NEVER ONCE DID OUR CHAIN OF LETTERS BREAK!
ANZIO
ROME
NORMANDIE
PARIS


WITH THE LIBERATION OF PARIS, THE END OF THE WAR FINALLY SEEMED TO BE IN SIGHT...OR SO THE TALK WENT...ONE DAY, DAD ENTERED THE KITCHEN, AND FROM THE LOOK ON HIS FACE, I COULD SEE SOMETHING WAS BOTHERING HIM!
DAD... WHAT'S WRONG... THAT TELEGRAM...
NOW CONTROL YOURSELF, HONEY...IT'S BAD NEWS...

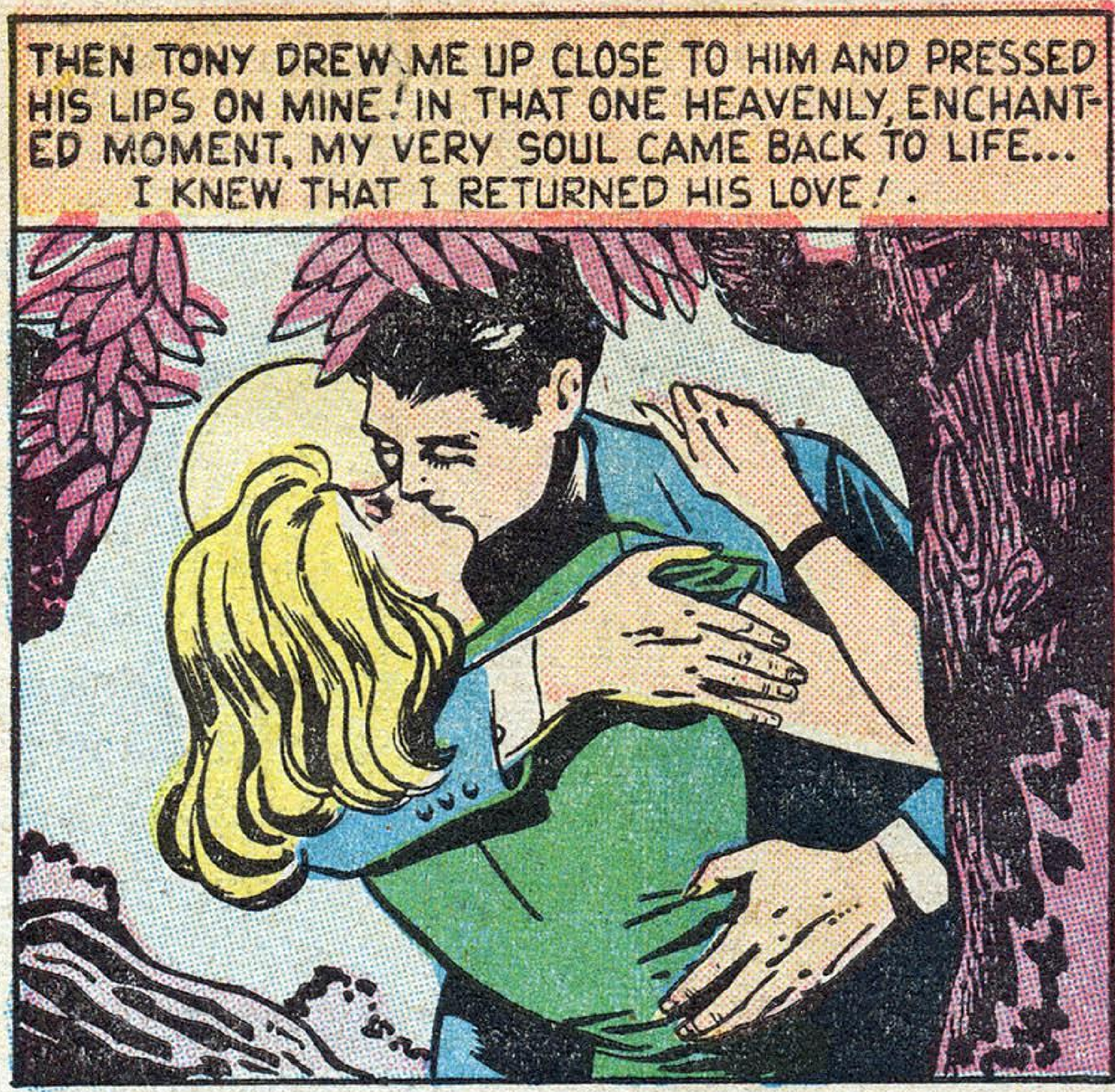

IT'S PHILIP-- HE'S LISTED AS MISSING IN ACTION!
NOT PHILIP.. NOT PHILIP!

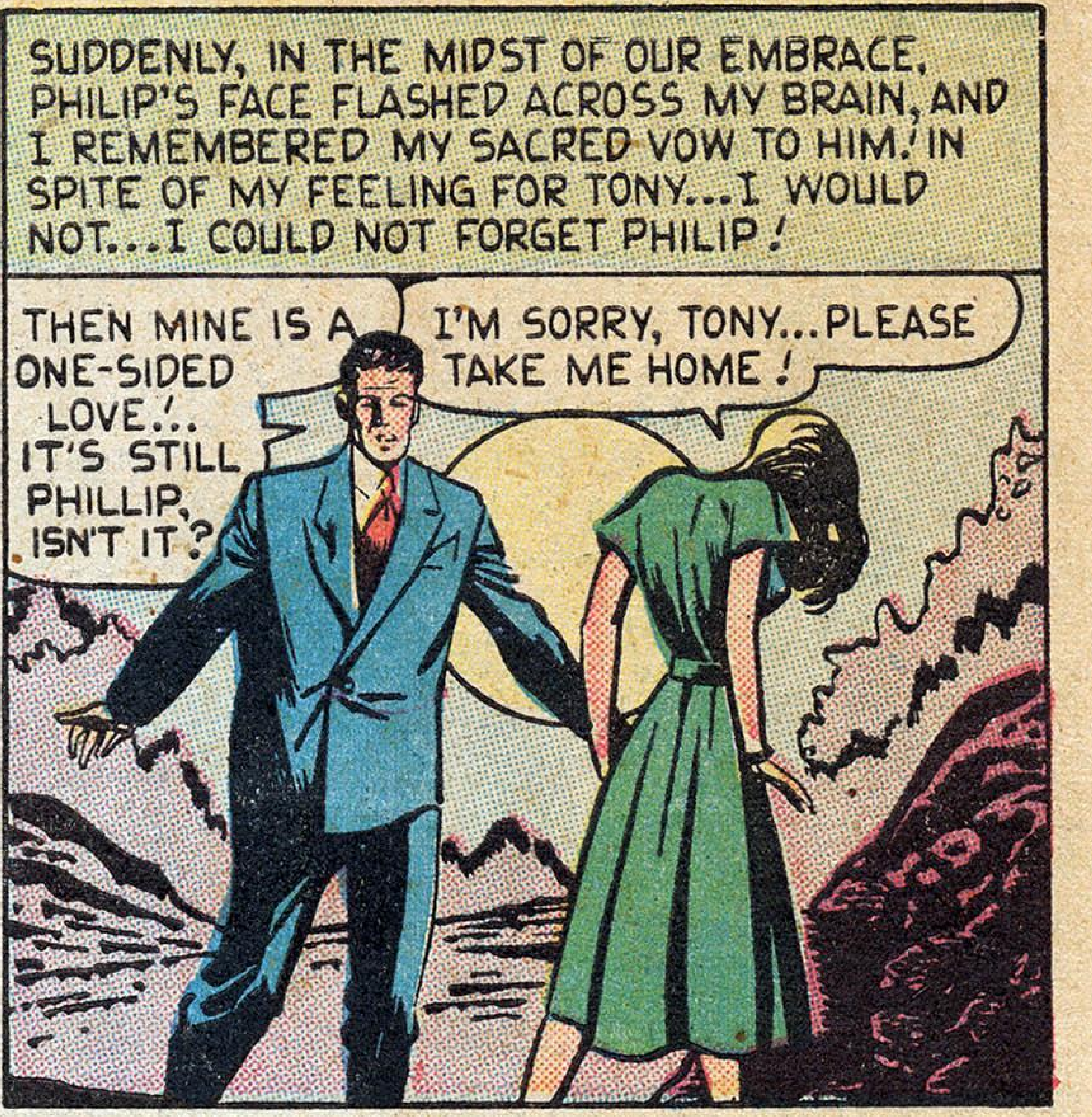

TORN WITH GRIEF, I RAN BLINDLY, MADLY FROM THE HOUSE, AND CRIED BITTERLY! YET SOMEHOW, IN SPITE OF THE TELEGRAM, I COULDN'T BELIEVE PHILIP WAS DEAD...WITHIN A FEW MONTHS THE WAR WAS OVER, AND NO PHILIP! DAY AFTER DAY I WOULD WATCH THE TRAINS, BUT NO ONE I ASKED KNEW ANYTHING OF PHILIP!
READ ALL ABOUT IT! WAR'S OVER!

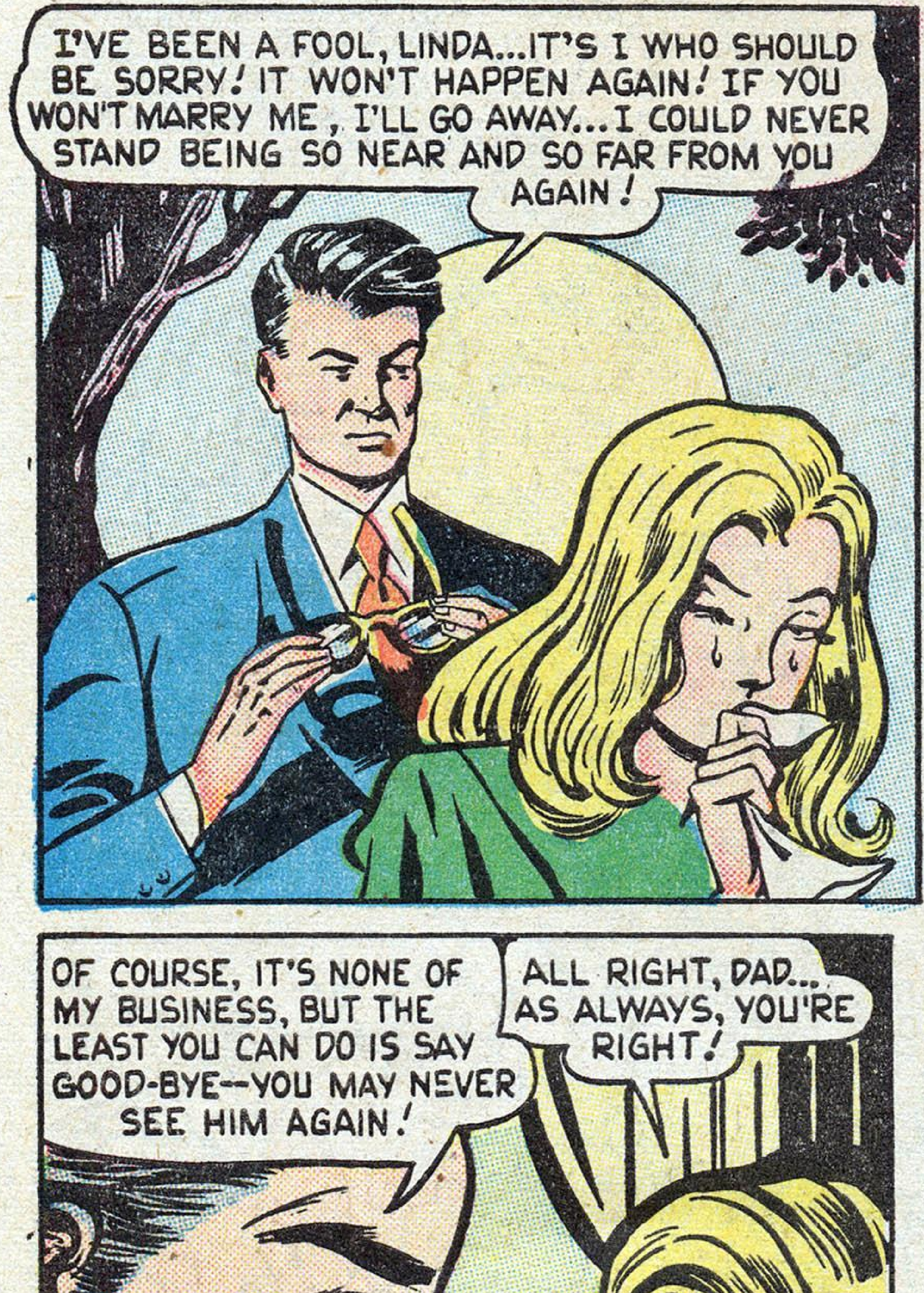

I KNEW THAT DAD WAS WORRIED ABOUT ME, BUT I COULDN'T HELP THE WAY I FELT! WITH THE WAR ENDED, THINGS STARTED TO GO BACK TO NORMAL FOR EVERYONE...EVERYONE BUT ME...THEN ONE EVENING...
LINDA, THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU...THIS IS TONY! HE WAS PHILIP'S BUDDY OVERSEAS!
THEN,..THEN YOU MUST KNOW THAT PHILIP ISN'T DEAD!

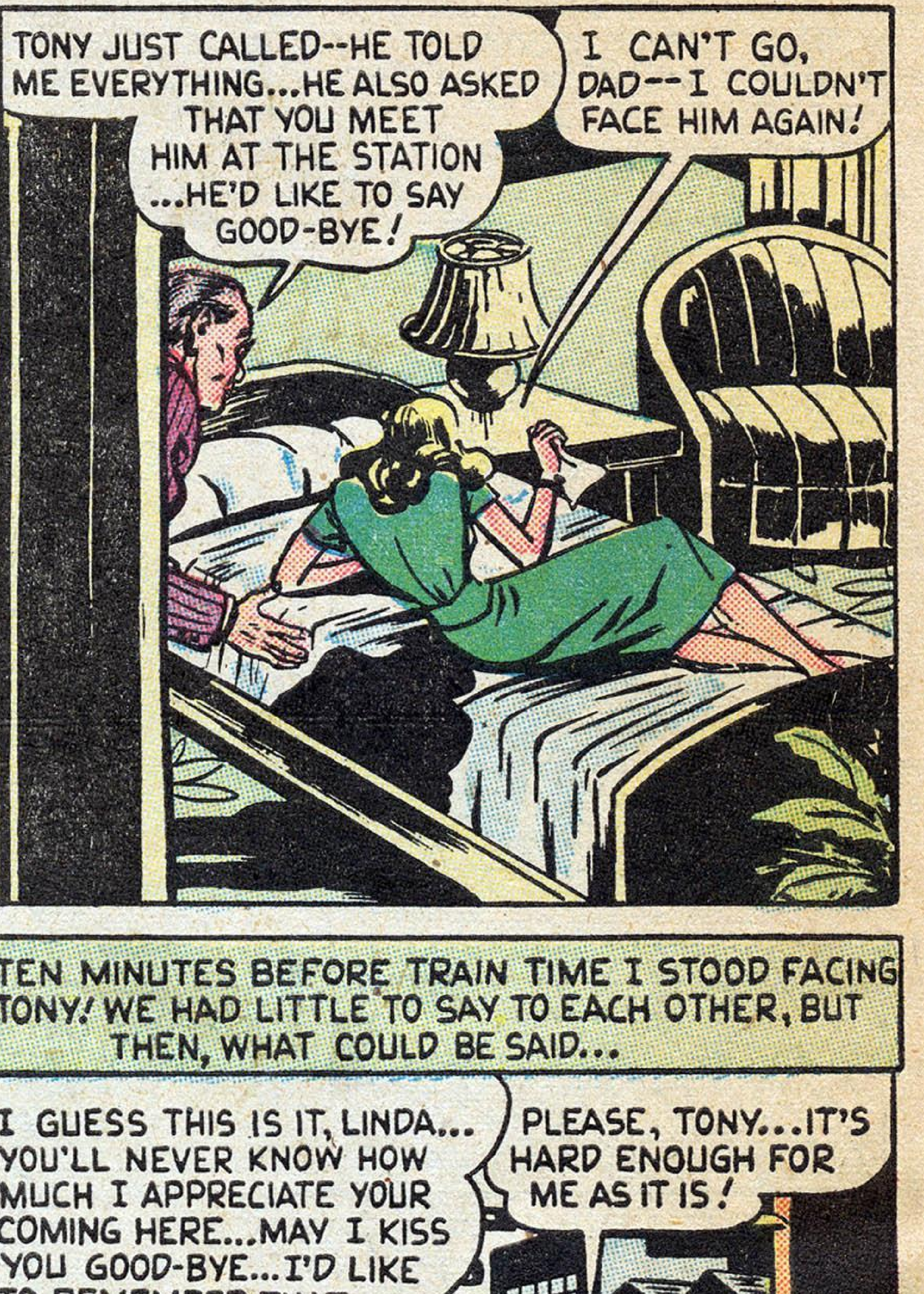

I'M SORRY...I WISH I COULD TELL YOU THAT!
LINDA!
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, DAD!
3

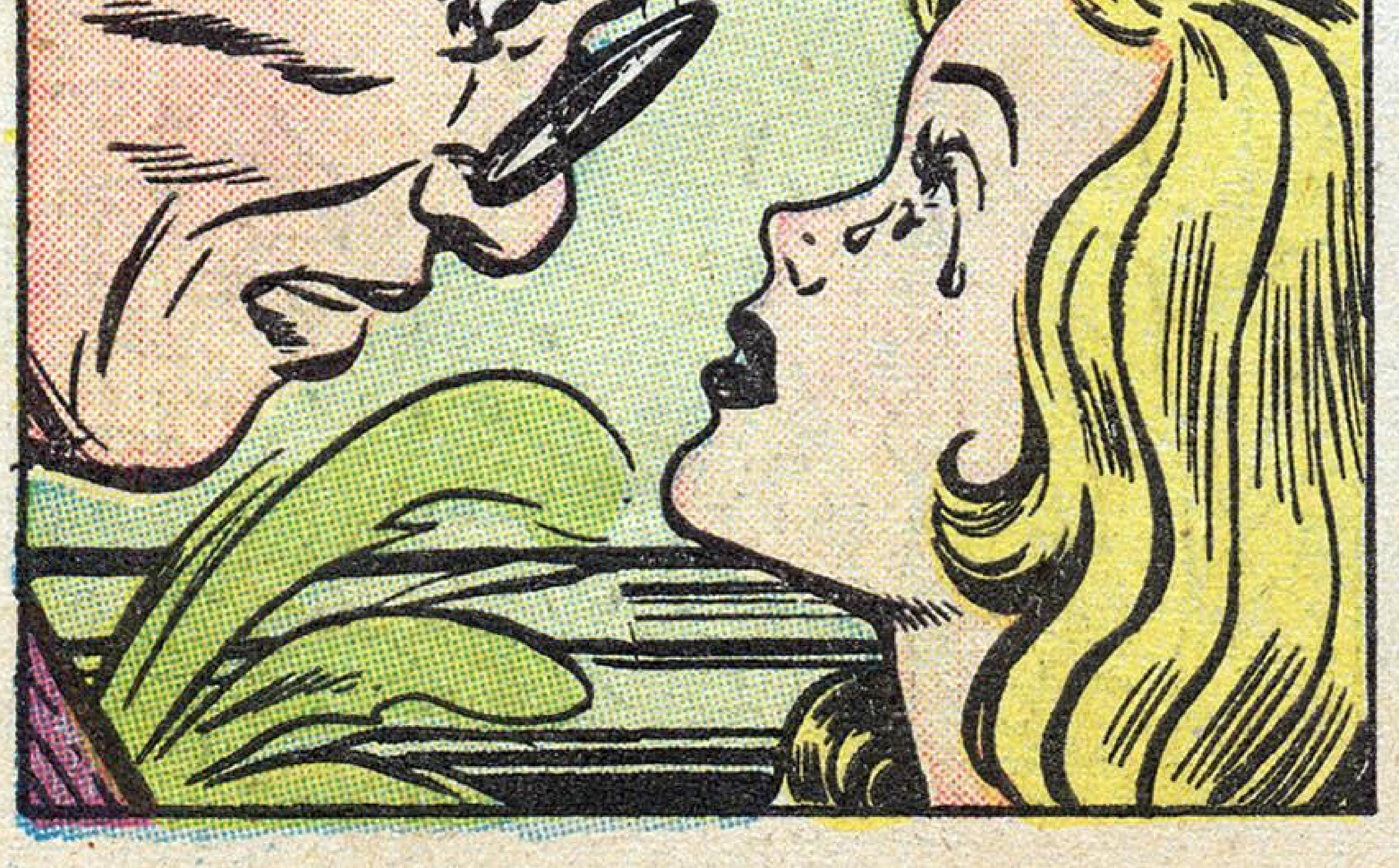
AFTER PUMPING TONY WITH QUESTIONS ABOUT PHILIP, I CONTROLLED MYSELF LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE SOME COFFEE! WHEN I RETURNED, DAD HAD CHANGED THE SUBJECT...
SO YOU EXPECT TO STAY IN TOWN!
WELL, I DON'T HAVE ANY PLACE ELSE TO GO... IF I KNEW I'D BE WELCOME HERE, I'D STAY!
OF COURSE YOU'RE WELCOME, TONY!
WITHIN A FEW DAYS, TONY TOOK A JOB IN TOWN AND BECAME A REGULAR GUEST AT OUR HOUSE! THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIM THAT MADE ME FORGET MY HEARTACHE, AND I LOOKED FORWARD TO HIS DAILY VISITS! ONE TIME...
WHAT SAY YOU AND I TAKE IN A MOVIE, LINDA? THERE'S A SWELL NEW SHOW IN TOWN...
OH, I DON'T THINK I COULD... I REALLY SHOULDN'T...
NONSENSE! YOU GO ON AHEAD WITH TONY! IT'LL DO YOU GOOD! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE DISHES!
I DIDN'T WANT TO GO WITH TONY BUT NOT BECAUSE I DIDN'T LIKE HIM! THE TRUTH WAS THAT IN SPITE OF ALL MY RESTRAINT, I FELT MYSELF GROWING STRONGLY ATTRACTED TO HIM... BUT WITH TWO AGAINST ONE... I HAD TO GIVE IN...
I LIKE BEING WITH YOU, LINDA... WE SHOULD GO OUT MORE OFTEN!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WATCHING THE MOVIE, TONY, NOT ME!
MAYBE SO... BUT THEN, I ENJOY LOOKING AT YOU!
AFTER THAT I TRIED TO AVOID SEEING HIM ALONE, BUT HE WAS PERSISTENT AND I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO REFUSE HIM! I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT IN THE PARK! AS WE APPROACHED THE LAKE, TONY TOOK MY HAND IN HIS AND A THRILLING SENSATION SHOT THROUGH ME...
YOU'RE QUIVERING, LINDA... I CAN FEEL IT IN YOUR HAND!
MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE HOLDING MY HAND, TONY... YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T!
DARLING... I CAN'T HOLD IT BACK ANY LONGER! I LOVE YOU, DEAR... WITH ALL MY HEART... YOU MUST KNOW THAT!
TONY... PLEASE!

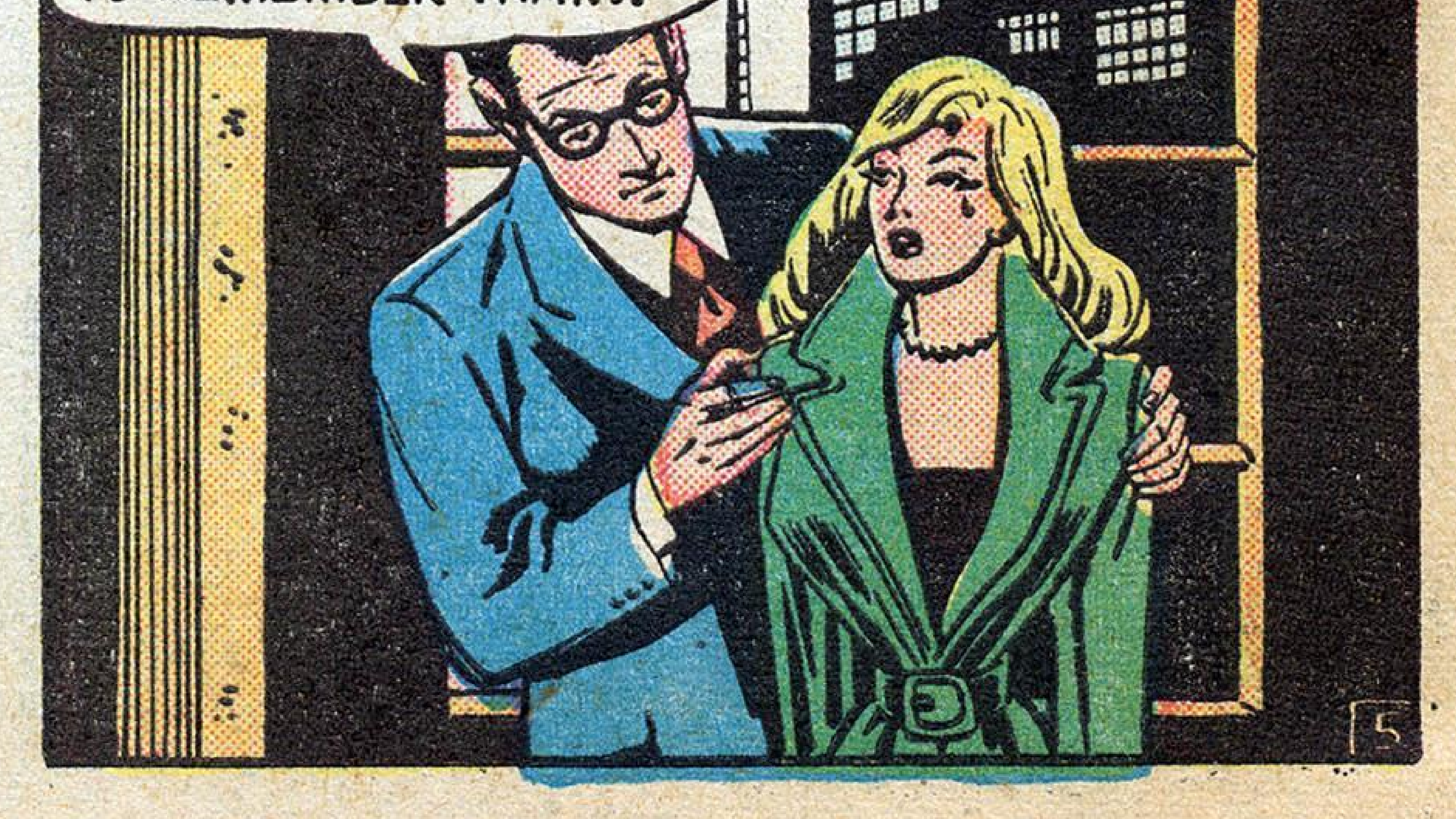

THEN TONY DREW ME UP CLOSE TO HIM AND PRESSED HIS LIPS ON MINE! IN THAT ONE HEAVENLY, ENCHANTED MOMENT, MY VERY SOUL CAME BACK TO LIFE... I KNEW THAT I RETURNED HIS LOVE!.


SUDDENLY, IN THE MIDST OF OUR EMBRACE, PHILIP'S FACE FLASHED ACROSS MY BRAIN, AND I REMEMBERED MY SACRED VOW TO HIM! IN SPITE OF MY FEELING FOR TONY... I WOULD NOT... I COULD NOT FORGET PHILIP!
THEN MINE IS A ONE-SIDED LOVE!.. IT'S STILL PHILLIP, ISN'T IT?
I'M SORRY, TONY... PLEASE TAKE ME HOME!


I'VE BEEN A FOOL, LINDA... IT'S I WHO SHOULD BE SORRY! IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN! IF YOU WON'T MARRY ME, I'LL GO AWAY... I COULD NEVER STAND BEING SO NEAR AND SO FAR FROM YOU AGAIN!

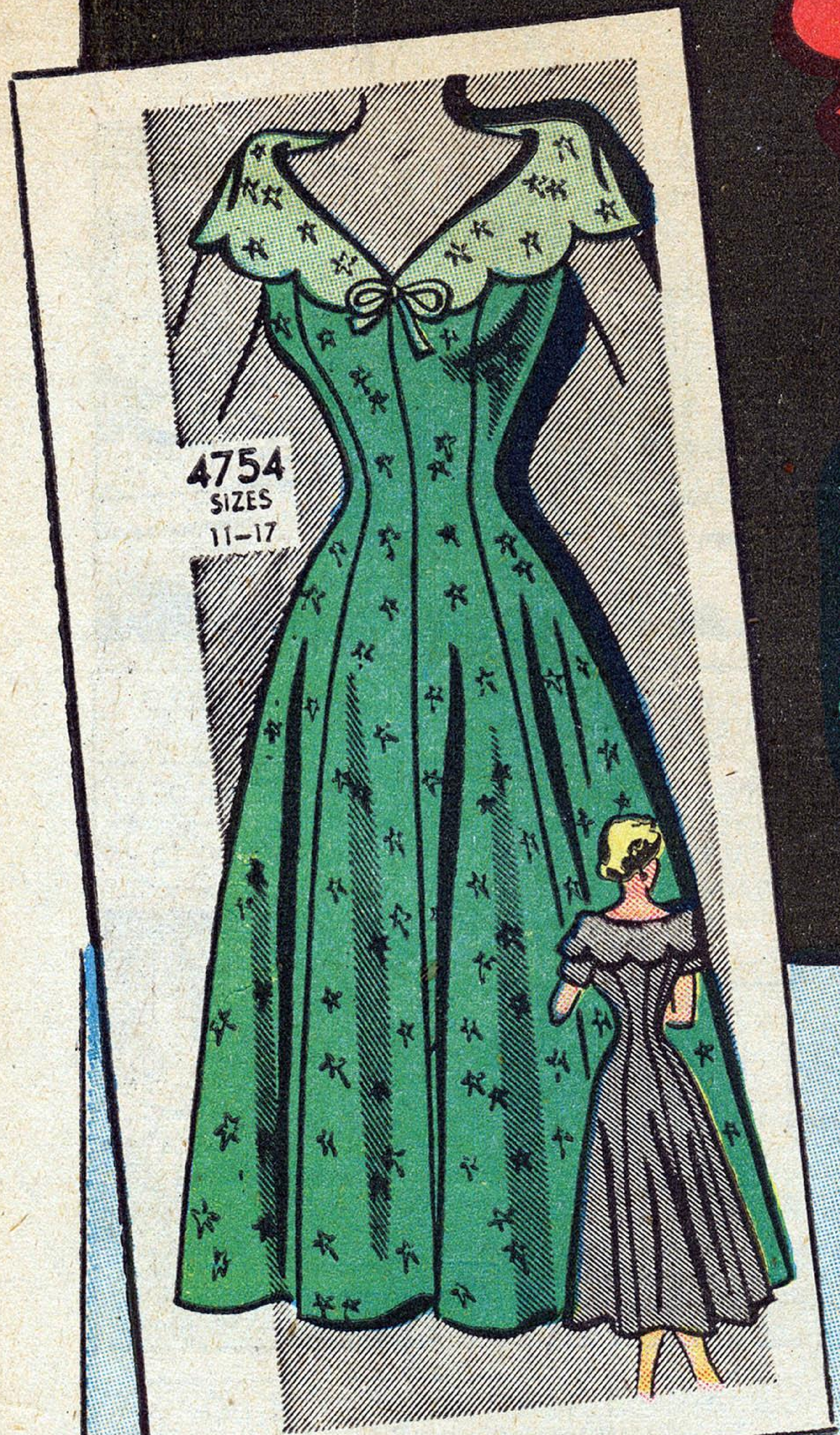

TONY JUST CALLED--HE TOLD ME EVERYTHING... HE ALSO ASKED THAT YOU MEET HIM AT THE STATION ...HE'D LIKE TO SAY GOOD-BYE!
I CAN'T GO, DAD--I COULDN'T FACE HIM AGAIN!


OF COURSE, IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS SAY GOOD-BYE--YOU MAY NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!
ALL RIGHT, DAD... AS ALWAYS, YOU'RE RIGHT!


TEN MINUTES BEFORE TRAIN TIME I STOOD FACING TONY! WE HAD LITTLE TO SAY TO EACH OTHER, BUT THEN, WHAT COULD BE SAID...
I GUESS THIS IS IT, LINDA... YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE YOUR COMING HERE... MAY I KISS YOU GOOD-BYE... I'D LIKE TO REMEMBER THAT...
PLEASE, TONY... IT'S HARD ENOUGH FOR ME AS IT IS!

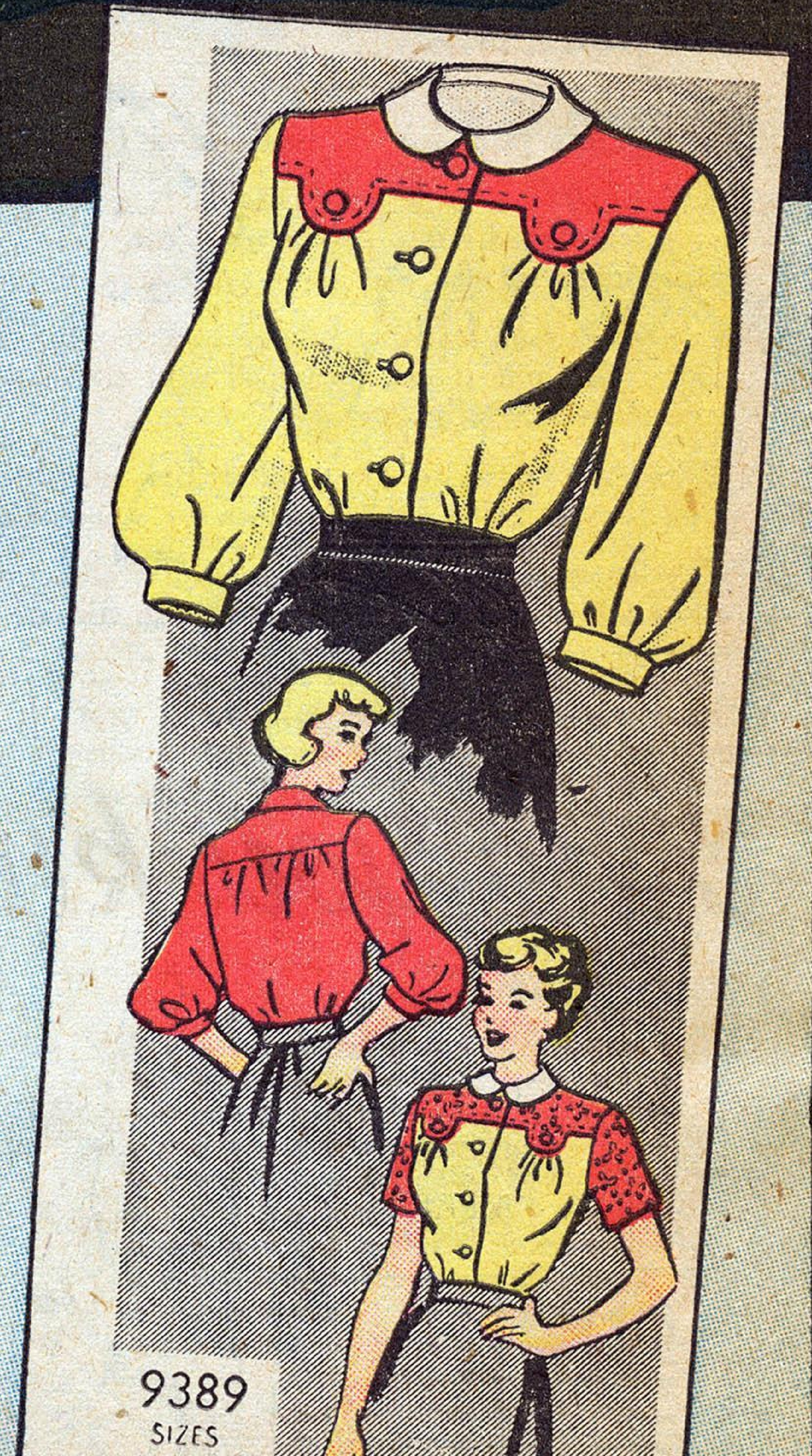
BEFORE I COULD GET AWAY TONY TOOK ME IN HIS ARMS AND ONCE AGAIN HIS LIPS WERE ON MINE... MY FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO PULL AWAY, BUT HIS GRIP WAS TOO STRONG, AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT MY LIPS WERE LOVINGLY PRESSED AGAINST HIS!
THEN YOU DO LOVE ME, LINDA-- I COULD SENSE IT IN THAT KISS!
YES, TONY, YES... BUT OUR LOVE CAN NEVER BE! SOME DAY PHILIP WILL RETURN, AND WHEN HE DOES... I'LL BE WAITING! FOR, STRANGE AS IT SEEMS, IN SPITE OF MY LOVE FOR YOU, I STILL BELONG TO PHILIP!
DARLING, THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW! TURN AROUND AND LOOK INTO MY EYES... PLEASE!
NO, TONY... I CAN'T!
I DIDN'T WANT TO LOOK AT HIM BUT TONY FORCED ME TO TURN AROUND! AND WHEN I DID...
LOOK INTO MY EYES, DARLING... DON'T YOU SEE ME?... I'M PHILIP!
PHILIP? HOW COULD THAT BE? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO TO ME? YOU...
BUT WAIT... YOUR EYES... YOU ARE PHILIP! NOW I KNOW WHY I COULD NEVER LOOK INTO YOUR EYES WITHOUT LOVING YOU!.. BECAUSE IN YOUR EYES I SAW PHILIP... BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND... THE TELEGRAM ...YOUR FACE?..
THE WAR... MY FACE WAS SMASHED AND ALL MY IDENTIFICATION DESTROYED... AFTER THE SHOOTING WAS OVER, THE DOCTORS TRIED PLASTIC SURGERY, AND WHEN I LEFT I TOOK THE FIRST NAME THAT OCCURRED TO ME!
6
OH, DARLING! WHY DID YOU DO THIS TO ME?.. WHY?
I HAD TO, LINDA... I HAD TO BE SURE YOU WOULD LOVE ME AS I AM NOW, AND NOT AS A MEMORY ALONE! FOR A TIME I THOUGHT I WOULD HAVE TO GO AWAY AND FORGET YOU, BUT I KNOW NOW YOUR LOVE IS MINE... I'M HOME TO STAY!
OH, PHILIP, HOLD ME TIGHTLY-- DON'T EVER LET ME GO AGAIN!
I WON'T, DEAREST... EVER!
The End

STITCHIN' TIME


4754
SIZES
11–17

4754 THE SLIMMING LINES OF THIS DRESS-UP FROCK WILL MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE A PRINCESS ON THAT SPECIAL DATE OR AT A PARTY. THE SCALLOPED COLLAR DRAPES OVER THE SHOULDERS TO FORM THE SLEEVES, AND THE NECKLINE IS A FLATTERING FRAME FOR YOUR FACE. COMES IN JUNIOR MISS SIZES 11, 13, 15, 17. SIZE 13 REQUIRES 4 3/4 YARDS OF 35-INCH MATERIAL.

9389 YOU'LL FEEL NEAT AND SWEET IN THIS SMART BLOUSE WITH THE BUTTON-DOWN YOLK. MAKE IT IN A TISSUE CREPE OR SILK FABRIC FOR DRESSY OCCASIONS, OR IN GAY COLORED COTTON WITH A CONTRASTING YOLK FOR CLASSROOM WEAR. IT'S PRACTICAL AND PRETTY WITH EITHER SHORT OR THREE-QUARTER LENGTH SLEEVES. COMES IN SIZES 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. SIZE 16 TAKES 2 YARDS OF 39-INCH MATERIAL.


9389
SIZES
12–20

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NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

FIFTEEN CENTS MORE FOR THE WINTER PATTERN BOOK WITH A FREE PATTERN PRINTED IN THE BOOK.

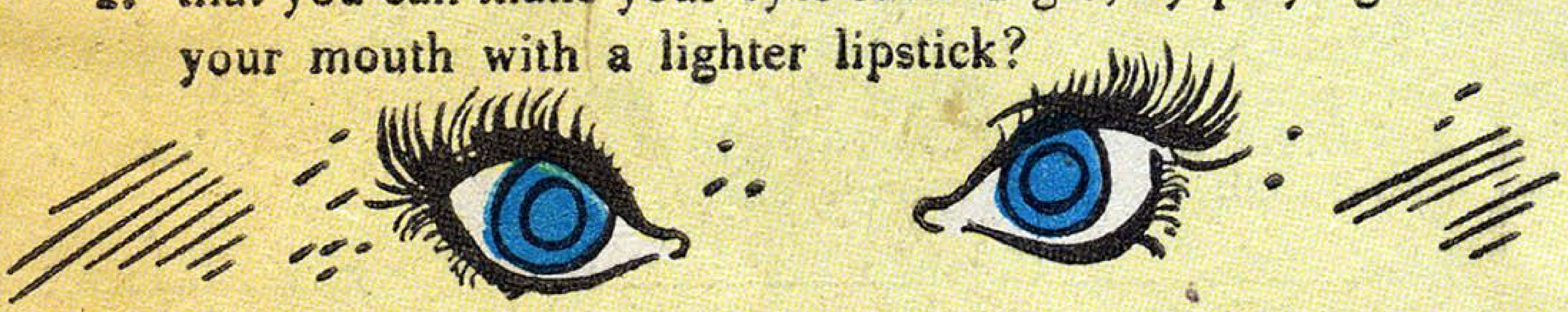
ANSWERS TO CHARM CORNER QUIZ

All your answers should be "no." But if some of them are "yes" for you, how about taking these hints.

1. One or two pieces of jewelry are tops as an asset to a neat outfit. When you wear more than that, the trinkets are bound to outshine you.
2. Be fair! Don't monopolize the telephone! It's important to everybody and shouldn't be tied up by one person.
3. It's hard to look appealing while chewing gum. Besides which, the habit is still frowned on socially. So—do your chewing privately!
4. Ease yourself gracefully into your seat, and add to that wonderful impression of polish and poise. It's sure to be appreciated by the right people!
5. Stand up straight, breathe deeply and walk with a healthy spring. It's good for the body—and for the soul.
6. Supplying you with compliments is a strain on your friends, and—unearned compliments are worthless, anyway. Just relax, and sincere praise will come your way.
7. Concentrate on learning how to *earn* the things you want. You'll never get them if you spend all your time mooning over someone else's good fortune.
8. Boys can run faster than butterflies can fly once they realize that they're being tracked down by a calculating female.
9. Try listening! People are interesting, and you're sure to learn so much more than you could if you did all the talking.
10. If you want other people to respect your private affairs, you'll have to extend the same courtesy to them.

Did you know-

1. that you can make your eyes look larger, by playing down your mouth with a lighter lipstick?



2. that a magnifying mirror is a handy gadget for smooth application of lipstick?

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Write today for trial order beautiful sparkling mottoes (Our Deluxe quality). Sell easily to friends and neighbors up to 50c each. Your cost is 15c each. Pkg. of 20 cost you $3.00. Double order (40) cost you $5.00. You risk nothing. Unsold mottoes may be returned for refund or exchange. Send no money. We ship prepaid or C.O.D. postage added. Get started at once. Make up to $15.00 first day. Mail card today. State whether you want single order or double order at extra saving. KNIGHT CO., Dept. 6159-X, 3140 W. 12th St., Chgo. 12, Ill.
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Jesus NEVER
GOD BLESS
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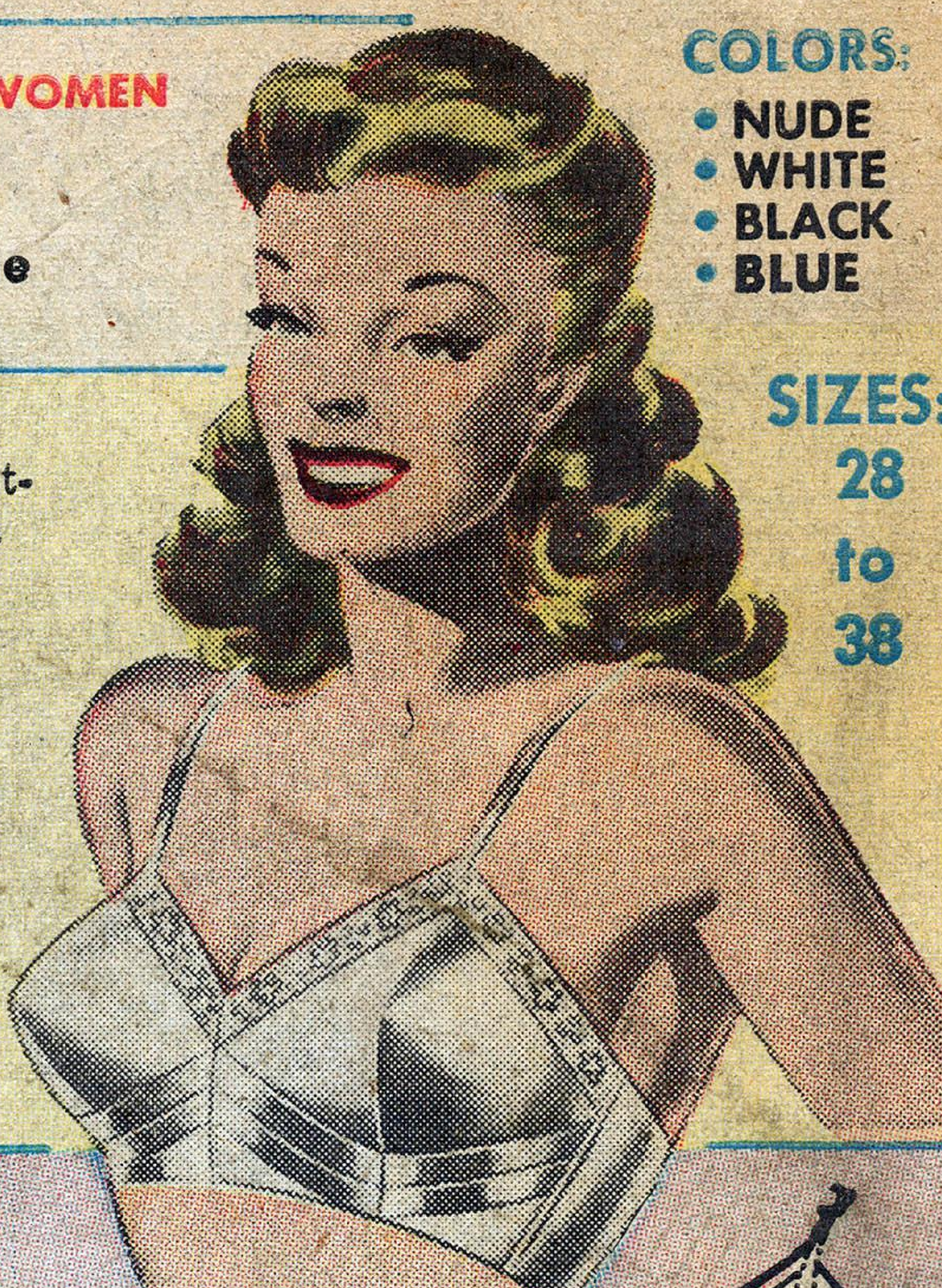
SMALL BUST WOMEN

Special Design "Up-And-Out" Bra Gives You A Fuller, Alluring Bustline Instantly



COLORS:
- NUDE
- WHITE
- BLACK
- BLUE

SIZES: 28 to 38

NO PADS! NO ARTIFICIAL BUST BUILDUP NEEDED

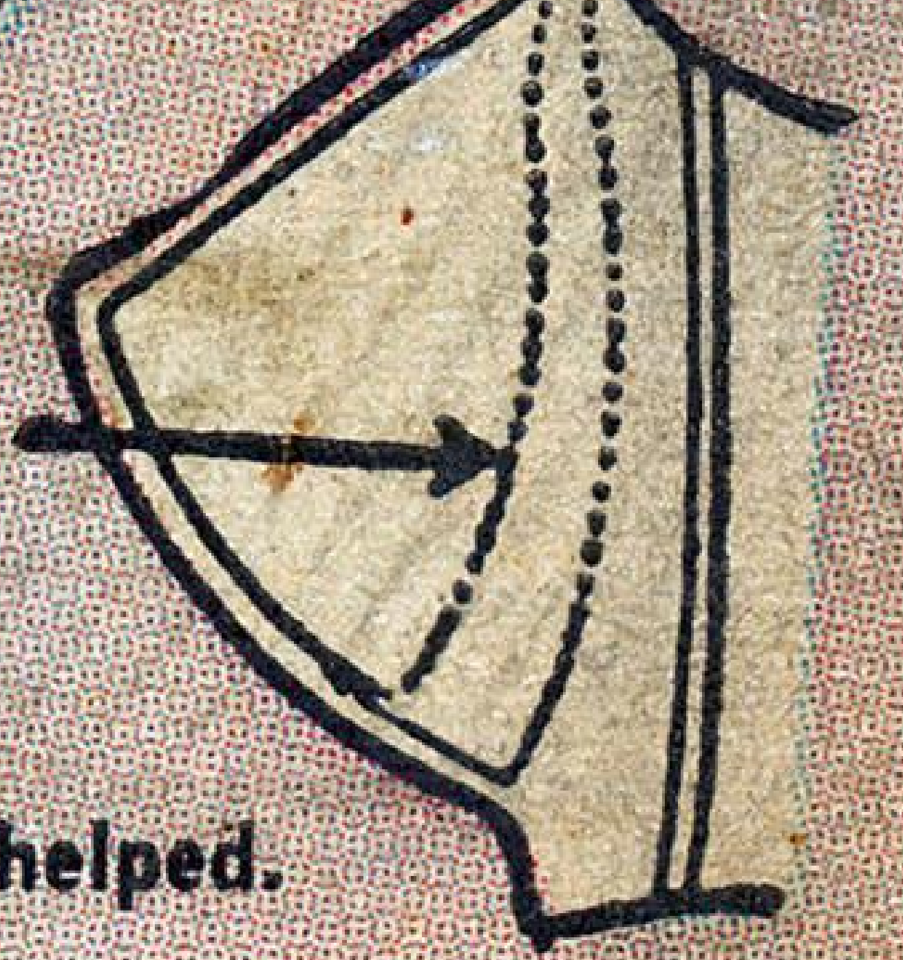
Self conscious about your flat looking bustline? Figure Beauty starts with a glamorous bustline. The sensational "Up-And-Out" Bra has an exclusive secret patent pend. feature that tends to lift and cup flat, unshapely, small busts into a **FULLER, WELL-ROUNDED, EXCITING BUSTLINE** like magic instantly.

One of Our Many Satisfied Customers Below Says:

". . . It's amazing how its special feature gives my bustline real glamour."
—Miss Doris Harris, Wichita, Kansas

BEFORE Miss Harris wore the "Up-and-Out" Bra, she was flat, unshapely, and shy.

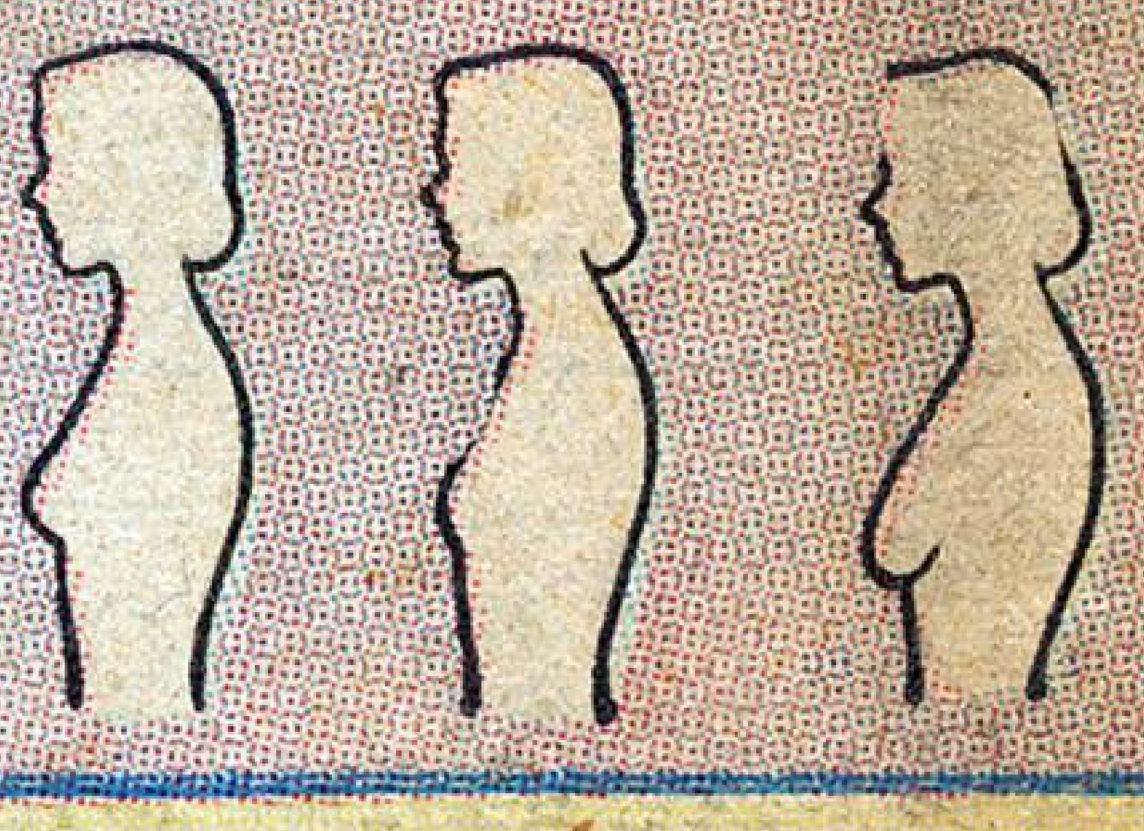
AFTER she wore the "Up-and-Out" Bra, her attractive bustline gave her poise, confidence.



Profile View Of Hidden Feature in Bra which does wonders for your individual bust problem.

Below are some types who can be helped.

Special patent pending bust molding feature on inside of bra lifts, supports and cups your busts. No Matter Whether They Are Small, Flat or Sagging, into Fuller, Well-Rounded "Up and Out" curves like magic Instantly!



Now Wear All Dresses, Blouses, Sweaters, etc. (No matter how form fitting) With Bustline Confidence!

With the "Up-And-Out" Bra underneath, all your clothes will display the sweater girl, feminine curves you desire and require to look attractive. Firm elastic back and easy to adjust shoulder straps. Beautiful fabric — easy to wash. Colors: Nude, White, Black. Sizes: 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38. Only $2.49. Mail Coupon Now.

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Tested Sales, Dept. MR-4912
20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Rush to me my "Up-And-Out" Bra in plain wrapper in size and color checked below. I will pay postman on delivery $2.49 plus postage. If not delighted in 10 days, I will return merchandise for my money back.

Size________ Color________ How Many________

Name________________

Address________________

City, Zone, State________________

Check here if you wish to save postage by enclosing $2.49 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee.

HAVE A SLIMMER, YOUTHFUL, FEMININE APPEARANCE INSTANTLY!

No other girdle or supporter belt has more hold in power! The Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt is the newest, most comfortable girdle I ever had.

REDUCE

YOUR APPEARANCE! LOOK AND FEEL LIKE SIXTEEN AGAIN!

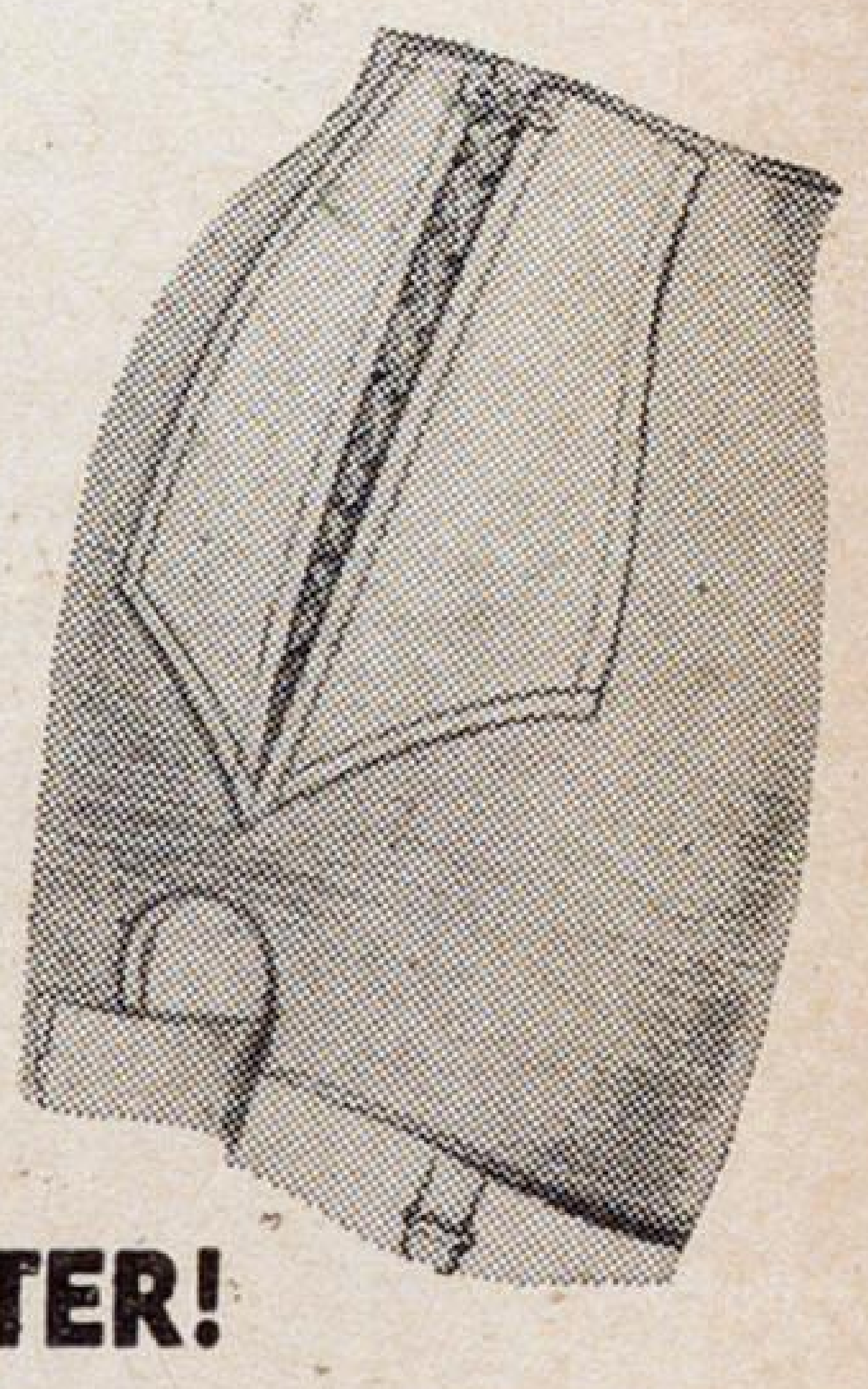
Don't look old before your time. Do as thousands of others do, wear a comfortable, new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT! The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT with the amazing new *adjustable* front panel controls your figure the way *you* want it, with added support where *you need it most.* Simply adjust the laces and *PRESTO your mid section is reshaped,* your back is *braced* and you look and feel *younger!*

MORE UP-LIFT AND HOLD-IN POWER!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daringly feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the *right places,* with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waist line to *nothingness* no matter what shape you may now have *It's easily adjusted—always comfortable!*

TEST THE **ADJUST-O-BELT** UP-LIFT PRINCIPLE WITH YOUR OWN HANDS!

Clasp your hands over your *abdomen,* press upwards and in gently, *but firmly.* You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. *Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!*



APPEAR SLIMMER, AND FEEL BETTER!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and flattens unsightly bulges, comfortably, quickly, firmly. It readjusts easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant *slenderizing figure control.* It fashionably shapes your figure to it's slimmest lines. *Like magic the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT* obeys your every wish. *Pounds and inches* seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmed down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order girdle costing 2 to 3 times the price. It washes like a dream. Style: Panty and regular. Colors nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsmen. It's light in weight but powerfully strong.

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You will look like and feel like this beautiful model in your new and improved Up-Lift Adjust-O-Belt.

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If the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT isn't better than any supporter you ever had, if *You* don't feel more comfortable, if you don't look and feel younger, if your shape isn't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full.

FREE: New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.

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Rush your new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT for $3.98 in size and style checked. ☐ Regular, ☐ Panty.
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☐ I enclose $3.98. You pay postage plus handling.
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NAME____

ADDRESS_____________________________________

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Worth its weight in gold! Jaunty jumper is fashioned in favorite gay colors — so dressy with multi-color silk corded embroidery . . . so casual in its slash-pocket, swing-skirted cut! Spun rayon blouse features sparkling diamond-like buttons plus boy-type collar and cuffs.

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6.99

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10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20

COLORS:
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(b) Green Blouse—Brown Jumper
(c) Red Blouse—Black Jumper

STYLE
No. 250

Wear
4 Ways

- As shown
- Suspenders off
- With other skirt
- With other blouse

Pretty Posy

Be the prettiest posy in your crowd in this quality rayon crew-neck with velvet-type flowers! They're cleverly placed to show off your figure at its most graceful self . . . helped by the tiny-waisted self belt and full skirt. Tucks from bosom to shoulder, do wonders for above-the-waist beauty. Convenient long side zipper.

COLORS:
Red, Brown, Green, Black
with contrasting flowers

SIZES:
9, 11, 13, 15, 17
10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20

only 5.99

SIZES:
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NAME____________________
(Please print plainly)

ADDRESS____________________

CITY, ZONE, STATE____________________

STYLE	SIZE	COLOR	(2nd Color Choice)
No. 250		(circle one) A B C	(circle one) A B C
No. 210			

PLEASE NOTE: Sizes 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 of Style No. 210 are priced at $6.99.